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VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

CONTAINING

PYRRHUS.

CAIUS MARIUS.

LYSANDER.

SYLLA.

CIMON.

LUCULLUS.

Translated from the GREEK.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the Strand.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

L. I. V. E. S.

VOLUME 10

CONTAINING

THE
L. I. V. E. S.
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Translated from the Greek

L. O. N. D. O. N.

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THE
L I F E
O F
P Y R R H U S.

SOME Historians write that *Phaeton* was the first King after the Deluge that reign'd over the *Thrasprotae* and *Molossians*, and that he was One of Those, who came with *Pelasgus* into *Epirus*. Others tell us *Deucalion* and *Pyrrba* having built a Temple at *Dodona*, settled there among the *Molossians*. In after-times *Neoptolemus* the Son of *Achilles* transplanting a Colony thither, possess'd himself of those Parts, and left a Succession of Kings after him, nam'd *Pyrrbidae*; for in his Youth he was call'd *Pyrrbus*, and gave the same Name to the eldest of his Sons by *Lanassa* the Daughter of *Cleodes* Son of *Hyllus*. From Him *Achilles* came to have Divine Honours paid to him in *Epirus*, where he was worship'd under the Name of *Aspetos*. After these first Kings of this Branch, Those that follow'd became so barbarous, and were both for their Wealth and Actions so obscure, that there are not the least Footsteps of them to be found in

VOL. IV, A 2 History.

History. *Tharrytes* is said to be the First who adorn'd his Cities with the Customs of the *Grecians*, made Learning to flourish, and establish'd good and wholsom Laws among his Subjects, and by this means he became famous to Posterity. *Alcetes* was the Son of *Tharrytes*, *Arybas* of *Alcetes*, and of *Arybas* and *Troas* his Queen was born *Æacides*. He married *Ptbia* the Daughter of *Menon* the *Theffalian*, who acquired much Reputation in the *Lamiac War*, and next to *Leosthenes* had the greatest Authority among the Confederates. *Æacides* had by his Wife *Ptbia* two Daughters, *Deidamia* and *Troas*, and a Son call'd *Pyrrhus*. *Æacides* was depos'd in an Insurrection of the *Molossians*, who set up the Sons of *Neoptolemus* the Brother of *Arybas*, and murder'd all the Friends of *Æacides* that fell into their Hands. *Pyrrhus*, who was then an Infant, escaped the search of the Assassines by the means of two faithful Servants, *Androclides* and *Angelus*, who secur'd him in the very beginning of the Troubles, and fled with a few Domesticks, and some Women, who were the Child's Nurses. This Train, small as it was, retarded them in their Flight, so that they were soon overtaken by the Enemy. In this Extremity they committed the Infant to the Care of *Androclon*, *Hippias*, and *Meander*, three young Men of approv'd Courage, Strength, and Loyalty, directing them to continue their Flight without stopping, 'till they reach'd *Megara* a Town in *Macedonia*, whilst they themselves, partly by intreaty, and partly by force, stopt the course of the Pursuers 'till it grew late in the Evening; when having with much Difficulty got clear of them, they hasten'd to join Those who had the care of *Pyrrhus*: But the Sun being ready to set, and They near the utmost point of their hopes, were on a sudden defeated; for coming to the River that runs by the City, it look'd very dreadful and rough, and endeavouring to pass over, they found it was not fordable; for some late Rains had swell'd the Water, and made the Current very high, and boisterous. The darkness of the Night added to the horror, so that they despair'd of carrying over the Child,

Child, and the Women that attended him, without some other Assistance: Wherefore perceiving some of the Country People on the other side, they desir'd them to assist their passage, and shew'd them *Pyrrhus*, calling out aloud, and importuning them; but they could not hear for the noise and roarings of the Water: Thus Time was spent, whilst These bawled out as loud as they cou'd, and Those listened with all their Ears without being able to understand them. At last One of them recollecting himself, pill'd off a piece of Bark from an Oak, and with the Tongue of a Buckle express'd on it the Necessities and the Fortunes of the Child, and then rolling it about a Stone, which was made use of to give force to the Motion, threw it over to the other side. Some report they fastened it to the end of a Javelin, and darted it over. When They on the other Shore had read what was on the Bark, and considered the shortness of the time, they instantly cut down some Trees, lash'd them together, and came over to them. It fell out, that He who first got ashore was named *Achilles*. He took the Prince in his Arms, and convey'd him over, whilst his Companions perform'd the same Service to his Followers. When they were thus got on the other side of the River, and out of the reach of their Enemies, they continu'd their Journey 'till they arriv'd at the Court of *Glaucias* King of *Illyria*. They found this Prince sitting in his Palace with the Queen his Consort, and laid the Child down at his Feet, imploring his Protection. The King, who stood in fear of *Cassander* the mortal Enemy of *Æacides*, remain'd a long time in suspense, weighing with himself what Part he was to act in that Conjuncture, when the Child crawling towards him, and with his little Hands seizing on his Robe, rais'd himself on his Feet, and embrac'd the King's Knees. This Action at first provok'd the King to Laughter, but soon after touch'd him with Compassion for an helpless Infant Prince, who was come to him for Refuge, and with his Tears implor'd his Protection. Others say he did not crawl towards *Glaucias* but to-

wards the Altar of the *Penates*, and that raising himself up he spread his little Arms about it ; which made *Glaucias* consider it in a religious View, and imagine that the Gods were interested in it. Wherefore taking the royal Infant up into his Arms, he deliver'd him to the Queen, and order'd her to see him brought up with his own Children. Some time after This the Enemies sent to demand him, and *Cassander* Himself offer'd two hundred Talents provided he would deliver him into his Hands ; but *Glaucias* refus'd it, and when he was twelve Years old conducted him at the head of an Army, and restored him to the Throne of his Ancestors. *Pyrrhus* had in his Countenance an Air of Majesty more Terrible than August. The Teeth in his upper Jaw were not separate, or distinct, it was all one continu'd Bone, divided with small Lines, resembling the spaces of a row of Teeth. It was a general belief that he could cure the Spleen by sacrificing a white Cock, and with his right Foot gently pressing the Part affected, the Patients lying on their Backs for that purpose. Nor was any one so poor or inconsiderable, as not to receive the benefit of the Royal Touch, if he desired it ; after the Sacrifice he accepted the Cock as a Reward, and the Present was always most grateful to him. The great Toe of that Foot was said to have a divine Virtue ; for after his death, the rest of the Body being consum'd, This was found unhurt, and untouch'd by the Fire : but of these things afterwards. Being now about Seventeen years of Age, and the Government in appearance well settled, he took a Journey out of the Kingdom to be present at the Nuptials of one of *Glaucias*'s Sons, with whom he had been educated. But the *Molossians*, taking the Benefit of his Absence, rebell'd again, turn'd out All of his Party, rifed his Exchequer, and gave themselves up to *Neoptolemus*. *Pyrrhus* having thus lost the Kingdom, and in want of all things, apply'd himself to *Demetrius* the Son of *Antigonus*, who had married his Sister *Deidamia*. That Lady when she was very young had been promis'd to *Alexander* the Son of *Roxana* by *Alexander* the Great ;

PYRRHUS.

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Great; but Their Affairs in time proving unfortunate, when she came to Age they married her to *Demetrius*. At the great Battle of *Ipsus*, where all the Kings of the Earth were engag'd, *Pyrrhus*, tho' yet but a Youth, taking party with *Demetrius*, routed Those that encounter'd him, and highly signaliz'd Himself among all the Soldiery. Afterwards, when *Demetrius's* Fortunes were low, he did not forsake him, but secur'd for him those Cities of *Greece* with which he was intrusted. Upon Articles of Agreement made between *Demetrius* and *Ptolemy*, *Pyrrhus* went over an Hostage into *Egypt*, and both in Hunting, and other Exercises, gave *Ptolemy* a lively demonstration of his Strength and Courage. Here observing *Berenice* in greatest Power, and of all *Ptolemy's* Wives, highest in esteem for Virtue and Understanding, he paid his Respects principally to Her; for he had a particular Art of paying his Court to the Great for his own Interest, and easily overlook'd such as were below him. And forasmuch as there appear'd an uncommon Prudence and Moderation in his Behaviour, He was prefer'd to the other young Princes, who then made their Court to *Antigone* the Daughter of *Berenice* by her first Husband *Philip*. This Match help'd him to make a greater Figure, and he more taken notice of than before. For *Antigone* prov'd a very good Wife to him, and obtain'd for him Men, and Money, which enabled him to recover his Kingdom. At his arrival in *Epire* his Subjects receiv'd him with open Arms, for they began to hate *Neoptolemus* for his arbitrary and tyrannical Government. However *Pyrrhus*, for fear *Neoptolemus* shou'd have recourse to Some of the other Kings, came to an Agreement with him, and associated him in the Kingdom. Some time after there were Those who secretly exasperated them, and fomented Jealousies between them. *Pyrrhus* his Quarrel to *Neoptolemus* was owing to this Accident. It had been a Custom time out of mind for the Kings of *Epire* to hold an Assembly at *Passaro*, a Place in the Province of the *Molossians*, where when they had perform'd a Sacrifice to *Jupiter the Warrior* they took

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an Oath to their Subjects, who were likewise sworn to Them. The Kings obliged themselves by Oath to govern according to Law, and the Subjects to maintain and defend, according to the same Law, the King, his Crown, and Dignity. The Ceremony was at this time perform'd in the presence of both the Kings, and when it was over Presents were made, and receiv'd on all sides. Among the Men of Note that were then present was one *Gelon*, a faithful Friend and Servant of *Neoptolemus*: This Man, in token of Respect to *Pyrrbus*, made him a Present of two Yoke of Oxen. *Myrtilus* the King's Cup-bearer begged them of *Pyrrbus*, who refus'd him, and gave them to Another, at which *Myrtilus* was highly offended. *Gelon*, who was not ignorant of the Provocation, or Resentment, invited *Myrtilus* to Supper. Some say that in the heat of Wine he had an infamous Commerce with him, for *Myrtilus* was young, handsom, and well made. However after Supper he instigated him to embrace *Neoptolemus's* Interest, and remove *Pyrrbus* by Poison. *Myrtilus* seem'd to be pleas'd with the Motion, and to enter into the Design, but immediately went, and discover'd all to his Master. *Pyrrbus* commanded him to take *Alexicrates* his chief Cup-bearer with him, and recommend him to *Gelon*, as a fit Instrument for their purpose; for he was desirous to have so hellish an Undertaking prov'd by more than one Evidence. *Gelon* being thus deceiv'd, led *Neoptolemus* Himself likewise into the Snare. He in confidence of Success cou'd not conceal his Joy, but gave it vent among his Friends. Particularly one Night at an Entertainment at his Sister *Cadmia's* he blab'd out the whole Design, thinking None within hearing but Themselves. Nor indeed was there a Soul in the room but *Phanarete* the Wife of *Samon* chief Keeper of *Neoptolemus's* Cattle. She had laid herself on a Pallet with her Face turned to the Wall, and pretended to be fast asleep: But she heard all that pass'd without being in the least suspected, and went early the next Morning and discover'd to *Antigone* every thing *Neoptolemus* had said to his Sister in her hearing. This

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was immediately carry'd to *Pyrrhus*, who for the present took no notice of it: But one Night, after the Performance of a solemn Sacrifice, he invited *Neoptolemus* to Supper, and kill'd him. He had great Reason to be assur'd that all the leading Men in *Epire* were in his Interest; for they had often press'd him to remove *Neoptolemus*, and not sit down satisfy'd with Part of the Kingdom, when the Whole was His of Right; but to follow his Destiny which was leading him to a higher Point of Glory. Being encourag'd by this Disposition of the principal Men in the Kingdom, and justified by this villanous Design upon his Person, he no longer hesitated, but was before-hand with *Neoptolemus*.

In acknowledgment of the Obligations he lay under to *Berenice* and *Ptolomy*, he nam'd his Son by *Antigone*, *Ptolomy*, and having built a City in the Peninsula of *Epirus*, call'd it *Berenicis*. From this time he began to revolve many and vast things in his thoughts; but his first hope and design was particularly laid near home, and he found means to engage himself in the *Macedonian* Affairs under this pretension. *Antipater*, *Cassander*'s eldest Son, had kill'd his Mother *Theffalonica*, and expell'd his Brother *Alexander*. *Alexander* sent to *Demetrius* for Succour, and implor'd likewise the Assistance of *Pyrrhus*. *Demetrius* being retarded by other Affairs, *Pyrrhus* got the start of him, and march'd to the Aid of *Alexander*, of whom he demanded (as a Reward for his Services) the City of *Nymphea*, all the maritime Coast of *Macedonia*, and of the conquer'd Countries which did not anciently belong to the Kingdom of *Macedon*, together with *Ambracia*, *Acarnania*, and *Amphilochia*. The young Prince giving way to this Demand, he took possession of these Countries, and secur'd them with good Garrisons, and kept for *Alexander* himself the other part of the Kingdom which he gain'd from *Antipater*.

King *Lyfimachus* wou'd willingly have assisted *Antipater*, but had his Hands, at that time, full of other Business; wherefore knowing that *Pyrrhus* would not dis-

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oblige *Ptolemy*, or deny Him any thing; he feign'd Letters to him in his Name, desiring him to give over the Expedition, upon the payment of three hundred Talents by *Antipater*: *Pyrrhus* opening the Letter quickly discover'd the fraud; for it had not the accustomed Style of Salutation. *The Father to the Son health*, but *King Ptolemy to Pyrrhus the King health*. He reproached *Lyfimachus* for this piece of Forgery, and yet soon after listen'd to Terms of Accommodation. The Peace was so far advanc'd, that the three Princes met to swear to the Articles upon the Sacrifices. The three Victims were a Goat, a Bull, and a Ram; but as they were leading the Ram up to the Altar he fell down dead, not by any Blow he had receiv'd, but by meer Accident. All the Assistants laugh'd at the Adventure; but *Theodotus* the Southsayer wou'd not suffer *Pyrrhus* to swear, declaring that Heaven by that Omen portended the death of one of the three Kings, upon which he refused to ratify the Peace. The Affairs of *Alexander* were now in some kind of Settlement, notwithstanding which *Demetrius* arriv'd, and 'twas evident he came undesir'd, and struck a Terror into *Alexander*. After they had been a few days together, their mutual Jealousies made them form designs upon each other; but *Demetrius* taking advantage of the first occasion, was before-hand with the young King, slew him, and proclaim'd himself King of *Macedon*. There had for some time past been no very good understanding between Him and *Pyrrhus*; for he cou'd not forget the Inroads the other had made into *Thessaly*; besides, that Distemper natural to Princes, the Thirst of Power and Dominion, render'd their Neighbourhood not only uneasy but formidable to each other. This Jealousy and distrust was infinitely augmented by the death of *Deidamia*. In short each of them having seiz'd on Part of *Macedonia*, and Both laying Claim to the Whole, This added Fuel to the Flame, and gave a specious Colour to their respective Pretensions. *Demetrius* having subdu'd the *Ætolians*, left *Pantauchus* with some of his Forces to secure his Conquests in that Country, whilst

whilst He march'd at the Head of the rest against *Pyrrhus*; and *Pyrrhus*, as soon as he was advertis'd of it, took the Field in order to meet him; but they Both mistook the Way, and so past by each other. *Demetrius* fell into *Epirus*, and wasted the Country, whilst *Pyrrhus* meeting with *Pantauchus*, gave him Battle. The Dispute was warm and obstinate on both Sides, especially where the Generals fought. For *Pantauchus*, who in Dexterity, Courage, and Strength of Body, came not behind any of *Demetrius's* Captains, and being moreover full of Fire, Confidence, and Ambition, challeng'd *Pyrrhus* to single Combat. *Pyrrhus* on the other hand yielding to none of the Kings his Cotemporaries in Fortitude and Thirst of Glory, and esteeming the Honour of *Achilles* rather due to him for his Courage than his Blood, advanc'd against *Pantauchus* through the Front of the Army. First, they us'd their Lances, then came to a close Fight, and managed their Swords both with Art and Force. *Pyrrhus* receiving one Wound, but returning two for it, One in the Thigh, the Other near the Neck, repuls'd and overthrew *Pantauchus*, but could not kill him outright, for he was suddenly rescu'd by his Friends. The *Epirots*, rais'd with the Victory of their King, and admiring his Courage, forc'd through, and cut in pieces the *Macedonian* Phalanx, and pursuing Those that fled, kill'd Many, and took five thousand Prisoners. This Fight did not so much exasperate the *Macedonians* with Anger for their Loss, or with Hatred to *Pyrrhus*, as it caus'd an Esteem and Admiration of his Valour, which furnish'd a new Subject of Discourse among Those who had seen what he did, and were engag'd against him in the Action. They thought his Countenance, and Swiftnefs, and Motion exprest Those of the Great *Alexander*, and that in Him they beheld strong Resemblances of his Vivacity and Strength in Fight. The other Kings represented that Conqueror in their purple Robes, number of Guards, bending of the Neck, and a fierce lofty Tone: it was *Pyrrhus* only who represented him in Strength and Feats of Arms, Of his Knowledge in Military Order and Discipline,

cipline, and his great Ability that way, we have the best information from the Commentaries he left behind him on that subject. *Antigonus* being ask'd who was the greatest Soldier, said, *Pyrrhus wou'd be, if he liv'd to be old*; meaning Those only of his own time; but *Hannibal* said, that of all great Commanders in general he esteem'd *Pyrrhus* for Experience and Capacity the First, *Scipio* the Second, and Himself the Third, as is reported in the Life of *Scipio*. Indeed he apply'd himself to no other Science but that of War, which was the constant Subject of his Thoughts and Conversation. He look'd on That as the most Noble and Kingly Part of Learning, considering all other Sciences as Curiosities beneath his Notice. Wherefore 'tis reported of him, that when he was once ask'd at a Feast whether he thought *Pythou* or *Caphisias* the best Musician, he reply'd *Polyperchon is the best Soldier*; intimating thereby that War only was what a King ought to be instructed in, and understand. Towards his Familiars he was mild, and not easily incensed, but forward and ready in answering Kindnesses; so that when *Æropus*, who had done him many Services, was dead, he could not bear it with Moderation, saying, *He indeed had suffer'd what was common to human Nature, but he could not forbear condemning Himself for having delay'd it so long 'till he had lost the Opportunity of being grateful to him*; for our Debts may be satisfy'd to the Creditor's Heirs, but the acknowledgment of receiv'd Favours not paid, while They to whom it is due can be sensible of it, afflicts a good and a worthy Nature. Some thinking it fit that *Pyrrhus* should banish a certain ill-tongu'd Fellow in *Ambracia*, who had spoke very indecently of him; *Let him rather, said he, speak against me here to a few, than rambling about, spread an ill report of me every where*. Another time some young Fellows were brought before him for having rail'd at him in their Cups, and he asking them if they said such and such things of him, One of them answer'd, *We did, Sir, and should have said a great deal more if we had had more Wine*; at which Words he smil'd, and discharged them.

them. After *Antigone's* Death he wedded several Wives on purpose to enlarge his Interest and Power. For he married the Daughter of *Antoleon* King of *Pæonia*, *Barcenna* Daughter of *Bardyllis* King of *Illyria*, and *Lanassa* Daughter of *Agathocles* the *Syracusan*, who brought with her in Dowry the Island of *Corcyra* taken by her Father. By *Antigone* he had *Ptolemy*, *Alexander* by *Lanassa*, and *Helenus* the youngest by *Barcenna*. All these Princes were naturally of a martial Temper, which he quicken'd and fomented by their Education, sharpening in their very Infancy their innate Courage and Disposition to War. 'Tis said when One of them, yet a Child, ask'd him to which of them he would leave his Kingdom, he said, to Him that had the sharpest Sword; which was much like that Tragical Course of *Oedipus* to his Sons,

———*Divide not as the common Rout,
But with the Sword each cut his Portion out.*

So unfociable and brutal are the measures which Ambition takes.

After this Battle *Pyrrhus* returning gloriously home, entertain'd himself with the sense of his own Honour and Greatness of Mind, and being call'd Eagle by the *Epirots*: By your means it is, says he, that I am an Eagle; for how should I not be such, while I am born up by your Arms as on Wings? A little after having Intelligence that *Demetrius* was dangerously sick, he fell on a sudden into *Macedon*, intending only an Incurfion, and to harafs the Country; but was very near seizing upon All, and taking the Kingdom without a Blow. For he march'd as far as *Edeffa*, the Capital of the Kingdom, without any Opposition. On the contrary, many of the Inhabitants came in, and join'd him. This danger excited *Demetrius* beyond his Strength, and his Friends and Commanders in a short time got a considerable Army together, and with all their Forces briskly attack'd *Pyrrhus*, who coming only to pillage would not stand a Fight, but retreating lost part of his Army, as he

went off, by the close pursuit of the *Macedonians*. Tho' *Demetrius* had with so much ease driven *Pyrrhus* out of his Country, yet he did not slight, or overlook him. But as he had been forming great Designs in his Head, and thought of nothing less than to recover his Father's Dominions with an Army of a hundred thousand Men, and five hundred Sail of Ships, he thought it not prudent either to stay and make War with *Pyrrhus*, or to leave behind him as an Enemy so dangerous a Neighbour. For these Considerations he struck up a Peace with him, that he might with more Safety turn his Forces against the other Kings.

Demetrius his Designs were soon discover'd by this Peace, and these mighty Preparations. The other Kings were alarm'd at it, and sent their Ambassadors to *Pyrrhus* with Letters, in which they express their Astonishment at his neglecting so favourable an Opportunity which *Demetrius* Himself had given him, and his sitting still 'till his Enemy was at leisure, and in a condition to attack him. They represented to him with how much ease he might drive him out of *Macedonia*, now whilst his Hands were full; instead of which he waited 'till he had dispatch'd all his other Affairs, and was so increas'd in Power and Strength as to be able to carry the War home to his own Doors, as he certainly wou'd, and put him under the necessity of fighting in defence of the Temples of the Gods, and the Sepulchres of his Ancestors in *Molossia*. And all This after that Prince had given him so late an Instance of his Disposition towards him, in taking from him his Wife, and the Island of *Corcyra*. For *Lanassa* had taken Offence at *Pyrrhus*, for shewing greater tokens of his Love to his other Wives, tho' *Barbarians*, than to Her, and so withdrew to *Corcyra*; where being desirous to marry some other of the Kings, she made an Overture to *Demetrius*, knowing that He of all the rest was the most likely to embrace the Proposal. Accordingly he sail'd thither, married *Lanassa*, and plac'd a Garrison in the Island. The Kings having writ thus to *Pyrrhus*, did
Themselves

Themselves likewise find work for *Demetrius*, while he was delaying and making his Preparations. *Ptolomy* setting out with a great Fleet, drew off many of the Greek Cities; *Lyfimachus* out of *Thrace* wasted the upper *Macedon*: *Pyrrhus* also taking Arms at the same time, march'd to *Beræa*, expecting (as it fell out) that *Demetrius* drawing his Forces against *Lyfimachus*, would leave the lower Country without Supplies. The very Night before he sat out on this Expedition, he seem'd in his Sleep to be call'd by *Alexander* the Great, and approaching saw him sick a-bed, but was receiv'd with very kind Words, much Respect, and a Promise of sudden Assistance: He making bold to reply; *How, Sir, can you, sick as you are, assist me? With my Name*, says he; and mounting a *Nisæan* Horse, seem'd to lead the way: At the sight of this Vision he was much assur'd, and with long Marches over-running all the Interjacent Places, took *Beræa*, and making his Head Quarters there, reduc'd the rest of the Country by his Commanders. When *Demetrius* receiv'd Intelligence of This, and perceiv'd likewise the *Macedonians* ready to mutiny in the Army, he was afraid to advance farther, lest coming near *Lyfimachus*, a *Macedonian* King, and of great Fame, they should revolt to him. Wherefore dropping his Design against *Lyfimachus*, he return'd, and marching directly against *Pyrrhus*, who was a Stranger, and hated by the *Macedonians*, he encamp'd with his Forces near *Beræa*. Whilst he lay there, many of the Inhabitants came out of *Beræa* to visit their Friends and Acquaintance in the Camp, where they infinitely prais'd *Pyrrhus*, as a Person invincible in Arms, a very Illustrious Prince, and one who treated all Those that fell into his Hands with great Tendernefs and Humanity. Besides These, *Pyrrhus* himself sent several Others into the Camp privately, who pretending themselves to be *Macedonians*, insinuated up and down that now was the time for them to deliver themselves out of the cruel Hands of *Demetrius*, by declaring for *Pyrrhus*, a popular Prince, and highly belov'd by the Soldiers.

This Artifice had its desired Effect upon the greatest Part of the Army; who cast their Eyes towards the Enemy's Camp to see if they cou'd not discover *Pyrrbus*, that they might go and present themselves to him. It happen'd in that Instant that his Helmet was off; but immediately recollecting himself, and considering that he cou'd not be known without it, he put it on, and was in a Moment discover'd by his glittering Plume, and Crest of Goat's Horns. Then the *Macedonians* running to him, desir'd the Word; Others clapp'd Oaken Boughs upon their Heads, because they saw them worn by His Soldiers. Some took the Confidence to say to *Demetrius* Himself, that he would be well advis'd to withdraw, and lay down the Government. And He indeed finding the mutinous humour of the Army agreeable to that sort of Discourse, privately got away, disguis'd in an old *Macedonian* Hat, and a common red Coat.

Pyrrbus soon after arriving in their Camp, became Master of the Army without fighting, and was declar'd King of the *Macedonians*. Immediately upon This *Lyfimachus* arrived, and affirmed that He had contributed as much to the Flight and Expulsion of *Demetrius* as *Pyrrbus*, and that the Kingdom therefore ought to be shar'd between them. *Pyrrbus*, not yet well assur'd of the *Macedonians*, and in doubt of their Faith, consented to the Proposition, and so they divided the Cities and Provinces between them. This was for the present useful to them Both, and prevented a War; but shortly after they found the Partition not so much an avoidance of Dissatisfactions, as an occasion of mutual Complaint and Difference. For to Such whose Ambition neither Seas, nor Mountains, nor the forsaken Deserts can limit, nor the Bounds dividing *Europe* from *Asia* confine their vast desires; 'tis hard to say how They should forbear injuring one another, when they touch, and are close together. These are ever naturally in War, envying and seeking advantages of one another; they make use of those two venerable Names,

Names, *Peace* and *War*, as of current Coin, to be employ'd always for their own Interests, never for the sake of Justice, and are really better Men when they openly enter on a War, than when they give to the meer Forbearance of doing Wrong, (only for want of Opportunity,) the sacred Names of Justice and Friendship.

Of This *Pyrrhus* was a flagrant Instance. For opposing himself again to *Demetrius*, who began to recover his Affairs, and checking that Power which was returning by degrees, as Strength does to a Man lately come out of a Fit of Sickness, he marched to the Assistance of the *Grecians*, and made a solemn Entry into the City of *Athens*. He went in Procession up to the Citadel, where he perform'd a solemn Sacrifice to the Goddess; from thence returning down into the City, he told the *Athenians*, that he was highly pleas'd with the Affection they had manifested towards him, and the Confidence they repos'd in him, but added, if they were wise they wou'd never suffer any King to enter their City, but shut their Gates against all such as shou'd offer it. Soon after this he concluded a Peace with *Demetrius*, and yet he was no sooner pass'd into *Asia*, but *Pyrrhus* at the Instigation of *Lyfimachus* tamper'd with the *Thessalonians*, and persuaded them to revolt. He likewise attack'd the Garrisons he had in *Greece*. For he found the *Macedonians* were more submissive and tractable in times of War, than in Peace, and he was of his own Inclination not much given to rest. At last *Demetrius* having receiv'd a Defeat in *Syria*, *Lyfimachus*, who had now secur'd his Affairs on that side, and nothing to do elsewhere, immediately turn'd his Forces against *Pyrrhus*, who lay in Quarters at *Edessa*. Upon his Arrival near the Place he fell on one of the King's Convoys, which he took, and so distress'd the Army for want of Provisions; then partly by Letters, partly by spreading Rumours abroad, he corrupted the principal Officers of the *Macedonians*, reproaching them for that they had made one their Master, who was not only a Stranger, but descended from Those who had ever

been subject to the *Macedonians*, and thrust the old Friends and Familiars of *Alexander* out of the Country: These Reproaches gain'd upon most of the *Macedonians*; wherefore *Pyrrhus* fearing the Event, withdrew himself with his *Epirots* and Auxiliary Forces, losing *Macedon* just after the same manner he had gain'd it. Thus Kings have no reason to condemn the People when they change sometimes for their Interest, since in That they do but imitate Them, as the great Examples of Unfaithfulness and Treachery; holding Him the Bravest that makes the least account of being an Honest Man.

Pyrrhus retiring thus into *Epirus*, and leaving *Macedon*, had a fair Occasion given him by Fortune, of enjoying himself in quiet, and peaceably governing his own Subjects; but He thought it a languishing course of Life, not to be doing mischief to Others, or receiving Some from them, as *Achilles* could not endure repose, but

*In His black Thoughts Revenge and Slaughter roll,
And Scenes of Blood rise dreadful in his Soul.*

Pope.

Wherefore being agitated by this unquiet unruly Temper, he laid hold on the first Pretence Fortune flung in his way of cutting out more work, and raising fresh Troubles.

The *Romans* were in War with the *Tarentines*, who not able to go on with it, nor yet give it over, by reason of the bold and ill-advis'd Harangues of their leading Men, bethought themselves of calling in *Pyrrhus*, and making Him their General, as of all the Neighbouring Kings the most at leisure, and the greatest Soldier. The more grave and discreet Citizens opposing these Counsels, were run down by the noise and violence of the Multitude; which when they saw, they came no more into the Assemblies; only one *Meton*, a very sober Man, the day this Publick Decree was to be ratified,

ratified, and the People all plac'd, like one quite drunk, with a wither'd Garland and Torch in his Hand, and a Woman playing on a Flagelet before him, came dancing into the Assembly; and as in great Multitudes met at such popular Assemblies no *decorum* can be well observ'd, Some clapp'd him, Others laugh'd, None forbid him, but call'd to the Woman to play, and Him to sing to the Company; and when they thought they were ready to begin, there was a profound Silence in the Court; but *Meton*, instead of singing, spoke with an audible Voice to them in this Manner: *'Tis very well done of you, O ye Tarentines, not to hinder Any from making themselves merry that have a mind to it, while it is yet in their Power; and if you are wise, you will still keep and enjoy this Freedom, for you must change your course of Life, and eat other Diet, when Pyrrhus comes among You.* These Words made a strange Impression upon many of the *Tarentines*, and it was mutter'd about, that he had spoke much to the purpose; but Some who fear'd they should be sacrific'd if a Peace were made with the *Romans*, revil'd the whole Assembly for so tamely suffering themselves to be abus'd by a lewd drunken Sot; and crowding together upon *Meton*, thrust him out; so the Publick Order was pass'd, and Ambassadors sent into *Epirus*, not only in their own Names, but of all the *Italick Greeks*, carrying Presents to *Pyrrhus*, and letting him know *they only wanted a General of his Fame and Experience, that as for Forces they had enow, being able to raise a powerful Army of Lucanians, Messapians, Samnites, and Tarentines, amounting in the whole to no less than twenty thousand Horse, and three hundred and fifty thousand Foot.* This mighty Promise did not only quicken *Pyrrhus*, but rais'd also in the *Epirots* an earnest Desire, and strong Inclination to the War.

Pyrrhus had at that time in his Court a *Thessalian* named *Cineas*, a Man of sound Sense, and who having been *Demosthenes's* Disciple pass'd for the only Orator of his time, who cou'd most effectually revive in the

Minds

Minds of his Hearers, and represent, as in a Picture to them, the Force and Eloquence of his Master. This Man had devoted himself to *Pyrrhus*, who employ'd him in several Ambassies, in all which he confirm'd that Saying in *Euripides*,

————— *That force of weighty Words
Can out-do all that's done by conqu'ring Swords.*

This made *Pyrrhus* say of him, *that Cineas had taken more Towns with his Words, than He with his Arms*, and always did him the honour to use him in his most important Occasions. *Cineas* seeing *Pyrrhus* intent upon his Preparations for *Italy*, and finding him one day in good humour, and at leisure, drew him insensibly into the following Conversation. Sir, said he, *the Romans have the Reputation of being fine Soldiers, and have many stout warlike Nations under them. If we have the good luck to conquer them, what Benefits shall we reap from our Victory?* *Cineas*, reply'd the King, *thy Question answers itself. When once we have overcome the Romans, there will be no Province, no Town, whether Greek, or Barbarian, able to oppose us. We shall at once be Masters of all Italy, whose Riches, Strength, and Power are better known to Thee than any Man.* *Cineas* after a little pause continued, *And having subdu'd Italy, what shall we do next?* *Pyrrhus* not yet discovering what it was he drove at, reply'd; *Sicily next holds out her Arms to receive us, a fortunate and populous Island, and easy to be gain'd; for ever since the Death of Agathocles all things there have been in Combustion. Faction and Anarchy domineer in all their Towns, and every thing is at the Discretion of their turbulent mercenary Orators.* You speak, says *Cineas*, *what is highly probable; but shall the possession of Sicily put an end to the War?* Far from it, answer'd *Pyrrhus*; *for if Fortune favours us with Victory, and we succeed there, That shall serve only as the Forerunner of greater Undertakings. When Sicily is reduc'd, who can forbear Libya and Carthage,*

thage, then within reach? which Agathocles, even when forc'd to fly in a clandestine manner from Syracuse, and passing the Sea only with a few Ships, had almost surpris'd. Now when we have added Africa to our Conquests, will it be suppos'd that One of those Enemies that at present cut us out so much Work, will presume to lift a Finger against us? No certainly, reply'd Cineas interrupting him; For, continu'd Pyrrhus, thou can'st not but see that when we are at the Head of such a mighty Power we shall soon recover Macedon, and govern in Greece without Control. That is not to be deny'd, answer'd Cineas; but when we have conquer'd All, what is the next thing we are to do? What are we next to do? Why we will live at our Ease. We will spend whole Days in banqueting, and entertaining ourselves with agreeable Conversation. We will think of nothing but our Pleasures. Cineas interrupting him at these Words said, Ah! Sir, what binders us now to live at our ease, to banquet, feast, and rejoice? We have already at hand, and in our possession, without any care or trouble, what we are going in quest of, at the Expence of so much Blood, Labour, and Danger; at the Expence of so many Calamities, which we shall suffer ourselves, and draw down upon others.

This Discourse of Cineas rather afflicted Pyrrhus than corrected him. He was convinced that he was foregoing a certain Happiness, but he cou'd not abandon those Hopes, which had got such strong hold of him, and flatter'd his Desires, and Ambition. Wherefore he first detach'd Cineas with three thousand Foot to Tarentum; soon after which arriv'd from thence a great Number of Transports, Gallies, and flat-bottom'd Boats, on board of which he ship'd twenty Elephants, three thousand Horse, twenty thousand Foot, two thousand Archers, and five hundred Slingers.

When all things were in a readiness he set Sail, but by that time he was out at Sea he was overtaken by a Storm, the Wind, contrary to the season of the Year, blowing hard at North. The Ship on which he was aboard,

aboard, was by stress of Weather forced to Leeward; but by the great skill and resolution of his Officers and Seamen he bore with the Land, and made the *Italian Shore* with infinite Labour, and beyond Expectation; the rest of the Fleet could not hold their Course, but were dispersed. Some of the Ships being beaten off from the Coast of *Italy*, were driven into the *Libyan* and *Sicilian Sea*; Others not able to double the Cape of *Japygium*, were overtaken by the Night, and a very high and boisterous Sea throwing them upon a dangerous and rocky Shore, they were all in very great Distress. The Admiral-Galley having *Pyrrhus* on board, whilst the Sea bore upon her sides, resisted with her Bulk and Strength, and avoided the force of it, 'till the Wind coming about, blew directly in their Teeth from the Shore, and the Vessel keeping up with her Head against it, was in danger of opening by the raking of the Sea: and yet to suffer themselves to be driven off to Sea again, which was very raging and tempestuous, the Wind shifting about every way, seem'd to them the most dreadful Case of all. In this Extremity *Pyrrhus* flung himself over board, and was instantly follow'd by his Friends and Guards, earnestly contending who should be most ready to assist him; but the Night which was exceeding dark, and the roaring Sea, which was forced by the Wind with great impetuosity upon the Coast, and repuls'd with equal Violence, made it extreme difficult to save him. At last, after having struggled all Night with the Winds and Waves, by that time the Day began to break, and the Wind was pretty well laid, he was to's'd ashore, extremely weaken'd and disabled in Body, but with the same high and invincible Courage, which still supported him.

At the same time the *Messapians*, on whose Coast the Vessel was thrown, ran with great diligence to render him all the Service and Assistance they were able; and also met with some of the other straggling Vessels that had escap'd the Storm; in which were a very few Horse, and not quite two thousand Foot, and two Elephants;

phants; with these *Pyrrhus* march'd straight to *Tarentum*. *Cineas* being inform'd of his Approach drew out his Forces to meet him. At his first arrival he did nothing displeasing to the *Tarentines*; but when he heard his Ships were all safe in Harbour, and the best part of his Army had join'd him; then considering that enervated People as neither able to preserve Themselves nor secure Others, without putting great Violence on them, and that they intended, whilst He was fighting for them in the Field, to remain idle at home, and spend their time in their Baths, Collations, and Love-Intrigues, he first shut up the Places of publick Exercise, and their Walks, where vainly solicitous they fought for their Country only in discourse of Wars; he prohibited likewise all Solemn Festivals, Revels and Merry-makings, as improper, and unseasonable. Instead of These, he call'd the Youth to Arms, and was very severe and inflexible against Such as were wanting in their Musters and Exercises. Insomuch that Many who were unaccustom'd to so exact a Discipline, left the City, calling That a state of insupportable slavery, which wou'd not suffer them to live at ease, in the full enjoyment of their Pleasures.

He now receiv'd Intelligence that *Levinus* the Roman Consul was upon his March with a powerful Army, and that he was already advanced into *Lucania*, where he burnt and pillaged every thing as he pass'd. The Confederate Forces were not come up to him, yet he thought it very indecent to suffer so near an approach of an Enemy, and neglect it; and therefore drew out with his Army, but first sent an Herald to the *Romans* to know if before they came to Extremities they wou'd be content to have the Matters in dispute between Them and the *Greek-Italians* brought to a friendly hearing, and allow Him to be Arbitrator between them. *Levinus* returned for Answer, that the *Romans* neither accepted him as Arbitrator, nor fear'd him as an Enemy, whereupon *Pyrrhus* advanc'd, and encamp'd in the Plain between the Cities of *Pandosia* and *Heraclea*, and having notice

notice that the *Romans* were near, and lay on the other side of the River *Siris*, he rode up to take a view of them; and seeing the Order, the appointment of the Watches, the excellent Form, and, in a word, the whole Scheme of their Encampment, he was amazed, and calling one of his Friends next to him; *This Order*, says he, *Megacles, of a barbarous Nation, is not at all barbarous, we shall soon see what they can do*; and growing a little more doubtful of the Event, resolv'd to expect the arrival of the Confederates. And to hinder the *Romans* (if in the mean time they should endeavour to pass the River) he planted Men all along the Bank to oppose them; but they hast'ning to prevent the coming up of those Forces he look'd for, attempted the Passage with their Infantry, where it was fordable, the Horse getting over where they cou'd, so that the *Greeks*, fearing to be surrounded, were obliged to retreat.

Pyrrhus being much concern'd at this News, commanded his Foot-Officers immediately to draw up, and form, and stand to their Arms, whilst He advanced with great Diligence at the Head of the Horse, being about three thousand in number, hoping he shou'd be still time enough to distress the *Romans* in their Passage, dispers'd up and down, and in disorder; but when he saw a vast number of Shields glittering above the Water, and the Horse following in good order, he then drew up his Men into a closer Body, and Himself at the Head of them began the Charge. He was soon known by the Bravery and Lustre of his Armour, which was exceeding rich, but more by his Performances, which gave signal Proof that his Fame had not out-gone what he was able effectually to perform: For rushing into the Battle without the least Concern for his own Safety, and breaking through every thing that oppos'd him, he gave his Orders with such a steady and undisturb'd Presence of Mind, as if he had been quite out of Danger, flying from place to place, and assisting Those whom he thought most oppress'd by the Enemy. Here *Leonatus*

a *Macedonian*, observing one of the *Italians* very intent upon

upon Pyrrhus, and changing places as He did, and moving as He mov'd: *Do you see Sir,* said he, *that Barbarian on the black Horse with white Feet? he seems to me to have some Design of Consequence in his Head; his Eyes are steadily fixt on You; he seems to aim only at You, and tho' it is certain he does not want Courage or Resolution, he takes no notice of any Others, but is bent upon You alone; Good Sir, have a care of him.* Leonatus, said Pyrrhus, *it is impossible for any Man to avoid his Fate; but neither He nor any other Italian shall have much satisfaction in engaging with me to-day.* While they were in this Discourse, the Italian poising his Lance, and clapping Spurs to his Horse, rid full drive at Pyrrhus, and run his Horse through, as Leonatus did the Italian's, so they both fell together. Pyrrhus was immediately surrounded by a crowd of Friends, who carry'd him off, and kill'd the Italian, who defended himself with a desperate Courage to the very last. He was a Ferentine by Birth, Captain of a Company, and named Oplacus. This made Pyrrhus use greater caution; and now seeing his Cavalry give ground, he brought up the Infantry, and rang'd them in order, and then changing his Robe and his Arms with Megacles one of his Friends, and obscuring as it were himself in His, charg'd upon the Romans, who receiv'd and engag'd him, and a great while the Success of the Battle remain'd undetermin'd; and 'tis said there were seven Turns of Fortune both of pursuing and being pursu'd. This change of his Arms was very serviceable for the Safety of his Person, but had like to have overthrown his Affairs, and lost him the Victory; for the Enemy fell in Crouds upon Megacles, whom by his Robe and Armour they took to be King. He who was the most forward among them, and gavé him his Death's Wound, was a Horseman named Dexous. This Man seizing on his Robe and Head-piece, rode away full speed to Le-winus, and shewing them to the Consul, cry'd out, *that he had slain Pyrrhus.* These Spoils being carry'd as in Triumph through every Rank, and shewn about, gavé

an incredible Joy to the *Romans*, whose Army echo'd with the Shouts of Victory, whilst That of the *Greeks* was struck with a general Consternation. *Pyrrhus* understanding what had happen'd, rid about the Army with his Face bare, stretching out his Hand to his Soldiers, and telling them aloud it was He. Having thus restored the fight, his Elephants chiefly distress'd the *Romans*, so that to Them was owing the Gain of the Battle. For perceiving that the *Roman* Ranks were broken by those frightful Animals, and that their Horses cou'd not bear them, but even before they came near recoil'd back with their Riders, he immediately commanded the *Thessalian* Cavalry to charge them in this disorder, and gave them a total Rout with great effusion of Blood. *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* affirms near fifteen thousand fell of the *Romans*. *Hieronymus*, no more than seven thousand. On *Pyrrhus's* side, the same *Dionysius* makes thirteen thousand slain, the Other under three thousand; but they were the flower of his Men, as well of his particular Friends, as Officers in whom he always chiefly confided, and made use of in the most important Occasions.

Pyrrhus without loss of time made himself Master of the *Roman* Camp, which They had deserted, drew off several of the Confederate Cities, wasted the Country round about, and advanc'd so far, that he was within thirty seven Miles of *Rome* itself. The *Lucanians* and *Samnites* came in and join'd him after the Fight, and were severely reprov'd by him for their delay; however it plainly appear'd that he was extremely satisfy'd and rais'd in his thoughts, that he had defeated so great an Army of the *Romans* with the assistance of the *Tarentines* alone.

The *Romans* on their side were Masters of so much Courage and Magnanimity, that notwithstanding so signal a Defeat they wou'd not recall *Levinus* their Consul; tho' we are told *Fabricius* shou'd say on that Occasion, that the *Romans* were not overcome by the *Epigrots*, but that *Pyrrhus* had overcome *Levinus*. Intimate

ing that their Loss was owing to the superior sense of the General, and not to the Courage, and superior Number of his Forces. Wherefore raising new Levies to fill up their Legions, and discouraging of the War with an air of Confidence and Resolution, as if no Defeat had happen'd, they struck *Pyrrhus* with amazement. For this reason he thought it advisable, to send first and make an Experiment, whether they had any Inclination to treat, thinking that to take the City and make an absolute Conquest, was no work for such an Army as His was at that time, but if he cou'd bring them to terms of Accommodation, and strike up a Peace with them, That would be highly honourable after so signal a Victory.

Cineas therefore being sent on that Errand to *Rome* had a Conference with the Chief Men in the City, to every One of whom he sent Presents from the King, as likewise to their Ladies; but they One and All refused them, the Women as well as Men, declaring that when the Peace was publickly concluded, they should then be ready on their parts to give the King all possible Demonstrations of their Duty and Respect.

When *Cineas* was introduced into the Senate, and admitted to Audience, He made a Speech, and in a very graceful manner endeavour'd to incline them to an Accommodation. But tho' *Pyrrhus* had offer'd to release the Prisoners taken in the late Battle without Ransom, and to assist them in the entire Conquest of *Italy*; asking for nothing on his part but their Friendship, and Security for the *Tarentines*; yet they were immoveable, and rejected every thing. There were Some indeed that seem'd well inclin'd to a Peace, urging that they had already receiv'd a great Overthrow, and were in danger of receiving another still greater, for that *Pyrrhus* his Forces were daily increasing by the Junction of many of the *Italian* People his Confederates.

There was at that time in *Rome* a Person of the first Rank, call'd *Appius Claudius*, who by reason of his great

great Age and loss of Sight had retir'd from publick Affairs; but when he heard of the King's Offers to the Senate, and that it was whisper'd about that they were likely to be accepted, he cou'd not contain himself, but commanding his Servants to take him up, they carried him in his Chair through the Forum to the Senate-house: When he was set down at the Door, his Sons and Sons-in-law took him by the Arms, and brought him into the Senate. An awful Silence possess'd the whole Assembly at the appearance of that venerable Member, whilst He deliver'd his Sentiments in the Terms following. 'Till now, O ye Romans! I consider'd my loss of sight as my greatest Misfortune, but now I wish I was as deaf as I am blind, that I might not bear the shameful Resolutions you are taking, and the dishonourable Treaty you are about to make, a Treaty that will in a Moment efface the Glory Rome has been so long acquiring with Toils, and Hazards innumerable. Where are now those baughty Words with which you us'd to frighten Mankind, when you brag'd that if Alexander the Great had invaded Italy, and turn'd his Arms against Us when We were Young, and our Fathers in full Vigour, He wou'd not now have been call'd the Invincible, but either by a shameful Flight, or honourable Death, wou'd have added fresh Laurels to the Roman Name and Glory? How vain and childish was that Boasting! Are you not afraid of the Chaonians, and Molossians? Of Those, who were always a Prey to the Macedonians? Do you not tremble at the very Name of Pyrrhus, who has been educated in a Dependency upon one of Alexander's Guards? Hitber he is come, not so much to succour the Greeks, who inhabit among us, as to fly from his Enemies in the Bowels of his own Country; and has the Insolence to promise Us the Conquest of Italy, with that very Army with which he was not able to preserve to himself a small part of Macedon. Do not therefore flatter yourselves with thinking that the way to get rid of him, is to enter into a Treaty of Friendship and Alliance with him. That Step will only open the Door to more
Invaders.

Intruders. Who is there that will not despise You, and look on you as an easy Conquest for the next Comer, if Pyrrhus escapes, not only without being punish'd for his Presumption, but with the Samnites and Tarentines for his Friends and Allies, as a Recompence and Reward for his insulting the Romans?

Appius had no sooner done speaking but they voted unanimously for the War, and dismiss'd Cineas with this Answer, That when Pyrrhus had drawn his Forces out of Italy, then if he pleas'd they would be ready to treat with him about Friendship and Alliance; but while he staid there in Arms, they were resolv'd to prosecute the War against him with all their Force, though he should have defeated a thousand Levinus's. 'Tis said, that Cineas while he was managing this Affair, made it his Business with an exact Care to inspect the Manners of the Romans, and perfectly understand their Methods of Government; and afterwards in discourse told Pyrrhus, among other things, that the Senate seem'd to Him an Assembly of many Kings, and for the People they were so numerous that he fear'd they had to do with another Hydra. For Levinus had already rais'd an Army twice as numerous as the former, and had left behind him at Rome an infinite number of Romans capable of bearing Arms, and ready to form many Armies as strong as That he had been then raising.

Cineas was follow'd to Tarentum by the Roman Ambassadors, who were sent to treat of the Ransom or Exchange of Prisoners. Among These came Fabricius, who, Cineas told Pyrrhus, was in the highest Veneration among the Romans, as a Man of Virtue, and a good Soldier; but that he was in extreme Poverty. Pyrrhus receiv'd him with great kindness, and prest him in private to accept from him a handsom present in Gold, not to engage him in any thing dishonourable, but as a Pledge of Friendship, and Hospitality. Upon Fabricius's refusal, he prest'd him no farther; but the next day having a mind to astonish him, and knowing that he had never seen an Elephant before, commanded

One of the largest compleatly arm'd to be placed behind the Hangings in a Room where they were to be in Conference together. Upon a Sign given, the Hangings were drawn aside, and the Elephant raising his Trunk over the Head of *Fabricius*, made an horrid and frightful noise. *Fabricius* turning towards the Beast without the least sign of Terror or Surprise, told *Pyrrhus* smiling, *Sir, neither cou'd your Money yesterday, nor can this Beast to-day make any Impression upon me.*

In the Evening whilst they were at Supper their Conversation turn'd upon many Subjects, particularly upon the Affairs of *Greece*, and the *Grecian* Philosophers. This led *Cineas* to mention *Epicurus*, and to give some Account of the *Epicurean* Sentiments with respect to the Gods, and civil Government. He said they placed the chief End and Happiness of Man in Pleasure; that they avoided all Offices and Employments in the State, as so many bars to that Pleasure. That they attributed to the Supreme Being nor Love nor Hate; maintaining that it was perfectly regardless of Man, and all human Affairs, and confin'd it to an unactive Life, where it spent whole Ages in the full Enjoyment of all sorts of Pleasure and Delight.

Before he had finish'd his Discourse, *Fabricius*, to whom this Doctrine seem'd as new as it was monstrous, cry'd out, *O Hercules! may Pyrrhus and the Samnites espouse this Doctrine as long as they are at War with the Romans.* *Pyrrhus* admiring the Wisdom and Gravity of the Man, was more than ever transported with a desire of making Friendship instead of War with the *Romans*. And discoursing with him in private, conjur'd him, after having mediated a Peace between Him and *Rome*, to come and settle in his Court, where he shou'd be Chief both in the Army and Ministry. To This *Fabricius* answer'd in a low Voice, *That, Sir, will not be for your advantage, for They who now honour and admire you, when they have had experience of Me, will rather choose to be govern'd by Me, than You.* So great a Man was *Fabricius*.

Pyrrhus

Pyrrhus was not in the least offended at this Answer, as might have been expected from a Tyrant. On the contrary, he highly extoll'd to his Friends the Magnanimity of that *Roman*, and intrusted the Prisoners to Him only, upon condition that in case the Senate should not consent to Peace they might be remanded back, after they had visited their Friends and Relations, and celebrated the *Saturnalia*. Accordingly they were sent back after those Holidays; it being decreed Death for any that staid behind.

The Year following *Fabricius* being Consul, and at the Head of the Army, an unknown Person came into the Camp, and deliver'd him a Letter from the King's chief Physician, offering to take off *Pyrrhus* by Poison, and so end the War without farther hazard to the *Romans*, if he might have a Reward proportionable to his Service. *Fabricius*, enrag'd at the Villany of the Man, and disposing the other Consul to the same Opinion, sent Dispatches immediately to *Pyrrhus* to caution him against the Treason. His Letter was to this effect; " *Caius Fabricius and Quintius Æmilius, Consuls of the Romans, to Pyrrhus the King, Health. You seem to have made a very ill Judgment, both of your Friends, and Enemies. You will understand by this Letter, which was sent to us, That you are in War with honest Men, and trust Knaves and Villains. We have not discover'd This to you to insinuate into your Favour, but lest your Ruin might bring a reproach upon Us, as if we had ended the War by Treachery when we were not able to do it by our Courage and Virtue. When Pyrrhus had read the Letter, and made strict Enquiry into the Treason, he executed the Physician; and for acknowledgment of this Civility of the Romans, sent to Rome the Prisoners without Ransom, and again employ'd Cineas to negotiate a Peace for him.*

The *Romans*, who were above receiving from their Enemy a Recompence and Reward for not having been guilty of the vilest Injustice towards him, disdain'd to accept of the Prisoners without returning to him an equal

equal Number of the *Samnites* and *Tarentines*. As for the Peace, they wou'd not suffer *Cineas* so much as to mention it 'till *Pyrrhus* had remov'd his Arms and Forces out of *Italy*, and sail'd back to *Epirus* in the same Ships that brought him over.

In the mean time the King finding it impossible to avoid a second Engagement, assembled his Army, and march'd and attack'd the *Romans* near *Asculum*. There he found himself incommoded in a Country unfit for his Cavalry, near a River whose Current was very swift, and the Banks so marshy and rotten, that the Elephants for want of Room and sure treading cou'd not keep pace with the Infantry. For this reason he lost many of his Men, and had many wounded; and Night only, which parted the Combatants, saved him from an entire Defeat. The next Day designing to have his Revenge on a Ground more even and open, where his Elephants might have Room to play their Parts, and rush in among the thickest of the Enemy, he sent early in the Morning a Detachment to possess themselves of that incommodious Post, where he had engag'd the day before, then drew up his Army, and disposing a great Number of Archers and Slingers among his Elephants, he march'd in good Order against the *Romans*.

The *Romans*, who had not the same Advantages of falling on and retreating when they pleas'd, as they had before, were now forced to fight Man to Man upon even Ground; wherefore hastening to disorder the main Battle of the Enemy before the Elephants could get up, they made bloody work with their Swords among the *Macedonian* Spears, not sparing themselves in the least; to wound and kill was all their Business, without troubling themselves to ward off, and parry the Blows of their Enemies. After a long and obstinate Fight they were forc'd to give Ground, particularly in that Part where *Pyrrhus* fought in Person, so strong was the Impression he made at the Head of his *Phalanx*. But what chiefly contributed to their Defeat was the irresistible Weight and Force of the Elephants, against Whom the *Romans* cou'd have no Opportunity of exerting their Valour and Bravery.

Bravery. Wherefore they thought it wiser to give way, as to an outrageous Sea or devouring Earthquake, than to fall in an obstinate and fruitless Opposition, when they cou'd do no Service to their Country, tho' they suffer'd the utmost Extremity. They did not fly far before they gain'd their Camp, for the Battle was fought pretty near it.

Hieronymus saith, the *Romans* lost six thousand of their Men in the Action, and *Pyrrhus*, according to the Account of his own Commentaries, no more than three thousand five hundred and five; but *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* does not tell us that there were two Engagements near *Asculum*, nor that the Victory was clear on the Side of *Pyrrhus*: He saith there was no more than one Engagement, which held till the Sun was down; that *Pyrrhus* was wounded in his Arm by a Javelin; that the *Samnites* plunder'd his Baggage; that the Night coming on the Armies separated with great Unwillingness; and that there were about fifteen thousand Men killed on both Sides.

When both Armies were retired, and *Pyrrhus* was congratulated on account of the Victory, he reply'd, *Such Another will undo us utterly*. For indeed he had lost the greatest part of the Forces he brought with him out of *Epire*, and almost all his particular Friends and principal Commanders; knew not where to Recruit, and saw the Confederates very slow in their motions. On the other hand, as from a Fountain continually flowing out of the City, the *Roman* Camp was quickly and plentifully filled up with fresh Men, not at all abating in Courage; but even from their very Losses receiving fresh Force and Resolution to go on with the War. Whilst his Head was full of these Thoughts and Reflections, his Mind was on a sudden possess'd with vain Hopes and Delusions. New Incidents arise, new Opportunities present themselves, and he is at a loss which of them to follow. For at the same time that Ambassadors arriv'd out of *Sicily* with an offer of surrendering to him *Syracuse*, *Agrigentum*, and the City of the *Leontines*,

tines, praying him to drive the *Carthaginians* out of the Island, and clear it of Tyrants; News was brought him out of *Greece* that *Ptolemy* called *Ceraunus* was slain in a Fight, and his Army cut in pieces by the *Gauls*, and that this was a most favourable time to offer himself to the *Macedonians*, who were at a great loss for a King. Here he began to accuse Fortune for presenting to him two such glorious, but inconsistent Occasions, both together, and at the same time. It concern'd him extremely to think that if he laid hold on the One he must of Necessity give over the Other; and that by grasping at Both he shou'd be the better for Neither; so that he was a long time in suspense, and much perplex'd in his Thoughts, before he cou'd come to any Determination. At last he consider'd that the *Sicilian* Affairs were (from the nearness of *Africa*) of greater Importance, and promis'd him a larger Field of Glory. For this Reason he gave that side the turn of the Balance, and instantly dispatch'd *Cineas*, who was the only Person he employ'd on those Occasions, to treat with the Cities, and prepare them for his Arrival. In the mean time he placed a strong Garrison in *Tarentum*, much against the Will of the Inhabitants, who required him either to perform what he came for, which was to stay and continue the War against the *Romans*, or if he wou'd be gone, to leave the City as he found it. He return'd no agreeable Answer to this Remonstrance, but commanded them to be quiet and attend his Time, and so sail'd away.

Being arriv'd in *Sicily*, he found every thing dispos'd according to his Wishes, and the Cities frankly surrender'd to him. Where-ever his Arms and Force appeared, nothing at first made any considerable resistance. But with thirty thousand Foot, two thousand five hundred Horse, and two hundred Ships, he totally routed the *Phœnicians*, and overturn'd their whole Government. *Eryx* being the strongest Town they held, and having a great Garrison in it, he resolv'd to take it by Storm: The Army being in readiness to give the Assault, he put on his Armour, and placing himself at the Head of his Men,

Men, made a Vow to *Hercules* of Plays and Sacrifices in Honour of Victory, if he signaliz'd himself in that day's Action before the *Greeks* that dwelt in *Sicily*, as became his great Descent and his Fortunes. At the same time he gave the Signal by Sound of Trumpet, drove the *Barbarians* from off the Walls with a Shower of Arrows, planted his Ladders, and was Himself the First that mounted. There he is in an Instant surrounded by his Enemies, Some of whom are beaten back, Others he flings headlong down on each side, and the Rest lie dead in Heaps round about him. In the midst of this amazing Danger he is not once wounded; but appear'd so terrible to the *Barbarians*, that they cou'd not stand the Sight of him, and prov'd by his amazing Exploits that *Homer* well understood the Nature and Properties of Fortitude, when he said, *that of all the Virtues She alone was inspired with divine Sallies and enthusiastick Transports.* The City being taken, he perform'd a magnificent Sacrifice to *Hercules*, and exhibited Shews and Combats of all sorts.

Of all the *Barbarians*, Those who inhabited the City of *Messina*, and were call'd *Mamertines*, were most oppressive to the *Greeks*. For they had made most of them Tributaries, and burden'd them with Imposition; being more potent, more numerous, and withal of a warlike Disposition; for this Reason they were call'd *Mamertines*, from a Word, which in the Language of the *Romans* signifies *Warlike*. *Pyrrhus* seiz'd their Collectors as they were gathering the Taxes, and put them to Death; after which he engag'd with Them in a pitch'd Battle, overthrew them, and razed all their Fortresses. The *Carthaginians*, incited by his Fortitude and Success, inclin'd to a Composition, and offer'd him a round Sum of Money, and to furnish him with Shipping, upon Condition a Peace might be establish'd between them; in Answer to which he told them, that the only Terms on which a Peace was to be granted, were for them entirely to abandon *Sicily*, and consent that the *Libyan* Sea be the Limit between Them and the *Greeks*.

He

He was now elated with his good Fortune and the Strength of his Forces, and pursuing those hopes, in prospect of which he first undertook this Expedition, his chief aim was at *Africa*: He had a number of Ships answerable to that Design, but they were thinly man'd; and when he began to raise Seamen he observ'd no obliging Measures with the Cities, but forced their Men into the Service, threatening to punish Those very severely who did not provide the Complement demanded of them. This was quite different from his Behaviour towards them at his first Arrival; for then he endeavour'd to gain the Affections of the People; was gracious to All, placed an entire Confidence in them, and gave None of them the least reason to complain of his Conduct. Whereas being now, instead of a mild and merciful Prince, become an insupportable Tyrant, they secretly accused him not only of Ingratitude but Infidelity. However, they supply'd him with what he demanded, for there was an indispensable Necessity for it, tho' they grew very averse to him, especially for his Behaviour to *Tbonon* and *Sostratus*, two Persons of the greatest authority in all *Syracuse*. It was at their Invitation that he first set Sail for *Sicily*; They were the Men who surrender'd the City to him at his Arrival, and were his principal Agents in every Transaction afterwards; and yet in spite of all these Obligations, his Coolness and Ill-will towards them were very visible, for he wou'd neither suffer them to attend him in his Expedition, nor leave them behind him; for he was grown jealous of them. *Sostratus*, out of fear of what might happen, withdrew himself; whilst *Tbonon*, who was not so cautious, was seiz'd by order of *Pyrrhus*, who accus'd him for being of the same Sentiments with *Sostratus*, and put him to death. This injurious Proceeding quite ruin'd his Affairs, and That not by little and little, but All at once. For the Hatred the Cities had on this account conceiv'd against him was so universal, that Some of them fell off to the *Carthaginians*, and Others confederated against him with the *Mamertines*.

In this Nick of Time, when they were revolting on all sides, and a general Insurrection was apprehended, he receiv'd Letters from the *Samnites* and *Tarentines*, intimating that they had been beaten quite out of the Field, and were no longer able to secure their Towns against the *Romans*; wherefore they earnestly begg'd him to hasten immediately to their Assistance. These Letters furnish'd him with an honourable Pretence to quit *Sicily*, as one not forced from thence, or despairing of Success. Tho' in reality he found it impossible to make himself Master of the Island, and therefore abandon'd it as a Ship distress'd in a Storm, and threw himself once more upon *Italy*. 'Tis reported that at his going off, he look'd back upon the Island, and said to Those about him, *How brave a Field of War do we leave, my Masters, for the Romans and Carthaginians to fight in!* which, as he then conjectur'd, fell out indeed not long after.

When he was just ready to Sail, the *Barbarians* having conspir'd against him, he was forc'd to a Fight with the *Carthaginians* in the very Road, and after he had lost many of his Ships, he fled with the rest into *Italy*. Upon his Arrival, he was attack'd by the *Mamertines*, who to the Number of ten thousand Men had pass'd over before him. They thought it not safe to engage him in a pitch'd Battle, but lying in wait for him where the Passages were difficult, they fell upon him, and put his whole Army in Confusion. He lost two of his Elephants on this Occasion, together with the greatest Part of his Rear, which the *Barbarians* cut in pieces. He immediately advanced in Person from the Van to their Assistance, and behaved himself with surprising Valour against Men, personally exasperated, and of long Experience in all military Performances; 'till having receiv'd a Wound in his Hand, he was forced to retire a little from the Place of Action.

This serv'd still to heighten the Courage of the *Barbarians*, so that One of them of an uncommon Size, and remarkable for the Brightness of his Armour, advanced before the Ranks, defy'd the King, and with a

loud disdainful Voice challeng'd him *if he was alive to come forth and shew himself.*

Pyrrhus provok'd and enrag'd at this Challenge, return'd, attended by his Guards, to the Battle, in spite of Those who were about him, and storming with Indignation, and all over besmear'd with Blood, so that he was a Figure terrible to behold, he pierced through his Battalions, rush'd upon the *Barbarian*, and without giving him time to assault Him, or defend Himself, gave him such a Blow with his Scimeter on his Head, that what with the Strength of his Arm, and the excellent Temper of the Weapon, the Edge pass'd downward to his very Seat; so that in a Moment his Body was divided, and the Parts fell asunder. This put a Stop to the Course of the *Barbarians*, who look'd on *Pyrrhus* with Astonishment and Admiration, and consider'd him as something more than Mortal. After This he continu'd his March all the rest of the way undisturb'd, and arriv'd at *Tarentum* with twenty thousand Foot, and three thousand Horse; where reinforcing himself with the choicest Troops of the *Tarentines*, he advanced immediately against the Enemy; who then lay encamp'd in the Territories of the *Samnites*, whose Affairs were extremely shatter'd, and their Counsels broken, Having been in many Fights beaten by the *Romans*. There was also a Discontent among them at *Pyrrhus*, for his Expedition into *Sicily*, so that not Many came in to join him: Notwithstanding, which he divided his Army in two Parts, and commanded the First into *Lucania*, to oppose One of the Consuls there, and hinder Him from assisting his Collegue, whilst He march'd in Person against *Manius Curius* the Other, who had posted himself very advantageously near *Beneventum*, where he lay in Expectation of Reinforcements from his Collegue. And forasmuch as the *Augurs* had warn'd him against engaging for the present in any Enterprize, he resolv'd to abstain from Action. But *Pyrrhus* being eager to engage Him before the Other cou'd join him, made a Draught of the best Men out of all his Troops, and choosing the bravest

and

and most courageous of his Elephants, he march'd in the Evening, as it began to grow dark, towards the *Roman* Camp, in order to surprise him; but as he was forced to go round about, and traverse a woody Country, his Flambeaus fail'd him, and his Soldiers lost their Way in the dark, which obliged him to halt for some time, in order to rally them. In the mean time Day began to appear, and his Approach was discover'd by the Enemy as he was coming down the Hills, which put the whole Camp into much disorder and tumult; but the Consul finding the Sacrifices auspicious, and the Time absolutely obliging them to fight, he drew a detach'd Party out of the Trenches, and fell in with their Van-guard, and having routed them, all the Army was in a Consternation, so that a great many were cut off, and some of the Elephants taken.

This Success encourag'd *Manius* to draw out his whole Army, and engage the Enemy in a pitch'd Battle. He had the Advantage in the Beginning of the Engagement, and one of His Wings defeated One of the Enemy's; but the Other was born down by the Elephants, and forced back to the Trenches. In this Condition he sent for the Assistance of those Troops he had left behind to guard the Camp, who were a strong Body, All fresh Men and well arm'd. These rushing down upon them from their advantageous Stations, gall'd the Elephants with their Darts, and made them turn Tail and fall upon their own Battalions, which occasion'd such a Confusion and Disorder, that in the End it secur'd the Victory to the *Romans*, and with the Victory the universal Empire; for now having got the Fame of Invincible, both for their Conduct and Courage, and Glory as well in this Action, as in a great many Others, they soon over-ran *Italy*, and not long after *Sicily* too.

Thus fell *Pyrrhus* from his *Italian* and *Sicilian* Hopes, after he had consum'd six Years in these Wars; and though unsuccessful in his Affairs, yet he preserv'd his Courage unconquerable among all these Misfortunes, and was held for Military Experience, Personal Valour,

and Enterprize, the First of all the Princes of his Time; but what he got by great Actions, he lost again by vain Hopes; for his eager Desire and Pursuit after what he had not, hinder'd him from keeping what he had; which made *Antigonus* compare him to One who at Dice threw excellently well, but knew not how to make the best of his Game. He return'd into *Epirus* with eight thousand Foot and five hundred Horse, and for want of Money to pay them, was fain to look out for a new War to maintain the Army. Some of the *Gauls* joining him, he fell into *Macedon*, where *Antigonus*, Son of *Demetrius*, govern'd, designing to plunder and waste the Country; but after he had made himself Master of the several Towns, and two thousand Men came over to him, he began to hope for something greater, and adventur'd upon *Antigonus* Himself, and meeting him at a narrow Passage, call'd the *Straits*, put the whole Army in disorder; but the *Gauls* who brought up *Antigonus's* Rear were very numerous, and stood firm, and a brisk Fight hap'ning, the greatest part of them were cut off. They who had the charge of the Elephants, being surrounded every way, deliver'd up both Themselves and the Beasts: *Pyrrhus* taking this Advantage, and advising more with his good Fortune, than his Reason, boldly set upon the main Body of the *Macedonian* Foot, already surpris'd with Fear, and troubled at the former Loss. When he perceiv'd that they declin'd any Action or Engagement with him, he held his Hand out both to the superior and under Officers, and calling them aloud by Name, he won over to him that entire Body of Foot from *Antigonus*, who was thereupon forced to fly, and endeavour to retain some of the maritime Towns in their Obedience.

Pyrrhus, among all these kindnesses of Fortune, thinking what he had effected against the *Gauls* the most advantageous for his Glory, hung up their richest and goodliest Spoils in the Temple of *Minerva Itonis*, with this Inscription.

These

*These Shields of the brave Gauls, Great Goddess! I
Offer to Thee, gain'd in full Victory
Over Antigonus. 'Tis no strange thing
For Pyrrhus, who from Æacus does spring.*

After this Defeat in the Field, he quickly took in the Cities; and having got *Ægis* into his Power, beside other hardships put upon the Inhabitants, he left in the Town a Garrison consisting of some of those *Gauls* that had serv'd him in his Army. These *Gauls* are the most covetous and insatiable of all Men, and were no sooner put in possession of the Place, but they instantly dug up the Tombs of the Kings that lay buried there, seiz'd on all the Wealth that had been interred with them, and with a sacrilegious Contempt dispers'd their Ashes in the Wind. *Pyrrhus* seem'd not in the least offended at this ignominious Insult, either deferring to call the Authors of it to Account for the present, having at that time other Affairs of greater Moment upon his Hands, or intending wholly to pass it by, being afraid to punish those *Barbarians*. However this Connivance lost his Credit with the *Macedonians*; and tho' his Interest was still doubtful, and in an unsettled Condition, he notwithstanding entertain'd new visionary Hopes, and in Rallery call'd *Antigonus* Impudent, because he had not put on the Habit of a private Person, but still presum'd to wear the Purple.

About this time *Cleonymus* the *Lacedæmonian* arriv'd in his Court, and earnestly pressing him to march with his Army to *Sparta*, *Pyrrhus* very readily embraced the Overture. *Cleonymus* was of the Royal Blood, but seeming too Arbitrary and Absolute, had no great Respect nor Credit in *Sparta*, where *Areus* reign'd peaceably in his stead. This was the occasion of an old and publick grudge between him and the Citizens. *Cleonymus* in his old Age had married a young Lady of great Beauty, and of the Royal Family, call'd *Chelidonis*, Daughter of *Leſſichydes*. This Woman falling desperately in love with *Acrotatus*, *Areus's* Son, a Youth gay and

and airy, render'd this Match both uneasy and dishonourable to *Cleonymus*; for there was not a Man in *Sparta* who did not very well know how much his Wife slighted him; so these Domestick Troubles, added to his publick Discontent, provok'd him to fly to *Pyrrhus*, who, at his Instigation, marched against *Sparta* with an Army of twenty thousand Foot, two thousand Horse, and twenty four Elephants; but so great a Preparation made it evident to the whole World, that he came not so much to gain *Sparta* for *Cleonymus*, as to take all *Peloponnesus* for Himself: Yet he expressly denied This to the *Lacedæmonian* Ambassadors, that came to him to *Magalopolis*, affirming he came to deliver the Cities from the Slavery of *Antigenus*, and signifying that if he might be permitted, he intended to send his youngest Sons to *Sparta*, there to be instituted in the Manners and Discipline of the *Lacedæmonians*, that they might receive from their Education in that illustrious School an Advantage over all the other Kings and Princes.

With these Pretensions he amused Those who came to meet him in his March, but as soon as ever he enter'd *Laconia*, he began to plunder and waste the Country; and when the Ambassadors complained that those Acts of Hostility were committed when no War was proclaim'd, or declar'd, *Very true*, he reply'd, *and do not We know that You Lacedæmonians never make publick Proclamation of your Intentions?* At which a Spartan who was present, named *Mandracides*, answer'd him in the *Laconic* Dialect, *If Thou art a God thou wilt do us no Harm, because We have done Thee None, and if Thou art but a Man we may find some Other as stout as Thyself.*

In the mean time he continued his March towards *Lacedæmon*, and was advis'd by *Cleonymus* to give the Assault as soon as he arriv'd, which was in the Evening; but *Pyrrhus*, as we are told, fearing lest the Soldiers shou'd plunder the City if they took it by Storm in the Night-Season, forbore, and put off the Assault 'till the Morning: for he knew there were but few Soldiers in the Town, and Those unprovided, by reason of his sud-

den Approach, and that *Arcus* the King was not there in Person, but gone into *Crete* to the Succour of the *Gortynians*. And the Preservation of the City was principally owing to the Contempt She was under with *Pyrrhus* on account of her Weakness, which made him vainly imagine that no One wou'd be so hardy as to move a Hand in her Defence; in Confidence of which, and instead of attacking her that very Instant, he contented himself with encamping under the Walls, tho' the *Ilotes* and *Cleonymus's* Friends had been at the pains to prepare every thing in his House for the Reception and Entertainment of *Pyrrhus*, not doubting but they should have him there at Supper.

Night being come, the *Lacedæmonians* determin'd in Council to send the Women over into *Crete*; but They unanimously oppos'd it; and One of them, call'd *Archidamia*, took a Sword, and entering the Senate with it in her Hand, demanded of them, in the Name of the Rest, *What cou'd make them entertain so ill an Opinion of the Women, as to think they were so much in love with Life as to be able to outlive the Loss of Sparta?*

It was next resolv'd to draw a Trench in a Line directly over-against the Enemy's Camp, and at each end of it to sink Waggon in the Ground, as deep as the Naves of the Wheels, that so being firmly fix'd they might obstruct the passage of the Elephants. When they had just begun the Work, both Maids and Women came to them; Some with their Petticoats tuck'd up, and Others in a Jacket only, to assist the Elder sort of Men. When they had exhorted Those who were of an Age fit to bear Arms, and were to engage the next Day, to go and repose themselves in the Night, that they might be the better prepared for Action in the Morning, they measur'd the intended Length of the Trench, and took upon themselves a Third Part of it, which they engaged to finish before it was Day. This Trench was in breadth six Cubits, four in depth, and eight hundred Foot long, as *Phylarchus* says. *Hieronymus* makes it somewhat less,

As soon as the Day began to break, the Enemy were in Motion, whereupon the Women arming the Youth with their own Hands, gave them Charge of the Trench, enjoining them to defend it to the last Extremity, and representing to them in the most lively terms, *How delightful it must be to them to conquer in the View of their whole Country, or how glorious to die in the Arms of their Wives and Mothers, falling as became Spartans.* As for *Chelidonis*, she retired with a Halter about her Neck, resolving to die so, rather than fall into the Hands of *Cleonymus*, if the City were taken. *Pyrrhus* himself, in Person, laboured with his Foot to force through the Shields of the *Spartans* ranged against him, and to get over the Trench, which was scarce passable, because the looseness of the fresh Earth afforded no firm footing for the Soldiers. At the same time *Ptolemy*, *Pyrrhus's* Son, with two thousand *Gauls*, and some choice Men of the *Chalcians*, surrounded the Trench, and endeavoured to force a Passage where they had planted the Waggon; but they were wedged so deep in the Ground, and placed so close together, that they did not only obstruct their Passage, but even hinder'd the *Spartans* from coming up, to make a closer Defence. In the mean time the *Gauls* having with much difficulty forced the Wheels out of the Earth, were drawing the Chariots towards an adjacent River.

Young *Acrotatus* first of all perceiv'd the Danger, and passing with great Expedition through the City at the Head of three hundred chosen Men, and taking the advantage of some hollow Ways, he on a sudden surrounded *Ptolemy*, and falling upon his Rear forced him to face about, and stand upon the Defensive. In this Disorder *Ptolemy's* Soldiers ran foul upon one another, and fell most of them into the Trench, or under the Waggon, 'till after a long Dispute, and great Slaughter, they were repulsed and put to Flight. The old Men, and most of the Women, were all this while on the other side of the Trench, from whence they beheld the Action; and when they saw *Acrotatus* returning back into the City,

to repossess himself of his former Post, all covered with Blood, and fierce and elate with Victory, he seem'd to the *Spartan* Dames more gallant and beautiful than ever, and they envied *Chelidonis* so worthy a Lover. And some of the old Men followed him, crying aloud, *Go on, Acrotatus, enjoy Chelidonis, and get brave Boys for Sparta.* Where *Pyrrhus* himself fought, was the hottest of the Action, there the *Spartans* did gallantly, particularly *Phyllius* signaliz'd himself, and killed most of Those that pressed upon him, in order to force a Passage; and when he found himself ready to sink with the many Wounds he had received, he called to the Officer who had the Command in that Attack, gave him his Post, and retiring backward, fell dead in the midst of his own Party, that the Enemy might not carry off his Body. The Fight ended with the Day, and *Pyrrhus* in his sleep dream'd he threw Lightning upon *Lacedæmon*, and set it all on fire, and seem'd to rejoice at the Sight. In this transport of Joy he awaked, and commanded his Officers to get all things ready for a second Assault; and interpreting his Dream among his Friends, that he should take the Town by Storm, several assented to it with admiration; but *Lyfimachus* was not pleased with the Dream, and told him he feared, lest as Places struck with Lightning are held Sacred, and not to be enter'd; so the Gods might by this let him know the City should not be taken. *Pyrrhus*, who without doubt was sensible of the Force and Reasonableness of that Explication, reply'd, *Such sort of Visions, and their Interpretations, are things full of Uncertainty, and only fit to amuse the Vulgar; but That, my Friends, which is most certain is that every Man ought to arm, and say to himself,*

*'Tis the only good Presage,
That for Pyrrhus you engage.*

At these Words he arose, and by break of Day began the Attack.

The

The *Lacedæmonians* defended themselves with a Courage and Resolution above their Strength; nor would the Women forsake them, but were constantly at hand to supply them with Arms, and administer Bread and Drink to Those what wanted it, and carry off Such as were disabled. The *Macedonians* attempted to fill up the Trench, bringing huge quantities of Materials, and throwing them upon the Arms and dead Bodies that lay there all covered over: While the *Lacedæmonians* opposed this with all their Force, *Pyrrhus* on a sudden appeared, having forc'd his way through the Trench, where the Waggons had been planted to stop the passage, pressing on in full Career towards the City; at which the Soldiers who had been placed at that Post made a great Noise, and were answer'd by the Woman, who shriek'd out with all their Might, and took to their Heels. *Pyrrhus* in the mean time push'd on with great Violence, overthrowing All that had the Courage to oppose him. He was now advanced near the City, when his Horse receiv'd a shot in the Belly, with a *Cretan* Arrow, and flouncing as he died, threw off *Pyrrhus* on slippery and very steep Ground; at which All about him being in Confusion, the *Spartans* came boldly up, and making good use of their Arrows, forced them off again. This caused *Pyrrhus* to retreat a second time, thinking the *Lacedæmonians* would abate of their Vigour, when almost All of them were wounded, and very great numbers killed outright: But the good Fortune of the City, either for that she had sufficiently try'd the Fortitude of her Inhabitants, or that the World might see on this occasion how great a Power she has in the most desperate and critical Circumstances, then when the *Lacedæmonians* began to be in the utmost despair, she was brought to their Relief from *Corinth* *Ameinias* the *Phœcean*; one of *Antigonus's* Officers, with an Army of Strangers; and they were no sooner receiv'd into the Town, but *Arcus* their King arrived there himself from *Crete*, with two thousand Men more: The Women upon this went all home to their Houses, finding

it no longer necessary for Them to meddle in the business of the War ; all the old Men likewise, who notwithstanding their Age had in that Exigence been forced to take Arms, were sent home, and their places were supply'd by the new Comers.

These two Reinforcements, which arriv'd both in the same day at *Sparta*, serv'd only to animate *Pyrrhus* the more, and spur up his Ambition ; but his Designs not succeeding, and receiving fresh Losses every day, he gave over the Siege, and fell to plunder the Country, determining to Winter thereabout. But Fate is unavoidable. At that time a great Feud happening at *Argos* between *Aristeas* and *Aristippus*, Two of the principal Citizens, and when *Aristippus* had resolv'd to make use of the Friendship of *Antigonus*, *Aristeas* to prevent him invited *Pyrrhus* thither. He always revolving hopes upon hopes, and taking advantage from his good success, when he had it, to embrace occasions of more ; and when things went unprosperously, to make up those defects by new Enterpises ; never suffer'd his Losses or Victories to put an end to the Troubles he brought on Others, and in which he involv'd Himself. He had therefore no sooner receiv'd this Invitation from *Aristeas*, but he immediately march'd for *Argos*. Arcus by frequent Ambushes, and lining the Hedges where the Ways were most unpassable, cut off many of the *Gauls* and *Molossians* that brought up the Rear. It had been told of the *Pyrrhus* by one of the Priests, who had found the Liver of the sacrificed Beast without a Head, that some of his near Relations would be lost ; notwithstanding which, the more this Tumult and Disorder of his Rear, forgetting the prediction, he commanded out his Son *Ptolemy* with some of his Guards to their assistance, whilst He continu'd the *Phalanx* March, and got clear of those dangerous Passes. In the mean time the Fight grew very warm where *Ptolemy* was engaged, for the stoutest of the *Lacedaemonians*, unthemselves to the Command of *Eualcus* an experienc'd Officer, The War Those who had made that Attack upon the Rear.

In the Heat of the Action a *Cretan* of *Aptera* named *Oræsus*, a stout Man, and swift-footed, flank'd the young Prince, as he was fighting with great Valour, wounded him in the Side, and flung him dead upon the Spot. He was no sooner down, but Those who had follow'd him turn'd their Backs and fled. The *Lacedæmonian* Horse pursuing them and cutting many of them off, were got into the open Field engaged with the Enemy before they were aware, and at a great distance from the Infantry, who cou'd not keep pace with them.

Pyrrhus, who had receiv'd the ill News of his Son's Death, and was most bitterly afflicted at it, drew out his *Molossian* Horse against them, and charging in the Head of his Men, satiated himself with the Blood and Slaughter of the *Lacedæmonians*; always indeed appearing an invincible Hero, and mighty in Arms, but now exceeding all he had ever done before in Courage and Force. He search'd every where for *Evalcus*, and having found him out, he push'd his Horse with all his force at him; but *Evalcus* being aware of him inclin'd on one side, and made him miss his Aim, at the same time he gave him such a stroke on the Bridle Hand with his Sword, that he imagin'd he must have cut it off; but the Blow lighting on the Reins cut Them only, without doing *Pyrrhus* any further Damage, whilst He seizing the favourable Moment run him through with his Javelin. Then springing from his Horse he fought on Foot, and made a terrible Havock of all those brave *Lacedæmonians* who endeavour'd to protect the Body of *Evalcus*. This Loss, which was no inconsiderable one on the side of the *Spartans*, was purely owing to the headstrong Ambition of their Commanders, for the War was at an end before the Engagement; but *Pyrrhus* having thus offered so many of his Enemies as it were in Sacrifice to the Ghost of his Son, and made this Fight a kind of Funeral Show, converting much of his Grief into Rage and Fury, continu'd his march to *Argos*. At his Arrival he had Intelligence that *Antigonus* kept the high Grounds, wherefore he encamped near the City of *Nauplia*; the next

day he dispatched an Herald to *Antigonus*, calling him Perfidious, and challenging him to descend into the plain Field, and fight with him for the Kingdom. *Antigonus* answer'd, that He made War not with his Arms only but with Time, and that if *Pyrrhus* was weary of Life there were ways enow to Death that lay direct before him. To both the Kings also came Ambassadors from *Argos*, desiring each Party to retreat, and not suffer that City to fall into the Hands of Either of them that had a great honour for Both. *Antigonus* was persuaded, and sent his Son as an Hostage to the *Argives*; *Pyrrhus* at the same time promis'd to retire, but sending no Hostage, he was much suspected.

In the mean time *Pyrrhus* was alarm'd by a very extraordinary and tremendous Prodigy, for the Heads of the sacrificed Oxen lying apart from the Bodies, were seen to thrust out their Tongues, and lick up their own gore. And in the very City of *Argos*, a Priestess of *Apollo Lycius* ran about the Streets, crying, She saw the City full of Carcasses and Slaughter, and an Eagle joining in the Fight, and immediately vanishing. In the dead of Night *Pyrrhus* approaching the Walls, and finding the Gate called *Diampere*s was open'd by *Aristeas*, he directed his *Gauls* to enter, who took possession of the Market-place undiscover'd; but the Gate being too low to let in the Elephants, they were fain to take down their Towers, and put them on again, which cou'd not be done in the Dark, and in that confusion, without a Noise, and loss of Time, which occasion'd their Discovery. The *Argives*, seeing the Enemy in their City ran to *Aspis*, the chief Citadel, and other Places of Defence, and sent away to *Antigonus* to hasten to their Assistance. *Antigonus* advanced near the Walls, but wou'd not enter the City, choosing rather to be upon the Watch without, and act as Occasion offer'd. However he sent some of his principal Commanders, and his Son with considerable Force.

At the same time *Areus* arriv'd at *Argos* with a thousand *Cretans*, and the most resolute of the *Spartans*. All

these Troops being join'd, fell at once upon the *Gauls*, and put them in great disorder. *Pyrrbus* entring in with a mighty Noise and Shout at a place called *Cylarabis*, when the *Gauls* were to return the Salute, their Cry was not the Shout of Men in full Courage and Confidence, but of People hard put to it, and in Distress. Therefore *Pyrrbus* in haste pushed on the Van of his Horse that marched but slowly and in Danger, by reason of the Drains and Sinks, of which the City was full. In this Night-Engagement, there was infinite confusion both in Those that acted, and Those that commanded, mistaking and straggling in the narrow Streets; it was impossible to make use of Conduct or Order in that darkness and variety of Noises and strait Passages; so both sides continued without doing any thing, still expecting Day-light. At the first Dawn *Pyrrbus* seeing the great Citadel *Aspis* full of Men, was under great Consternation, especially when among the many Figures of excellent Workmanship erected in the Market-place, he beheld That of a Wolf and Bull cast in Brass, that seem'd ready to attack each other. This Sight brought him to remember an Oracle he had formerly receiv'd, foretelling him *that he was fated to die when he shou'd see a Wolf encountering with a Bull*. The *Argives* say these Figures were erected in Memory of an Accident which fell out long ago in their Country. For they tell us that when *Danaus* first invaded their Territories, as he passed by a Place called *Pyramia*, in *Tbyreatis*, leading to *Argos*, he espied a Wolf fighting with a Bull, and imagining the Wolf to represent Him, (for this Stranger fell upon a Native as He designed to do) he stay'd to see the Issue of the Fight, and the Wolf prevailing, after he had offered his Devotions to *Apollo Lycius*, he assaulted and carried the Town, *Gelanor*, who was then King, being displac'd by a Faction: And this was the Cause of dedicating those Figures. *Pyrrbus* quite out of heart at this Sight, and seeing none of his Designs succeed, thought best to retreat; but fearing the strait Passage at the Gates, he sent to his Son *Helenu*

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who was left without the Town with a great Body of Forces, commanding him to break down part of the Wall, and assist the Retreat if the Enemy pressed hard upon them. But the Person whom he sent with this Errand, mistaking the Order, which was given in great haste and confusion, deliver'd it in a quite contrary Sense; so that the young Prince taking with him the best of his Men, and the remaining Elephants, marched strait through the Gates into the Town, to assist his Father. *Pyrrhus* was now making good his Retreat, and while the Market-place afforded them Ground enough both to Retreat and Fight, frequently repulsed the Enemy that bore upon him; but when he was forced out of that broad place, into a narrow Street leading to the Gate, he fell in with Those who came the other way to his assistance. It was in vain for him to call out to them to fall back and clear the Streets; he cou'd not be heard in that Noise and Tumult; and if They who were the most advanced, and most dispos'd to obey his Orders, had heard him, they wou'd have been hinder'd by Those who continually pressed upon them from the Rear, and pushed them forwards. Besides, the largest of the Elephants falling down on his Side, in the very Gate, and terribly bellowing, lay in the way of Those who would have got out. Another of these Elephants already in the Town, called *Nicon*, striving to take up his Rider, who, after many Wounds received, was fallen off his Back, bore forward upon Them that retreated, and thrusting as well Friends as Enemies, tumbled them all confusedly upon one another, 'till having found the Body, and taking it up with his Trunk, he carried it on his Tusshes, and returning in great Rage, trod down all before him. Being thus pressed and crowded together, not a Man could do any thing to help himself, but wedged so close, as it were one Mass, the whole Multitude rolled and swayed this way and that all together; and did very little Execution upon the Enemy, either in their Front or Rear, but very much harm to one another. If any Man had watch'd the favourable Opportunity,

tunity, and drawn his Sword, or levell'd his Pike, he could neither recover the One, nor put up the Other, but they Both wounded their own Men, as by chance they were thrust together, and so fell dead one amongst another. *Pyrrhus* seeing the mighty Storm and Confusion of things, took off the Crown he wore upon his Helmet, by which he was distinguished, and gave it to one nearest his Person, and trusting to the goodness of his Horse, rid in among the thickest of the Enemy, and being wounded with a Lance through his Breast-plate, but not dangerously, nor indeed very much, he turned about to Him that struck him, who was not a Man of Note, but the Son of a poor Woman in *Argos*. She was looking upon the Fight among other Women, from the top of an House, and perceiving her Son engag'd with *Pyrrhus*, and affrighted at the danger he was in, took up a large Tile with both Hands, and threw it at *Pyrrhus*, which falling on his naked Head, and bruising the *Vertebres* of the lower part of the Neck, his Eye-sight was taken away, his Hands let go the Reins, and sinking down from his Horse, he fell just by the Tomb of *Lycimnius*. The common Soldiers knew not who it was; but one *Zopyrus*, that served under *Antigonus*, and two or three others running thither, and knowing it to be *Pyrrhus*, dragg'd him to a Threshold hard by, just as he was recovering a little from the blow; *Zopyrus* drawing out an *Illyrian* Sword, was ready to cut off his Head, when *Pyrrhus* gave him so fierce a Look, that he confounded him with Terror, his Hands trembling, but still endeavouring to do it, full of Fear and Confusion, he could not strike him right, but cutting him over the Mouth and Chin, it was a long time before he could get the Head off.

The Report of this Action was soon noised about, and *Alcyoneus*, the Son of *Antigonus*, hast'ning to the place, desired to look upon the Head, and see whether he knew it; then taking it in his hand, he rid away full speed with it to his Father, whom he found discoursing with some of his particuliar Favourite, and laid it at his Feet

Antigonus

Antigonus looking upon it, and knowing it, thrust his Son from him, and struck him with his Cane, calling him wicked and barbarous, and covering his Eyes with his Robe, fell a weeping, when he reflected upon the Death of his Grandfather *Antigonus*, and That of his Father *Demetrius*, two Instances in his own Family of the Instability of Fortune. At the same time he caused the Head and Body of *Pyrrhus* to be burned with all due Solemnity: After This, *Alcyoneus* discovering *Helenus* under a mean disguise, in a poor thread-bare Coat, used him very respectfully, and brought him to his Father: When *Antigonus* saw him, *This, Son*, (said he) *was done much more Nobly than before; but yet You are still deficient, in that you have not taken off that Old Coat, which is a Scandal to Us who have got the Victory: And then treating Helenus with great kindness, and as became a Prince, he restored him to his Kingdom of Epirus, and gave the same obliging Reception to all Pyrrhus's principal Commanders, after he had reduced the whole Army under his Obedience.*





THE
L I F E
O F
CAIUS MARIUS

WE are altogether ignorant of the third Name of *Caius Marius*; as likewise of that of *Quintus Sertorius* that possessed himself of *Spain*; and of *Lucius Mummius* that destroyed *Corinth*: Though this Last was first named *Achaicus*, from his Conquests, as *Scipio* was called *Africanus*, and *Metellus Macedonicus*. Hence *Posidonius* draws his chiefest Argument to confute Those that hold the Second to be the *Roman* proper Name, *Camillus*, *Marcellus*, *Cato*; for so They that had but two Names would have None Proper; and he did not foresee, that by the very same reason he must rob the Women absolutely of their Names, for None of them have the First, which *Posidonius* imagines the proper Name with the *Romans*. Now of the other Name One was common to the whole Family, as the *Pompeii*, *Manlii*, *Cornelii* (and with Us *Grecians*, the *Heraculi* and *Pelopidae*) the Other Titular, adopted to them either from their Natures, Actions, Affections, Sh

Shapes of their Body ; as *Macrinus*, *Torquatus*, *Sylla* ; such also is *Mnemon*, *Grypus*, and *Callinicus* among the *Grecians*. But of the variety of Names, wou'd we insist upon it, the Irregularity of Custom might furnish us with Discourse enough.

As for *Marius's* Shape and Air, we have seen his Effigies in Stone at *Ravenna* in *Gaul*, very agreeable to the roughness and sourness of his Behaviour, remarked by all Authors ; for being naturally valiant and warlike, more acquainted also with the Discipline of the Camp than of the City, he could not moderate his Passion, when in Authority. He is said, neither to have much studied *Greek*, nor ever to have made use of that Language in any matter of consequence ; as thinking it ridiculous to bestow time in that Learning, the Teachers whereof were little better than the Slaves of the *Romans*. That after his second Triumph, when at the Dedication of a Temple, he presented the People with Shews after the manner of the *Greeks* ; he came indeed into the Theater, and sat down, but immediately rose up again, and departed. Wherefore, as *Plato* often used to say to *Xenocrates* the Philosopher, who was seemingly of a more than ordinary rigid Disposition, *Pr'ythee, good Xenocrates, sacrifice to the Graces* ; so if *Marius* cou'd have been persuaded to pay his Devotions to the *Greek* Muses and Graces, he had never brought those his incomparable Designs, both in War and Peace, to so unhappy a Conclusion, or plunged himself into a turbulent and unpleasant old Age through his Passion, ill-tim'd Ambition, and insatiable Avarice ; but This will farther appear in the Sequel, from his Actions.

He was born of Parents altogether obscure and indigent, and who supported themselves by their daily Labour, his Father of the same Name with Himself, his Mother called *Fulcinia*. He came but late into the City, so that he had passed a considerable part of his time before he became acquainted with that sort of Life. At first he lived in *Cirraeton*, a Village in the Territory of *Arpinum* ; a Life, compared with the City Delicacies, harsh

harsh and rustical ; yet temperate, and much resembling the ancient *Roman* Severity. He first served in the War against the *Celtiberi* when *Scipio Africanus* besieged *Numantia*, where he soon signaliz'd himself to his General, by his Courage, very far above his Comrades ; and particularly by his so chearfully complying with *Scipio's* Reformation of his Army, before almost ruined by Pleasures and Luxury. 'Tis reported also, that he challenged, or at least encounter'd and vanquish'd, an Enemy in his General's fight ; wherefore he had several Honours conferred upon him ; and *Scipio* shew'd him a particular Respect ; especially once at an Entertainment where *Marius* had the Honour to sup with him, when the Discourse at Table turn'd upon the Great Commanders then in being, One of the Company, either out of Compliance to the General, or that it really was a doubt with him, asked *Scipio*, where the Romans should find such another General when he was gone, *Scipio* gently clapping *Marius* on the Back, who sat next him, replied ; Here, perhaps. Such was the happy Genius of those two great Men, One of which in his very Youth gave those early Promises of his future Greatness, and the Other cou'd from such Beginnings clearly foresee that long Series of Glory and Renown which was to follow.

Marius fired with this Speech of *Scipio*, as with a Divine Oracle, took the Courage to apply himself to the management of Publick Affairs, and by the Assistance of *Cæcilius Metellus* (on whose Family, He, as well as his Father, had continual dependence) obtain'd the Office of Tribune of the People. In this Office he proposed a Law to be pass'd for regulating the manner of voting, which was oppos'd by *Cotta* the Consul, who saw it tended to lessen the Authority of the *Patricians* in matters of Judicature, wherefore he perswaded the Senate to declare against it, and summon *Marius* to appear, and give an account of his Actions. *Cotta* having obtained a Decree for that purpose, *Marius* came into the Court, and behaved himself not like a young Man,
newly

newly and undeservedly advanced to Authority ; but taking as much Courage as his future Actions would have inspired into him, threaten'd *Cotta*, unless he recalled the Decree, to clap him in Prison. *Cotta* addressing himself to *Metellus* ask'd his Opinion, and *Metellus* rising from his Seat voted with the Consul. Whereupon *Marius* calling for an Officer, commanded him to take *Metellus* into Custody ; and when *Metellus* appeal'd to the other Tribunes, and not one of them offer'd to assist him, the Senate found it the safest way to comply, and so repealed the Decree. *Marius*, elevated with this Victory, went in Triumph out of the Senate, and proceeding to the *Forum*, had his Law confirm'd in an Assembly of the People.

He was from henceforth esteemed as a Man of an undaunted Courage and Assurance, as well as a vigorous Opposer of the Senate in favour of the Commons. But he immediately lost their good Opinion of him by a contrary Action ; for when a Law concerning the distribution of Corn was proposed, he very vigorously opposed it, and carried it against the People, thereby making himself equally honoured by both Parties, in gratifying Neither contrary to the Publick Interest.

When the Year of his Tribuneship was expired he stood Candidate for the Office of chief Edile ; for there are two Orders of that Magistracy ; One called *Curulis*, from the Chair with crooked Feet in which the Edile sits in the execution of his Office ; the Other, of a much inferior Nature, is called the *Edileship of the People*. The *Ediles Curules* are first chosen, and when that Election is over they immediately proceed to the Choice of the Other. When *Marius* found he cou'd not carry the First, he drop'd his Pretensions there, and put in for the Second. But as this Proceeding seem'd too bold and obstinate, he miscarried in That also. And though he was thus in one Day twice frustrated of his desired Preferment (which never happen'd to any Man before) yet he was not at all discouraged : but a little while after stood for the Pretorship, and had like to have been repuls'd again ;

and then too, tho' he was returned last of all, was nevertheless accused of acquiring it by indirect means.

Cassius Sabaco's Servant, who was observed within the Rails among Those that voted, chiefly occasioned the suspicion. Now this *Sabaco* was an intimate Friend of *Marius*, for which reason he was summon'd to appear before the Judges, and interrogated: He alledged in his Defence That being thirsty by reason of the heat, he call'd for cold Water, and that his Servant brought him a Cup, and that as soon as he had drank, he departed; however, he was excluded the Senate by the succeeding Censors, and not undeservedly (as was thought) either for his false Evidence or Intemperance. *Caius Herennius* was also cited as Evidence against *Marius*, but He pleaded that it was not customary for a Patron (for so the *Romans* call their Advocates) to witness against his Clients, and that the Law excused Them from that disobligement: Now both the Family of *Marius*, and Himself, had ever been Clients to That of the *Herennii*, and when the Judges seem'd willing to accept of this Plea, *Marius* himself oppos'd it, and told *Herennius*, that when he was first created Magistrate, he ceased to be his Client; which was not altogether true: For it is not every Office that frees Clients and their Posterity from the observance due to their Patrons, but only That to which the Law has assigned a *Sella Curulis*. Notwithstanding, though at the beginning of the Suit it went somewhat hard with *Marius*, and he found the Judges no way favourable to him; yet at last their Voices being equal, he was acquitted beyond Expectation, but did nothing worthy Notice in his Pretorship.

At the Expiration of the Office the Province of the farther *Spain* fell to his Lot, which he is said to have cleared of Thieves, when as yet it was not thoroughly settled in Peace, and much wasted by the late Wars; and the *Spaniards* in those Days thought Robbery a piece of Valour. At his return to *Rome*, where he was eagerly desirous to have a share in the Administration, he found himself without either Riches or Eloquence, the two powerful

powerful Baits which the leading Men in those times laid for the People ; but the Citizens having his great Courage, indefatigable Pains, and popular way of living in high esteem, he was soon advanced to the highest Honours and Offices in the Government, by the means of which he acquired great Wealth and Power ; so that he made a very honourable Match with *Julia*, and of the Renowned Family of the *Cæsars*, to whom that *Cæsar* was Nephew, who was afterwards so great among the *Romans*, and who, by the Relation he had to *Marius*, was zealous for his Honour ; as in his Life we have observed. They attribute to *Marius* both Temperance and Patience, of which latter he gave a pregnant Instance, in an operation of Surgery ; for having (as it seems) both his Legs full of great Tumours, called *Vari-
cises*, and being troubled at their deformity, he determined to put himself into the hands of an Operator : Where, without being tied, he stretched out one of his Legs, and silently, without changing Countenance, endured most excessive Torments in the cutting, never either flinching or complaining ; but when the Surgeon was preparing to cut the Other, he suffered him not ; saying, *I see the Cure is not worth the Pain.*

About this time *Cæcilius Metellus* the Consul was declared General in the War against *Jugurtha*, and took with him *Marius* for one of his Lieutenants. *Marius*, who saw he had now a favourable Opportunity of performing great things, and making himself known, did not, like his Collegues, accommodate his Actions to the Interest of *Metellus*, and direct them to the Increase of his Reputation and Glory. He thought of nothing but his own Grandeur, flattering himself with a Conceit that it was not *Metellus*, who had made him his Lieutenant, but that Fortune had brought him in that critical Con-
juncture into *Africa*, placing him as it were upon a conspicuous Theater, where he had an Opportunity of shewing what he was ; and in that belief he gave many manifest Proofs of his Valour, and all other military Qualities. For as that War was always attended with

extreme

extreme Difficulties, and Dangers infinite, he neither out of Fear declin'd the most perillous Service, nor out of Pride the most Servile ; but surpassing his Equals in Counsel and Conduct, and matching the very common Soldiers in Labour and Abstemiousness, he strangely gain'd the Affections both of the One and the Other ; for the voluntary partaking with them in their Labour seem'd to ease and refresh them ; removing from it the Load of Constraint, it gave it the Air of free Choice and Liberty. It is the most obliging sight in the World to the *Romans* to see their Commander publickly eat the same Bread with his Soldiers, lie upon an ordinary Bed, and assist in drawing a Trench or raising a Bulwark ; for they do not so much admire Those that confer Honours and Riches upon them, as Such as partake of the same labour and danger with Themselves ; and love Him better that will vouchsafe to forward their work, than Those who encourage them in idleness.

Whilst *Marius* was thus employed, and thereby won mightily upon the Soldiers, he immediately filled both *Africa* and *Rome* with his Fame. Infomuch that Some belonging to the Army in their Letters to their Friends at *Rome* told them, *they wou'd never see an End of that War 'till Marius was Consul, and had the chief Command.* *Metellus* could not be highly touch'd at all This, but he was most sensibly so at what befel *Turpilius*. Hospitality had time out of mind been practis'd betwixt this Man's Ancestors, and the House of the *Metelli*, and He having attended the Consul in the War, was by Him made Overseer of the Workmen, and Governor of *Vacca*, a large and considerable City ; where trusting too much to the Inhabitants, because he treated them civilly and kindly, he unawares fell into the Enemy's hands, for, they received *Jugurtha* into the City ; yet nevertheless at their request *Turpilius* was dismissed safe, and without receiving any Injury ; whereupon he was accused of betraying it to the Enemy. *Marius*, being one of the Council of War, was not only violent against him Himself, but also incens'd most of the Others, so that

Metellus

Metellus was forced (much against his Will) to put him to death. Not long after the Accusation proved false; and when Others were comforting *Metellus*, who took heavily the loss of his Friend, *Marius* rather insulting and boasting of the Action, was not ashamed to vaunt in all Companies *that he had lodged vengeful Fury in Metellus's Breast, which wou'd be continually tormenting him for having put to death his intimate Friend and bereditary Guest.*

Henceforward they were at open variance; and 'tis reported, that *Metellus* should one day say to *Marius* in an insulting manner, *Oh brave Sir, you design then to leave us and go home and stand for the Consulship; would not you be well enough contented to stay, and be Consul with this Boy of mine?* Now *Metellus's* Son was very young. Notwithstanding This *Marius* persisted, and continu'd his Solicitations for leave to be gone, whilst *Metellus* still put him off with new Pretences. At last, when there were but twelve days before the Election, he dismiss'd him. *Marius* with incredible Diligence perform'd that long Journey from the Camp to *Utica* in two Days, and a Night. At his Arrival there he perform'd a Sacrifice before he embark'd, and the Priest assured him, *that Heaven promised him some incredible good Fortune, and such as was beyond all expectation.* *Marius* not a little proud of this Promise began his Voyage, and in four Days with a favourable wind passed the Sea: he was extremely welcome to the People, and being brought into the Assembly by one of the Tribunes, he sued for the Consulship, mightily inveighing against *Metellus*, and promising either to slay *Jugurtha*, or take him alive.

He was elected with great Unanimity; but presently levied Soldiers contrary both to Law and Custom, lifting several Slaves and poor People without House or Home; whereas former Commanders never accepted of Such, but bestowed Arms, like other Favours, with Honour on deserving Persons; esteeming the Wealth of the Soldier as a Pledge for his good Performance. These were not

the only Prejudices against *Marius* ; but some haughty Speeches, utter'd with great arrogance and contempt, grieved the Nobility extremely ; for he had the Confidence to declare publickly that he took the Consulship as a Prey from the Effeminacy of the wealthy and nobler Citizens ; and that he gloried more in the Wounds he received in the Service of his Country, than others did in the Monuments of the Dead and Images of their Ancestors. Often speaking of those Commanders, *Bestia* and *Albinus*, that were unfortunate in *Africa*, he said, that they were indeed Men of very good Families, but unfit for War, and such as miscarried through want of Courage, and Capacity ; then with a haughty Air he ask'd the People that were near him, if they did not think that the Ancestors of those Men had not much rather have left a Posterity like Him, since They themselves grew famous, not by Nobility, but by their Valour and great Actions : This he did not say merely out of Vanity and Arrogance, or that he was willing without any advantage to draw on himself the hatred of the Nobility ; but the People always delighting in Affronts and scurrilous Contumelies against the Senate (whereby they measure Greatness of Spirit) continually encouraged him in it, and instigated him not to spare the most worthy Persons, so that he might thereby gratify the Multitude.

Upon his Return into *Africa*, *Metellus* was no longer able to bear up under the violence of Envy, and vehemence of his Passion ; but deeply concern'd that having in a manner finish'd the War, (of which nothing remain'd to be done but securing the Person of *Jagurtha*) *Marius* grown great merely through his Ingratitude to Him, should bereave him both of his Victory and Triumph, he could not stand the interview, but retir'd, whilst *Rutillus* his Lieutenant surrendred up the Army to *Marius*. But before the End of this very War divine Vengeance retaliated upon *Marius* his Injustice to *Metellus* ; for *Sylla* came in the very nick of time to deprive Him of the Glory of the Action, as He had wrested it out of the Hands of *Metellus*, I shall in a few Words

recount

recount the manner of this Transaction, having more particularly insisted upon it in the Life of *Sylla*.

Bocchus King of *Mauritania* was *Jugurtha's* Father-in-law, and if he did not assist him in the Course of this War so effectually as might have been expected from the Alliance between them, it was partly, as he Himself gave out, because he knew him full of Treachery and Falshood, and more truly because he was afraid of his Increase of Power; but after *Jugurtha* had lost All, and in distress came to Him as to his last Sanctuary, he receiv'd him more out of Shame as a Suppliant, than out of Affection as his Son-in-law; and when he had him in his power, he openly intreated *Marius* on his behalf, vigorously interceded for him, giving out that he would by no means deliver him; yet privately designing to betray him, he sent for *L. Sylla*, Questor to *Marius*, and who had some time before befriended *Bocchus* in the Army. When *Sylla* relying on his Word came to him, the *African* began to repent of his purpose, and often changed his Mind, being for several days unresolved with himself, whether he should deliver *Jugurtha*, or retain *Sylla*; at length he fixed upon his former treachery, and put *Jugurtha* alive into *Sylla's* possession.

This gave the first rise to that sad and deplorable Civil War, which almost ruined the whole *Roman* Empire; for Many that envied *Marius*, attributed the Success wholly to *Sylla*; and *Sylla* Himself, to give the better Credit to the Report, caused a Seal to be made, wherein was represented *Bocchus* delivering *Jugurtha* into the Hands of *Sylla*, and with This he constantly sealed all his Letters. By these means he provoked *Marius* to the last degree, who was by nature extremely ambitious, and far from suffering any One to put in for a share with Him in that Renown and Glory, which he thought due to His Exploits and Performances. *Sylla* was push'd on and instigated by the Enemies of *Marius*, who ascribed the Beginning, and most successful Actions of the War to *Metellus*, and the last Exploits, and the Honour of finishing it, to *Sylla*; to the end the People might

might be wean'd from their superstitious Opinion of *Marius*; and no longer extol Him above all the other Commanders. But all this Envy, Detraction, and Calumny vanish'd in an instant, and was dissipated upon the Report of the imminent Danger wherewith *Italy* was menaced from the West. The City then had great need of a good Commander, and was at a loss whom to place at the Helm, and when None of the most Noble and Potent Families offer'd themselves in that time of Distress, and put in for the Consulate, *Marius*, tho' absent, was with an unanimous Voice named to that Office.

An account of *Jugurtha's* Defeat, and Seizure, had hardly reach'd *Rome*, when News was brought of the Invasion of the *Teutones* and *Cimbri*. At first it exceeded all credit, as to the Number and Strength of the approaching Army; but at length that Report proved much inferior to the Truth, for they were three hundred thousand effective fighting Men; besides a far greater number of Women and Children. Their Pretence was the seeking New Countries to sustain their great Multitudes, and Cities where they might settle and inhabit; as they had heard the *Celtæ* before them had repulsed the *Tyrrheni*, and possessed themselves of the best part of *Italy*. Now These having had no Commerce with the Southern Nations, and coming from Countries far remote, no Man knew what People they were, or whence they came, that thus like a Cloud hovered over *Gaul* and *Italy*; yet by their gray Eyes, and the largeness of their Stature, they conjectured them to be some of those *Germans* that dwell by the Northern Sea; besides, the *Germans* in their Language call Thieves and Robbers *Cimbri*.

There are Some who say, the Country of the *Celtæ*, through its prodigious largeness and extent, reacheth from the Western Ocean and Northern Climes, to the Lake *Mæotis* Eastward, and to that part of *Scythia* which bordereth upon *Pontus*; and that there the two Nations mingle together; that they make regular Draughts out of their Country not all at once, or on a sudden, but at the Spring season every Year; and that by means of

these

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these annual Supplies they have gradually swarm'd over the greatest part of the *European* Continent; That tho' they are separately distinguish'd by different Names according to the different Sets or Clans of which the Body is compounded, yet their whole Army is comprehended under the general Name of *Celto-Scythæ*. Others say that they were a small parcel of the *Cimmerii*, anciently well known to the *Grecians*; and that quitting their native Soil, or being expell'd from thence by the *Scythians* on account of some Sedition among them, they passed from the *Palus Mæotis* into *Asia*, under the Conduct of one *Lygdamis*, whom they had chosen for their Leader; but the greater and more warlike part of them still inhabit the remotest Regions lying upon the farther Ocean. These, they say, live in a dark woody Country, hardly penetrable by the Sun-beams, by reason of their many high and spreading Trees; which also reach inward as far as the *Hercinian* Forest; that they are under that part of Heaven where the Pole is so elevated, that by the Declination of the Parallels, the Zenith of the Inhabitants seem to be but little distant from it; and that their Days and Nights being equal They serve to divide their Year into two parts. This dismal Country gave *Homer* occasion for the Fiction, that when *Ulysses* would call up the dead, he retired into the Country of the *Cimmerians*; as conceiving it either Hell itself, or a place nearest to it.

From hence therefore these *Barbarians* began their March, when they came into *Italy*. They were anciently call'd *Cimmerii*, and in process of time *Cimbri*, by corruption of the Word probably, and not that their Customs or Manners gave any occasion to that Appellation. But these things are built rather upon Conjecture, than any Warrant or Authority from History. However This is certain, and herein most Historians agree, that the number of this Rabble, instead of being less was greater than had been reported. They were of an invincible strength and fierceness in their Engagements, and came on with the same irresistible violence as a de-

young flame; nor could Any withstand their fury in their march, but All that came in their way were troden down, or driven before them, like so many Sheep of whom they had made a Prey.

Many Roman Armies, and many Officers of great Reputation, who had the care of the *Transalpine Gauls* committed to their Charge, were defeated, or fled ignominiously before them. And indeed the faint Resistance these *Barbarians* met with in their first Efforts, chiefly encouraged them to bend their march towards *Rome*. For having vanquished All they set upon, and being well laden with Plunder, they resolved to settle themselves no where 'till they should have razed the City, and wasted all *Italy*. The *Romans* being from all Parts alarmed with this News, immediately sent for *Marius* to be their Commander in that War, and nominated him the second time Consul; though the Law did not permit any one that was absent, or that had not stay'd a certain time from his first Consulship to be again elected; yet the People rejected all Opposers; for they considered this was not the first time, that the Law had given place to the Common Interest, nor the present occasion less urgent than That, when contrary to Law they made *Scipio* Consul, who was then named to that Office by the *Romans*, not from a fear of losing their own City, but from a desire of destroying That of *Carthage*.

This Consideration prevailed, and *Marius* bringing over his Legions out of *Africk* on the very first day of *January* (which the *Romans* reckon the beginning of their Year) he received the Consulship, and then also entred in Triumph, shewing *Jugurtha* a Prisoner to the People; a Sight as agreeable to their Wishes as it was beyond their expectation; for no one could hope to see an end of that War whilst He lived; so various was the Character of that Man, so capable was he of accommodating himself to every turn of Fortune, and temporising with Chance; so much was his Valour season'd with Subtlety and Craft. 'Tis said, that when he was led in Triumph, he fell distracted, and after the Ceremony was over he

was thrown into Prison, where whilst all were in haste to strip him, Some of them tore his Robe off his back; and Others catching eagerly at his Pendants pull'd the Tips of his Ears off with them. After This, as they were casting him naked and full of Horror into a deep Dungeon, he forced a Smile, and cry'd out, *O Heavens! How intolerably cold is this Bath of yours?* There struggling for six days with extreme hunger, and to the very last minute seeming fond of Life, he in the end received the just reward of his Villanies. In this Triumph was brought (as was reported) of Gold three thousand and seven pound weight, of Silver Bullion five thousand seven hundred and seventy five, of Money in Gold and Silver Coin seventeen thousand and twenty eight Drachmas. After the Solemnity was over *Marius* assembled the Senate, where either through inadvertency, or a coarse ill-bred Ostentation, he enter'd in his triumphal Robe; but as soon as he perceiv'd the Senate was offended at it he withdrew, and putting on his ordinary Purple Habit, he return'd immediately, and took his Place.

In this Expedition *Marius* appeared at the Head of his Army, and trained his Soldiers in their Exercises while they marched, using them to labour and weariness, to long and tedious Journeys, and compelled every Man to carry his own Baggage, and provide his own Victuals; insomuch that for a long while after Such as were very laborious, silently without grumbling doing their work, were called *Marius's Mules*. But Some give another Reason for this Proverb; and say that when *Scipio* besieged *Numantia*, he being careful to inspect not only their Horses and Arms, but their Mules and Carriages too, and see how well equipped, and in what readiness every one was, *Marius* brought forth his Horse, which had fed extremely well, and a Mule in better case, stronger and gentler than Those of Others; whereupon the General was very well pleased with, and often mentioned *Marius's Beasts*; insomuch that when they would droll

droll in the praise of a continually drudging, laborious Fellow, they called him *Marius's Mule*.

Fortune seems very much to have favour'd *Marius* on this Occasion. For the *Barbarians* like a sudden Ebb turning the Tide, and falling first into *Spain*, he had thereby time to exercise his Soldiers, and confirm their Courage; and, which himself was most considerable, to shew them what He himself was. For that fierce humour of his in Authority, and Inexorableness in punishing, proved both just and advantageous to Those that did not use to do amiss, and were not stubborn in their Faults; and his turbulent Spirit, stern Voice, and sour Aspect, which were in a little while grown familiar to them, they esteemed terrible not to Themselves, but only to their Enemies. But his Uprightness in judging did more especially please the Soldiers, whereof this is a remarkable instance. One *C. Lucius*, his own Nephew, had a Command under him in the Army, who was a Man in other respects not notoriously debauched, but much given to the unlawful Love of young Men; he particularly loved One that was under his Command called *Trebonius*, with whom, notwithstanding his many solicitations, he could never prevail; at length one Night he sent a Messenger for him, and *Trebonius* who knew a Subaltern Officer was by Law subject to the Commands of his Superior, obey'd the Summons, and being brought into his Tent, as *Lucius* endeavoured to force him, he drew his Sword and ran him through. This was done whilst *Marius* was absent; who, when he returned, appointed *Trebonius* a time for his Trial; where whilst Many accused him, and not One appeared in his Defence, the Defendant himself with an undaunted assurance related the whole matter, and brought witnesses to prove that he had often resisted *Lucius's* importunity; and that though he had offer'd him considerable Presents, he always rejected them. *Marius*, full of Admirarion, and in a sort of Rapture, commanded a Garland to be brought, such as the *Romans* bestow on Those who have perform'd any worthy Exploit, where-
with

with he Himself crowned *Trebonius*, as One who had performed a galant Action, at a time that very much wanted such good Examples.

This being told at *Rome*, proved no small help to *Marius* towards his third Consulship. Besides they expected the *Barbarians* in the Spring, and the People were unwilling to trust their Fortunes in that Exigency under the Conduct of any other General but Him; however their arrival was not so sudden as was imagined, so *Marius*'s third Consulship expired, without a fight of the *Barbarians*. The Election coming on, and his Colleague being dead, he left the Command of the Army to *Manius Aquilius*, and hastened to *Rome*, where several eminent Persons being Candidates for the Consulship, *Lucius Saturninus* (who more than any of the other Tribunes, swayed the Populace, and of whom *Marius* himself was very observant) made an Harangue to the People, advising them to choose *Marius* Consul; but He seeming to decline the Office, as one pretending never to be ambitious of it, *Saturninus* called him Traitor to his Country, that in such apparent danger would desert the War. And though it was not difficult to discover that He had been employ'd by *Marius* to put this Sham upon the People, yet they considering that the present Juncture very much required his rough Discipline, and his good Fortune too, voted him the fourth time Consul, and made *Catulus Lutatius* his Colleague, a Man very much esteemed by the Nobility, and not unacceptable to the Commons.

Marius having notice of the Enemy's approach, with all expedition passed the *Alps*, and pitching his Camp by the River *Rhone*, he took care first for plentiful Supplies of Victuals, lest at any time he should be forced to fight at a disadvantage for want of Necessaries. But as the Carriage of Provisions by Sea was long, hazardous, and expensive, he found a means of rendering it more easy and expeditious. The Mouth of the *Rhone* was at that time chok'd up with Mud and Sand, left there by the ebbing Tides, insomuch that Ships of Bur-

den could not pass in without much difficulty and hazard. Hither therefore bringing his Army, then at leisure, he caused a deep and wide Cut, or Ditch to be dug, into which he turn'd a great part of the River, and drew it to a convenient Haven, deep and fit to receive Ships of considerable Burden, as also having a calm and easy opening to the Sea. This Ditch retains his Name, and is call'd *Marius's Ditch* to this Day.

The Enemy dividing themselves into two Bodies, One of Them, which were the *Cimbri*, were appointed to march the upper way through the Country of the *Norici*, and force the Passes there, which were guarded by *Catulus*, whilst the *Teutones* and *Ambrones* march'd against *Marius* along the Sea-coast through *Liguria*. The *Cimbri* took up more time in their Preparations, and delay'd their March; but the *Teutones* and *Ambrones* were more expeditious, and having with long Marches passed the *Alps*, and traversed the whole Country of *Liguria*, they soon came up with *Marius*, and presented to his View an incredible Number of Enemies, terrible in their Aspect, whose ordinary Voice differ'd from That of other Men, and whose Shouts were enough to strike the most Resolute with Terror and Amazement. They took up a great part of the Plain on which they encamped, and then challeng'd the Consul to Battle. *Marius*, nothing mov'd with their Bravadoes, restrain'd his Soldiers within the Lines, and sharply reprehended Those that were of too forward and eager a Courage, and who were impatient to be fighting, calling them *Traitors to their Country*; and telling them *that they were not come thither in pursuit of Triumphs and Trophies, but their Business now was to dissipate (if possible) the dreadful Storm that was ready to burst over them, and save Italy from Destruction.*

This he represented in private to his Officers and Equals, but placed the Soldiers by turns upon the Bulwarks to survey the Enemy; to accustom them to bear their frightful Shape and Voice, and behold without concern their Arms and their way of using them; so that

that in a little time what at first appeared terrible to their apprehensions, by often viewing became familiar; for he very rationally imagin'd, that in Things terrible the Novelty of them imposeth very much upon the Imagination, and makes it start at Shadows; and that Familiarity on the contrary lessens the Terror even of That which is really in itself shocking and frightful. Now this daily converse did not only diminish the Soldiers Fears, but their Indignation was warmed, and their Courage inflamed when they heard the Threats and insupportable Insolence of their Enemies, who not only plundered and depopulated all the Country round, but also with great Contempt and Resolution threatned to storm their Trenches.

This put the Soldiers out of all Patience: they complain'd loudly of it, and their Complaints came to Marius's own Ears. *What Effeminacy does Marius see in us, that he should thus keep us under Lock and Key like so many Women, and hinder us from encountering our Enemies? Come on, let us shew ourselves Men, and ask him if he expects any Others that must fight for our Liberty: Shall he always employ us in servile Offices, when he would draw Trenches, cleanse places of Mud and Dirt, and turn the course of Rivers? In such Works as These, it seems, he will exercise us, then return home, and brag of these great performances in his Consulships to the People. Or does the defeat of Carbo and Cæpio, who were vanquish'd by the Enemy, fright him? Surely they were much inferior to Marius both in Glory and Valour, and commanded a much weaker Army; at the worst it is better to be in Action, though we suffer for it like Them, than to sit idle Spectators of the destruction of our Allies and Companions.* Marius, not a little pleased to hear this, gently appeased them, by assuring them that he did not distrust their Valour, but that he was to follow the Directions of an Oracle, who pointed out to him the Time and Place which were to secure to him the Victory. For he constantly carry'd up and down with him a Syrian Woman call'd *Martha*, who passed for a great

great Prophetess. He caus'd her to be born in a Litter; paid her all imaginable Reverence and Respect, and never sacrificed to the Gods but by her Direction. She had formerly address'd herself to the Senate, offering to communicate her Predictions to Them, but they refused to hear her. Upon This she betook herself to the Women, whom She easily wrought into a Belief of her great Skill and Insight into Futurity. It happen'd one Day as she was sitting at the Feet of *Marius's* Wife in the Amphitheatre, to behold a Trial of Skill between two celebrated Gladiators, She luckily foretold to her which of the Two should Conquer. *Marius's* Wife, charm'd with this Instance of her Science, sent her with Recommendations to her Husband, who was at that time at the Head of the Army; and He receiv'd her with the utmost Veneration. After This she was every day born up and down the Camp in her Litter; and when she went to Sacrifice, she wore a Purple Robe lined and buttoned up, and had in her hand a little Spear trimmed with Ribbands and Garlands. This Farce made Many question whether *Marius* did really give any credit to her Himself, or only play'd the Counterfeit when he shew'd her publickly to impose upon the Soldiers.

But what *Alexander Mindus* relates about the Vultures, does really deserve admiration; that always before his Victories there appeared Two of them, and accompanied the Army. They were known by their brazen Collars (which the Soldiers, when they took them, put about their Necks, and so let them go, whereupon they in a manner knew and saluted the Soldiers) and whensoever these appeared in their Marches, they very much rejoiced, as at an Omen of good Success in that Expedition. About this time there happen'd many Signs and Prodigies, most of them of the ordinary Stamp; but it was reported that at *Ameria* and *Tudurtum*, two Cities in *Italy*, there were seen one Night in the Sky, flaming Darts and Shields, now waved about, and then again clashing against one another,

ther, resembling those postures and motions Soldiers use in their fighting; that at length one Party retreating, and the other pursuing, they all disappeared Westward. Much about the same time arriv'd from *Pessinuntum*, *Batibaces*, the chief Priest of *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods, affirming that the Goddess had declared to him *that the Romans shou'd obtain the Victory, and all the glorious Advantages arising from it.*

The Senate giving credit to this Report, decreed a Temple to be built in Thanks to the Goddess for the Victory. But when *Batibaces* was going to communicate the same thing to the People, *Aulus Pompeius* a Tribune prevented him; calling him Impostor, and ignominiously pulling him out of the *Rostrum*: But this very Action made the thing to be more confidently and universally credited; for *Aulus* had scarce dissolved the Assembly, and returned home, when so violent a Fever seized him, that it was notoriously known, and in every body's Mouth, that he died within a Week after.

Whilst *Marius* lay quiet, without attempting any thing upon the *Barbarians*, they ventured to attack his Camp; from whence being encountred with showers of Darts, and losing several of their Men, they determined to march forward, hoping to recover the other side of the *Alps* without Opposition; wherefore packing up their Baggage, they passed securely by the Camp of the *Romans*, to whom the greatness of their Numbers appeared in a clearer Light than it had done before, from the time they took up in their March; for it is said they were six Days a filing off, and moving in a successive Order by the Retrenchments. They passed so near the *Romans*, that Some of them as they march'd along call'd out, and in an insulting manner ask'd them *if they had any Recommendations to their Wives, for they should be shortly with them?*

As soon as the *Barbarians* had all passed by, and were in full March, *Marius* rais'd his Camp, following them leisurely in the Rear, and constantly halted when They did, at some small distance behind them; choosing

always convenient places for his Camp, which he strongly fortify'd, that he might quarter with the greater safety. Thus they march'd 'till they came to *Aqua-Sextilia*, whence the *Alps* were but little distant, whereupon *Marius* put himself in readiness for the Encounter.

He chose a place for his Camp of considerable Strength, but where there was scarcity of Water; designing, as was reported, by this means to put an edge on his Soldiers Courage. For when several of them seem'd dissatisfied at his Choice of the Ground, where they were in danger of perishing for want of Water; He pointing with his Hand to a large River which ran near the Enemy's Camp, *There*, says He, *you may have Water, but you must purchase it at the Expence of Your Blood.* And why therefore, reply'd They, *do you not lead us thither, whilst we have any Blood left in our Veins?* To which he answer'd them in a softer Tone, *I will lead you thither, but first let us fortify our Camp.* Tho' This did not hinder the Soldiers from murmuring, yet they all readily obeyed. Now the Grooms and Sutlers belonging to the Army being in great want of Water, both for themselves and Those they had the Care of, they ran in great Crowds towards the River, Some with Hatchets, Some with Axes, Others with Swords and Javelins in one Hand, and All with Pitchers in the Other, being resolv'd to have Water, tho' they were oblig'd to fight for it. These were at first encountred only by a small Party of the Enemies; for it was then about Dinner-time, when Some having bathed were sitting at Table, and Others were still a bathing; the Country in those Parts abounding with hot Springs; which gave the *Romans* an Opportunity of surprising a great many of them, who being much taken with the Delightfulness of those Baths, thought of nothing but regaling themselves, and indulging their Appetites. But the Cries of Those who were first attack'd having given the Alarm, and drawn Others who were nearest them to their Assistance, *Marius* cou'd no longer restrain the Impatience of the Soldiers, who were

in pain for their Servants. Besides the best of the Enemies Troops, They who had already defeated *Manlius* and *Cepio*, the *Ambrones*, to the Number of thirty thousand Men, and upwards, were drawn out, and stood to their Arms.

These, though they had sufficiently filled their Bellies, yet retained their Minds undisturbed; and though they had indulged themselves even to Intemperance, yet their Wine serv'd only to render them more daring, and chearful; so that they advanced, not in a disorderly manner, rushing on like Madmen, or rending the Air with a confused Noise, and inarticulate Yellings, but in a sober manner striking on their Armour in regular Intervals, and moving all together as to a Tune or Measure, continually repeating their own Name, *Ambrones*, *Ambrones*! either the better to encourage one another, or to strike the greater terror into their Enemies. Of all the *Italians* in *Marius's* Army, the *Ligurians* were the first that charg'd; and when they understood that the Enemies confused Shout, was calling themselves *Ambrones*, They also echoed the same word, which was an Ancient Name of their Country. This Acclamation, bandied from one Army to the other before they joined, the more incensed the *Germans*; so that their Officers on either side encouraging them, they strove with all possible vehemence the one to overthrow the other, taking it mutually for an Omen of Victory, and a great Incentive of their Courage.

But the *Ambrones* had the River to pass, which broke their Order; so that before they cou'd form again on the other side, the *Ligurians* attack'd the Van, and began the Charge. At the same time the *Romans* hasten'd up to support the *Ligurians*, and pouring down upon the Enemy from the higher Ground, they press'd them so hard, that they were soon put into disorder. A great number of them were slain upon the Bank of the River, where they fell foul upon One Another, and the River itself was filled with Blood, and the Bodies of the *Barbarians*. Those who were got safe over not

daring to make head, the *Romans* slew as they fled to their Camp and Carriages; where the Women meeting them with Swords and Halberts, and making an hideous Out-cry, set upon Those that fled as well as Those that pursued; the one as Traitors, the other as Enemies; and mixing themselves with the Soldiers, with their bare Arms pulling away the *Romans* Shields, and laying hold on their Swords, endured the wounds and flashing of their Bodies to the very last with undaunted Resolution. Thus the Battle is said to have hapned upon the Banks of that River rather by accident than by any Appointment or Design of the General.

The *Romans*, after having thus put to the Sword the greatest part of the *Ambrones*, retired as it began to grow dark; but the Army was not carested, as it used to be, with Songs of Victory; there were no Rejoicings, no mutual Entertainments in their Tents. Sleep itself, that welcome and necessary Refreshment to Spirits exhausted with Labour and Fatigue, was that Night a Stranger to the *Romans*, who passed it under the greatest Trouble and Perplexity. Their Camp was unfortified; there still remained many thousands of the *Barbarians*, who as yet had never charged; Those of the *Ambrones* who had escaped from the late Defeat being mingled with them, filled the Air with hideous Out-cries, not like the Sighs and Groans of Men, but like the howlings and bellowings of wild Beasts, attended with Threats and Lamentations, which proceeding from such an innumerable host of *Barbarians*, resounded through the neighbouring Mountains, and shook the hollow Banks of the adjacent River. This horrid din echoed through the whole Plain: The Hearts of the *Romans* were seized with Terror, and *Marius* himself struck with Amazement at the Apprehensions of a tumultuous Night-Engagement, expecting every moment to be set upon by the Enemy. However the *Barbarians* made no Motions either that night, or the day following, but spent that time in consulting how to dispose and draw themselves up to the best advantage.

In

CAIUS MARIUS. 77

In the mean time *Marius*, well knowing that there hung over the Enemy's Camp some Cliffs, and Hollows cover'd with Wood, detach'd *Claudius Marcellus* with three thousand Men to lie there in Ambuscade, and fall on the Enemy's Rear when the Fight was begun. He order'd the remainder of his Troops to refresh themselves in good time, and take their Rest. The next Morning as soon as it was day he drew up before the Camp, and commanded the Horse to march into the Plain, which the *Teutones* perceiving, they could not contain themselves, nor stay 'till the *Romans* likewise were come down into the Plain, where they might encounter them upon equal terms; but arming themselves in haste, and with great vehemence, they inconsiderately run, and attack'd them upon that rising Ground. *Marius* dispatch'd his Officers with proper Orders to all Parts, commanding his Men to stand still, and expect the Enemy without stirring, and as soon as they were advanced within reach then to let fly at them with their Darts, join their Shields, and with Sword in Hand repel the Enemy; for he knew that the steepness of the Ground would render the Enemy's Charge infirm, and abate the force of their Blows; nor could their Shields be joined close together, where the Declivity of the place wou'd be continually forcing their Bodies upon an unequal Poise.

This Counsel he gave them, and was Himself observed to be the first that followed it; for he was inferior to None in the Agility of his Body, and far excelled them All in Resolution. Wherefore the *Romans* vigorously opposed them, and stopping them short as they were ascending the Hill, they bore hard upon them, and forced them back into the Plain, where the foremost Battalions began to rally, and form again, when the Rear was in the utmost Disorder and Confusion. For *Marcellus* was upon the Watch, and as soon as he was assured from the Noise and Clamour which reached those Cliffs and Hollows, wherein he lay conceal'd, that the Fight was begun, he rose on a sudden,

daring to make head, the *Romans* flew as they fled to their Camp and Carriages; where the Women meeting them with Swords and Halberts, and making an hideous Out-cry, set upon Those that fled as well as Those that pursued; the one as Traitors, the other as Enemies; and mixing themselves with the Soldiers, with their bare Arms pulling away the *Romans* Shields, and laying hold on their Swords, endured the wounds and flashing of their Bodies to the very last with undaunted Resolution. Thus the Battle is said to have hapned upon the Banks of that River rather by accident than by any Appointment or Design of the General.

The *Romans*, after having thus put to the Sword the greatest part of the *Ambrones*, retired as it began to grow dark; but the Army was not careessed, as it used to be, with Songs of Victory; there were no Rejoicings, no mutual Entertainments in their Tents. Sleep itself, that welcome and necessary Refreshment to Spirits exhausted with Labour and Fatigue, was that Night a Stranger to the *Romans*, who passed it under the greatest Trouble and Perplexity. Their Camp was unfortified; there still remained many thousands of the *Barbarians*, who as yet had never charged; Those of the *Ambrones* who had escaped from the late Defeat being mingled with them, filled the Air with hideous Out-cries, not like the Sighs and Groans of Men, but like the howlings and bellowings of wild Beasts, attended with Threats and Lamentations, which proceeding from such an innumerable host of *Barbarians*, resounded through the neighbouring Mountains, and shook the hollow Banks of the adjacent River. This horrid din echoed through the whole Plain: The Hearts of the *Romans* were seized with Terror, and *Marius* himself struck with Amazement at the Apprehensions of a tumultuous Night-Engagement, expecting every moment to be set upon by the Enemy. However the *Barbarians* made no Motions either that night, or the day following, but spent that time in consulting how to dispose and draw themselves up to the best advantage.

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and falling impetuously and with loud Shouts upon the Enemy in the Rear, he soon put them into Disorder. The *Romans* prest them with such Vigour that they push'd them upon Those that were in the Front, who were thereby forced to face about, and cover them. By this means the *Barbarians* being attack'd both in Front and Rear, and unable to make Head against Both at once, were in a moment broken, and put to flight.

The *Romans* pursuing them, slew and took Prisoners above a hundred thousand, and possessing themselves of their Tents, Baggage, and Carriages, voted as many of them as were not plunder'd as a Present to *Marius*. This indeed was a magnificent Recompence, but in reality far short of the important Service he had done his Country in that imminent Danger. There are some Authors who differ from this Account relating to the Disposition of the Spoils, and Number of the slain. They only say that after this Battle the *Messilians* made an Inclosure for their Vineyards with the Bones of Those who fell in it, and that the Soil, enriched by the moisture of the putrified Bodies (which was soaked in with the Rain of the following Winter) yielded at the Season a prodigious Crop; which seems to confirm *Archilocus's* Assertion, who said, that *nothing fattens a Soil so much as Blood*. Now it is a common Observation, that extraordinary Rains usually fall after great Battles; whether it be, that some Deity washeth and cleanseth the polluted Earth with showers from above, or that Blood and Corruption steaming forth a moist and gross Vapour, thicken the Air, which by reason of its tenuity is subject to alterations arising generally from the smallest causes.

After the Battle, *Marius* chose out from amongst the *Barbarians* Spoils and Arms, Those that were whole and handfom, and that would make the greatest shew in his Triumph; the rest he heaped upon a large Pile, and offer'd them in a splendid Sacrifice to the Gods. The Army stood round about the Pile crown'd with Laurel, and himself array'd in his Purple Robe, and

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girt after the fashion of the *Romans*, taking a lighted Torch, and with both Hands lifting it up towards Heaven, was going to put it to the Pile, when some of his Friends were espied coming in all haste towards him on Horseback; whereupon every one remained in great silence and expectation: When they came near, they alighting, saluted *Marius*, and bringing him the News of his fifth Consulship, delivered him Letters to the same purpose. This gave the addition of no small joy to the victorial Solemnity, which the Army expressed in a warlike kind of Shouts and Acclamations, and whilst the Officers were placing new Crowns on the Head of *Marius*, He set fire to the Pile and finished his Sacrifice.

But whatever it be, which permits us not the enjoyment of Prosperity pure and sincere, but still interchanges human Affairs with the mixture of good and bad, whether Fortune, or divine Vengeance, or the unalterable Nature of things, within a few days after this joyful Solemnity, *Marius* receiv'd News of an Event, which rais'd a new Cloud in the midst of this Calm and Serenity, and threatned *Rome* with another Storm and Tempest. For *Catulus*, who had been sent to oppose the *Cimbri* in their march, and defend the Passes on the Tops of the *Alps*, thinking it impossible to do it without making so many Detachments as wou'd necessarily weaken his Army, march'd back into *Italy*, and posted his Army behind the River *Atbesis*; where blocking up the Passages on both sides with strong Fortifications, he made a Bridge over it, that so he might be in a condition to succour the Garrisons on that side, if the Enemy, having forced the narrow Passages, should attempt to storm them. The *Barbarians* came on with such Insolence and Contempt of their Enemies, that to shew their Strength and Courage, rather than out of any necessity, they expos'd themselves quite naked to show-ers of Snow, climb'd up to the tops of the Mountains through heaps of Ice and Snow, and from thence, placing their broad Shields under their Bodies, let themselves

selves slide from the Precipices along their vast slippery Descents.

When they had pitched their Camp at a little distance from the River, and surveyed the passage, they began to cast up their Banks, Giant-like, tearing up the neighbouring Hills; and brought Trees pulled up by the roots, and heaps of Earth to the River, therewith damning up its course, and with great heavy Materials rolled down the Stream and dashed against the Bridge, they forced away the Planks which supported it; whereat the greatest part of the *Roman* Soldiers, very much affrighted, left their Camp and fled. Here did *Catulus* shew himself a wise and prudent General, in preferring the Glory of his Country to his own private Honour and Reputation. For when he found he could not prevail with his Soldiers to stand to their Colours, but saw how cowardly they all deserted them, he commanded his own Standard to be taken up, and running to the formost of Those that fled, he led them forward, choosing rather that the Disgrace should fall upon Himself than his Country; and that they should not seem to Fly, but follow their Leader. The *Barbarians* assaulted and took the Fortress on the other side of the *Atbessis*; where admiring at the few *Romans* there left, who had shewn themselves of an extraordinary Courage, and had fought boldly in defence of their Country, they dismissed them with an easy Composition, swearing them upon their Brazen Bull; which was afterwards taken in the Battle, and, as they say, carried to *Catulus's* House, as the chief Trophy of the Victory.

Thus falling in upon the Country, destitute of defence, they wasted it extremely; whereupon *Marius* was presently sent for to the City; where when he arrived, every one supposing he would triumph, the Senate too unanimously voting it, he Himself did not think it convenient; whether it was, that he was unwilling to deprive his Officers and Soldiers of their share in the Triumph, or that to encourage the People in this juncture, he would intrust the Glory of his former

Exploits

Exploits with the Fortune of the City, deferring it now to receive it afterwards with the greater Splendor. Having left such Orders as the occasion required, he hasten'd to *Catulus*, whose drooping Spirits he very much rais'd, and sent for his Army out of *Gaul*. As soon as it had join'd him he pass'd the *Po*, endeavouring to drive the *Barbarians* out of that part of *Italy* which lies to the South of that River.

But they pretending they were in expectation of the *Teutones*, and wondering they were so long in coming, deferred the Battle; either that they were really ignorant of their Defeat, or at least were willing to seem so (for they very much abused Those that brought them such News) and sending to *Marius*, required some part of the Country for them and their Brethren, and Cities fit for them to inhabit. When *Marius* enquired of the Ambassadors who their Brethren were, and they answering that they were the *Teutones*, they set the whole Assembly a laughing; but *Marius* scoffingly answered them, *Do not trouble yourselves for your Brethren, for we have already provided Lands for them, which they shall possess for ever.* The Ambassadors perceiving the Jeer, rail'd at him, and threatn'd that the *Cimbri* would make him smart for it, and the *Teutones* too when they came. *And they are not far off*, replied *Marius*; *it will be very unkindly done of you to go away before you have saluted, and embraced your Brethren.* At the same time he commanded the Kings of the *Teutones* to be brought in loaden with Irons; for they had been taken by the *Sequani*, as they were endeavouring to escape over the *Alps*.

As soon as the Ambassadors were return'd, and had made their Report to the *Cimbri*, they march'd immediately against *Marius*, who lay still, and remain'd within his Trenches. It is said that on this occasion, he contriv'd a new Fashion for their Javelins; for 'till then the way was to fasten the Shaft to the Iron with two Iron Pins; now *Marius* let one of them remain as it was, but pulling out the other, put a weak wooden Peg

Peg in its place; contriving it so, that when it was stuck in the Enemy's Shield, it should not stand right out; but the wooden Peg breaking, the Iron should bend, and so the Pile sticking fast by its crooked point, should weigh down the Shield. Now *Boiorix*, King of the *Cimbri*, came with a small Party of Horse to the Roman Camp, and challenged *Marius* to appoint the Time and Place, where they might meet and determine Whose shou'd be the Country. *Marius* answered, *That the Romans never consulted their Enemies when to fight, however he would gratify the Cimbri so far*; and so they pitched upon the third day after; for the Place, the Plain near *Vercellæ*; which was convenient enough for the Roman Horse, and afforded room for the Enemy to display their Numbers.

They Both observed the Time appointed, and drew out their Forces. *Catulus* had under his Command twenty thousand three hundred, and *Marius* thirty two thousand who were placed in the two Wings, leaving to *Catulus* the Main Battle. *Sylla*, who was present at the Fight, gives this Relation, saying withal, that *Marius* drew up his Army in this Order, out of Malice to *Catulus*; for it being customary, in that manner of embatteling, that the Army should represent a Crescent; the two extreme Points much advancing, and the main Battle remaining behind; *Marius* hoped to fall upon the Enemy with his two Wings thus advanced, and rout them, and thereby secure to Himself the Honour of the Victory, before *Catulus* cou'd have time to come up to the Charge with the main Body under his Command. *Catulus* himself alledg'd This in vindication of his Honour, and complain'd loudly of *Marius* for the malicious Trick he had play'd him. The Infantry of the *Cimbri* marched quietly out of their Trenches, having their Flanks equal to their Front; insomuch that their Battle was square, every side taking up thirty Furlongs. Their Horse were fifteen thousand in Number, and made a very splendid Appearance. They wore Head-pieces form'd like open Jaws, and Muzzles

of all sorts of wild Beasts, which they rais'd with Plumes shap'd like Wings of a prodigious Height, which altogether made them seem still larger than they were. Their Breast-Plates were of polish'd Iron, and their Shields shin'd as bright as Silver. For their offensive Arms, every one had two-edged Darts, and when they came hand to hand, they us'd great and heavy Swords.

In this Engagement they did not fall directly upon the Front of the *Romans*, but wheeling to the Right, they endeavour'd to inclose them by little and little, and get the Enemy between Them and their Infantry, who were placed in the left. The *Roman* Commanders soon perceiv'd the Design; but could not contain the Soldiers: For one of them happ'ning to cry out, that the Enemy fled, they all hasten'd to pursue them; whereupon the *Barbarian* Foot came on moving like a great Ocean. Here *Marius*, having washed his hands, and lifting them up towards Heaven, vow'd an *Hecatombe* to the Gods; and *Catulus* too in the same posture solemnly promised to consecrate a Temple to the Fortune of that day. They say that *Marius* no sooner saw the Victim which they shew'd to him, as he was sacrificing, but he cried out with a loud voice, *The Victory is mine.*

However when the Battle was join'd an Accident happen'd, which, as *Sylla* writes, seem'd an instance of the divine Vengeance upon *Marius*; for a great Dust being rais'd, which (as it might very probably happen) almost cover'd both the Armies, He moving with his Troops first to the Charge, had the misfortune to miss the Enemy in that general obscurity, and having pass'd by their Army, wander'd up and down in the Plain without knowing where he was. In the mean time it was the good Fortune of *Catulus* that the Enemy fell upon Him, so that contrary to the intention of *Marius*, He only and the Soldiers under his Command, among whom was *Sylla*, bore the whole Brunt of the Battle. The Heat of the Weather, which was very excessive, and

and the Sun which shined full upon the *Cimbri*, prov'd of great Advantage to the *Romans*. For the *Cimbri*, by nature capable of enduring the severest Cold, having been bred in frozen Climes, and shady Countries, were not able to support the excessive Heat, but drop'd with Sweat like Water, panted for want of Breath, and had hardly Strength enough left to hold their Shields up before their Faces, and skreen them from the piercing Beams of the Sun; for this Battle was fought not long after the Summer Solstice; or, as the *Romans* reckon, about the third of the Calends of *August*, then called *Sextilis*. At the same time the Dust prov'd as serviceable to the *Romans* as the Sun, giving no small addition to their Courage, in as much as it hid the Enemy, for they could not afar off discover their number; but every one advancing to encounter Those that were nearest to them, they were come to fight hand to hand before the sight of so vast a multitude had struck terror into them.

The *Romans* were so much used to labour, and so well exercised, that in all the heat and toil of the Encounter, not one of them was observed either to sweat, or to be out of breath; and This, they say, was recorded by *Catulus* himself, in Commendation of his Soldiers. Here the greatest part and most valiant of the Enemies were cut in pieces; for Those that fought in the Front, were fast tied to one another with long Cords put through their Belts, to hinder them from breaking their Ranks, or falling into Disorder. As they pursued Those that fled to their Camp, they met with a most horrid Tragedy; the Women standing in Mourning by their Carriages, slew all that fled; some their Husbands, some their Brethren, others their Fathers; and strangling their little Children with their own hands, threw them under the Wheels, and Horses feet, and last of all killed themselves. They tell us of one that was hanging on the very top of a Waggon, with her Children tied dangling at her Heels; the Men for want of Trees, tied themselves, Some to the horns of the

the Oxen, the Necks of Others were fastned to their Legs, that so pricking them on, by the starting and springing of the Beasts, they might be torn and troden to pieces. Yet tho' they thus massacred themselves, above sixty thousand were taken Prisoners, and Those that were slain were said to be twice as many.

The ordinary Plunder *Marius's* Soldiers forcibly took away; but the other Spoils, as Ensigns, Trumpets, and the like, they say, were brought to *Catulus's* Camp, which He used as an Argument that the Victory was obtained by Himself and His Army. Hereupon a hot dispute arose betwixt His Troops, and Those of *Marius*; and Ambassadors from *Parma*, who happen'd to be then present, were chosen Arbitrators, and Judges of the Controversy. *Catulus's* Soldiers led them into the Field of Battle, carry'd them among the dead, and manifestly proved that they were slain by their Pikes, which were known by the Inscriptions, having *Catulus's* Name cut in the Wood: nevertheless the whole Glory of the Action was ascribed to *Marius*, by reason of his former Victory, and under colour of his present Authority. The Populace more especially styling him the *third Founder of their City*, as having diverted a Danger no less threatening than was That when the *Gauls* sacked *Rome*; and every one rejoicing at home with his Wife and Children, sacrificed to the Gods and to *Marius*; and would have had Him solely to have the honour of both the Triumphs. This he wou'd not consent to, but triumphed together with *Catulus*, being desirous to shew his Moderation even in so great Circumstances of good Fortune; besides, he was not a little afraid of the Soldiers in *Catulus's* Army, lest if he should wholly bereave their General of the Honour, they should endeavour to hinder him of his Triumph.

Thus did he pass through his fifth Consulate, and courted the Sixth with more heat and earnestness, than any Man before him had shewn for the First; he took the People by the hand, and ingratiated himself with the Multitude by such servile Condescensions, as were

not only below his Dignity, but even contrary to his natural Temper and Inclination. It is said of him that his excessive Ambition had made him exceeding timorous in any Affairs, which related to the Government, or were handled in Publick Assemblies; and that undaunted Presence of Mind he always shewed in Battle against the Enemy, forsook him when he was to harangue the People, from whom the least breath of Applause or Dislike had such an effect upon him, as to put him besides himself. However it is reported of him, that having enfranchised all at once no less than a thousand Men of the City of *Camèrium*, who had behaved themselves well in the Wars, when This was represented to him as a thing contrary to Law, he reply'd, *that the Law spake too softly to be heard in such a noise of War*: However he himself appeared to be more concerned and astonished at that noise which was made by the Assemblies. The need they had of him in time of War procured him his Wealth and Dignity; but in Civil Affairs, when he despaired of getting the first place, he was forced to betake himself to the favour of the People, never regarding to be a Good Man, so that he were but a Great one.

By this Behaviour he set all the Nobility against him, but he dreaded none of them so much as *Metellus*, who had been so ingratfully used by him; and who, being truly virtuous, was naturally an Enemy to Those who by Flattery and Corruption practised upon the People. This made *Marius* very desirous to get him out of the way, for which purpose he contracted a familiar Acquaintance with *Glausias* and *Saturninus*, a couple of daring resolute Fellows, who had all the scum of the Indigent and Seditious constantly at their Beck. By the assistance of these Tools he got several Laws, which wou'd answer his Ends, to be enacted, and secretly planting several of his Soldiers up and down in the Assemblies, he rais'd a powerful Faction against *Metellus*. *Rutilius*, in all other respects a faithful and authentic Historian, but indeed privately an Enemy to *Marius*,

tells us that he obtain'd his sixth Consulship by distributing vast Sums of Money among the Tribes, that he bought their Votes to put by *Metellus*, and to elect *Valerius Flaccus*, his Instrument rather than his Colleague in the Consulship. The People had never before bestowed so many Consulships on any one Man, except on *Valerius Corvinus* only; and He too, they say, was forty five years between his First and Last; but *Marius* from his First ran through Five more with one push of his good Fortune.

In the last of which especially, he contracted a great deal of hatred, by openly abetting *Saturninus* in all his Actions, particularly receiving him into his Protection after the Murder of *Nonius*, whom *Saturninus* slew because he stood in competition with him for the Tribuneship. After This, when *Saturninus* was declared Tribune of the People, he offer'd a Bill, which had been prepared by *Marius*, for a Division of the Lands, in which there was a Clause expressly providing, *that the Senate should come and swear in full Assembly to confirm whatever shou'd be enacted by the People and not oppose them in any thing.* *Marius* pretended to be much offended at this Article in the Senate, declaring openly *that for his Part he was determin'd never to take an Oath so unreasonable, and he believ'd every Man that was wise wou'd be of his Opinion; for if the Law was not bad in itself, and of a pernicious Tendency, it wou'd be an Affront to the Senate to compel them to swear to a thing, which they ought rather to do voluntarily, and of Choice.* This he said, not that it was agreeable to his own Sentiments, but that he might thereby entangle *Metellus* in an unavoidable snare; for making a great part of his Virtue and Gravity to consist in Deceit, he made very little account of what he had openly professed to the Senate; on the other hand, knowing *Metellus* to be a person of a fixed Resolution, and (as *Pindar* has it) *one that esteemed Truth the greatest Principle of Heroick Virtue*, he hoped that His refusing to take the Oath wou'd draw Him into a refusal likewise, and he did not

doubt but when he had once declared himself he wou'd stand firm to his Resolution, which wou'd infallibly expose him to the implacable hatred of the People. The Event answer'd his Expectation; for as soon as *Metellus* had declared that he would not swear to it, the Senate adjourned; and a few days after *Saturninus* summoning the Senate to appear in Court, and take the Oath, *Marius* made his Appearance among the rest.

As soon as He appear'd the Court was in a profound silence, and the Eyes of All were fixed upon him; when he bidding farewell to those fine smooth Speeches he had before made in the Senate, which were only from the Teeth outwards, declared freely *that he was not so stiff-neck'd, as to be tied down to any Declaration he might have made upon an Affair of so much Weight before he had thoroughly consider'd it, but was ready to swear, and having sworn wou'd punctually observe the Law, when once it became a Law.* The last Words he artfully added, to put a plausible Colour upon his shameful Impudence, and without more ado took the Oath. The People extremely pleased at this mightily extolled and applauded him; but the Nobility were very much ashamed, and in their Hearts detested such bare-faced Double-dealing. However they were over-aw'd by the People, and swore in their Order, 'till it came to *Metellus*. But He, though his Friends intreated him to take the Oath, and not to plunge himself irrecoverably into those Penalties which *Saturninus* had provided for Them that refused, would not flinch from his Resolution; but, according to his usual custom, being ready to suffer any thing rather than do a base unworthy Action, left the *Forum*, telling Them that were with him, *That to do ill was shameful; to do well where it might be done with safety was common; but to do well even in the Face of Danger was the Property of a good Man.*

Immediately upon his Refusal *Saturninus* put it to the Vote, that the Consuls should declare *Metellus* banished, and that None should entertain him: Nor were there wanting among the Dregs of the People some
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who were ready to kill him. But All of the better sort were concern'd for him, and gathering about him were determin'd to defend him to the last Extremity; but he wou'd by no means suffer them to raise a Sedition on his Account, but left the City with this sage Reflection. *Either the Face of Affairs will change for the better, and the People repent, in which Case I shall be recall'd, and restor'd with Honour; or they will remain in the present Posture, and then it will be best to be absent.* But how great Favour and Honour Metellus receiv'd in his Banishment, and after what manner he spent his time at Rhodes in the Study of Philosophy, we shall more opportunely shew when we come to write his Life.

Marius found himself so highly obliged to Saturninus for this last piece of Service, that he was forced to connive at him, and suffer him to commit what Acts of Violence and Injustice he pleased, with Impunity. Like a Monster let loose, he stop'd at no Outrages, or Massacres, so that every thing tended to Tyranny, and a total Subversion of the Government. All this while Marius acted a double Part; he was willing to keep fair with the Nobility, and at the same time cajole the People. This put him upon an Action the most vile and detestable. One Night when Some of the chief of the Nobility came to him, and prest him to declare against Saturninus, Saturninus came to his House at the same time, and was let in at a back Door unknown to the Senators. Then pretending an indisposition of Nature, on that pretence he ran from one Party to the Other, and staying one while with Them, and another with Him, he instigated and exasperated Both. 'Till at length the Senate and Equestrian Order uniting together, and testifying their Resentments, he found himself obliged to send a party of Soldiers to the Forum to suppress the Sedition, which he secretly favour'd, but cou'd protect no longer. Saturninus, and Glaucias, and the rest of their Crew fled to the Capitol, where they were besieged, and at length forced to yield for want of

Water, for they had cut off the Pipes. Wherefore when they could hold out no longer they surrender'd themselves to *Marius* upon the publick Faith; and He endeavour'd all he cou'd to save them, but to no purpose, for they were no sooner brought down to the *Forum*, but they were all slain. Hereupon He became equally odious both to the Nobility and Commons, so that when the time was come to choose Censors, though every one expected he wou'd offer himself, yet he did not petition for it; but fearing the disgrace of a repulse, he permitted Others his Inferiors to be elected: yet he pleas'd himself in giving out, that he was not willing to disoblige too many, by a severe inspection into their Lives and Conversations.

There was now an Edict preferred, to recall *Metellus* from Banishment; This He vigorously oppos'd, both in his Discourse and Actions; but seeing it was to no purpose he at length desist'd: But being not able to endure the sight of *Metellus*, he made a Voyage to *Cappadocia* and *Galatia*, giving it out that he went to perform some Sacrifices, which he had vow'd to *Cybele* the Mother of the Gods. This indeed was his Pretext, but there was another Reason for this Voyage, which was not to be discover'd to the People. Being by Nature unapt for Peace, and unfit for the management of civil Affairs, deriving all his Grandeur and Advancement from the Wars, and foreseeing that a state of Inaction wou'd fully all his Glory, and by degrees make his Laurels wither, his Business was to cut out new Work for the *Romans*; and he hop'd by stirring up the Kings against them, particularly by exasperating *Mitbridates*, who seem'd the most disposed to quarrel, He himself shou'd be chosen General in the War, and by that means furnish the City with new matter of Triumph, and enrich his own House with the Plunder of *Pontus*, and the Spoils of its King. Wherefore, though *Mitbridates* had receiv'd and entertain'd him with all imaginable Civility and Respect, yet he was not at all wrought upon or softned by it; but told him very bluntly, O King!

King! either endeavour to be indeed more potent than the Romans, or else quietly submit to their Commands. With which *Mitbridates* was almost astonished. He had indeed often been told of the Liberty, or rather Licentiousness of the Romans in their Speech, but that was the first time he had ever heard it.

When *Marius* returned to *Rome*, he built an House close by the *Forum*, either (as he himself gave out) because he was willing to ease his Clients of the Trouble of going far, or that he imagined it would make his Levees the more numerous, and that the Remoteness of his Habitation was the Reason he had not so great a Concourſe at his Gates as Others; but in This he was mistaken: the true Reason was because being inferior to Others in obliging Conversation and the Arts of Courtship, like a mere Tool and Implement of War, he was thrown aside in time of Peace. He was not so much concern'd to see his Glory and Reputation eclipsed by That of Others, as he was to see *Sylla* aggrandise himself at his Expence; to receive his Rise from the Hatred which the Nobility bore Him; and make his Disagreement with Him the first step to his Preferment. *Bocchus* King of *Numidia*, after he had been declared an Ally to the Romans, dedicated in the Capitol some triumphal Trophies of *Sylla's* Victories, and placed near them several golden Statues, representing the History of *Jugurtha*, and how he was deliver'd by Him into the Hands of *Sylla*. This made *Marius* almost distracted with Rage and Ambition, as if *Sylla* had hereby robb'd Him of the Glory of his Exploits. Wherefore stung to the quick with Rage and Jealousy, he was resolv'd by force to pull down a Monument so injurious to his Honour: *Sylla*, on the other hand, put himself in a Condition to oppose him.

When this Sedition was just upon the point of breaking out, the Confederate War interposed, and put a stop to it. Now the most warlike and best-peopled Countries of all *Italy* conspired together against *Rome*, and were within a little of subverting the Empire; their chief strength

strength consisting not only in their *Weapons* and the *Valour* of their *Soldiers*; but, standing upon equal terms with the *Romans*, as to the *Courage* and *Sufficiency* of their *Commanders*.

This War, so various as to its Encounters, and so uncertain as to its Success, what Glory and Power it conferred upon *Sylla*, of so much it deprived *Marius*, who seemed slow in all his Enterprises, irresolute, idle, and ever delaying: whether it were, that his Age had quenched that Heat and Vigour he was formerly Master of (for he was now above sixty five Years old;) or that, as he Himself said, having some Distemper in his Nerves, and his Body unfit for Action, he underwent the Fatigues of the War, which were in truth beyond his Strength, merely out of Shame, and upon a point of Honour. Yet for all This, he came off Victor in a considerable Engagement, wherein he slew six thousand of the Enemies, and never gave them any advantage over him. Nay, he suffer'd himself to be surrounded by the Trenches of the Enemy, to be insulted, braved, and challenged, without being in the least concerned, or provoked at it. There goes a Report, that when one *Popedius Silo*, a Man of the greatest Worth and Authority among the Enemies, said to him, *If thou be'st that great Captain, Marius, come down into the Plain, and fight us*; he answer'd, *If Thou art that great Captain, Popedius, force me to come down and fight*. And another time, when the Enemy gave them a good opportunity of a Battle, and the *Romans*, through fear, durst not charge, so that both Parties retreated, he called an Assembly of his Soldiers, and told them, *It is no small question whether I should call the Enemies or you the greater Cowards, for neither dare They face your Backs, nor You Theirs*.

At length, pretending to be worn out with the Infirmary of his Body, he laid down his Command. Afterwards, when the Confederates had been worsted in many Engagements, and every one saw there was an end of that War, several of the chief Men in *Rome* made their
Interest

Interest to have the Command of the Army against *Mitbridates*, when *Sulpitius*, Tribune of the People, a bold resolute Fellow, contrary to every body's expectation bringing in *Marius*, declared Him Pro-consul, and General in that War: whereupon the People were divided; Some were on *Marius's* side, Others voted for *Sylla*; and jeeringly bad *Marius* go to his Baths at *Baiae* to cure his Body, worn out, as Himself confessed, with Age and Catarrhs. Now *Marius* had indeed near *Misenum*, a *Villa*, more effeminately and luxuriously furnished than became a Man who had been at the Head of so many Armies, and been employed in so many Wars and Expeditions. This same House *Cornelia* bought for seventy five thousand *Denarii*, and not long after *Lucius Lucullus* for two hundred and fifty thousand, to such a height did Luxury, Effeminacy and Expence increase at *Rome* in so short a time. Notwithstanding all This, *Marius* very ambitiously and childishly affecting to shake off his Age and Weakness, went into the Field of *Mars*, where in the most robust Exercises with the Youth, he shewed himself still nimble in his Armour, and expert in Riding; though indeed he were grown less active in his Age by reason of his great Belly, and his inclining to Fatness and Corpulency.

These Actions of his pleased Some that went to see his Vain-glory in those Jufts and Exercises; but the better sort pitied his Avarice and Ambition, that from a Beggar growing so extremely Rich, and from Nothing becoming so Great, he knew not how to set bounds to his good Fortune, nor be content with being admired, and quietly enjoy what he had already got; but, as if he still were in extreme Poverty, should at so great an Age leave Glory and Triumphs to go into *Cappadocia* and the *Euxine* Sea, to fight *Archelaus* and *Neoptolemus*, *Mitbridates's* Generals. The Reason *Marius* alledged in Justification of this step was very ridiculous; for he said he had a mind himself to train up his Son in that War.

Rome was now upon the very brink of Destruction; She had been in a sickly Condition for a long time, and *Marius* had now found out a deadly Cure for all her Maladies in the Person of *Sulpitius*. This Fellow in all other respects admired and imitated *Saturninus*; only found fault with his Cowardise, and Backwardness in his Designs: he therefore made no such foolish Delays, but got six hundred Horse about him as his Guard, which he named his *Anti-Senators*. One Day whilst the Consuls *Sylla* and *Pompey* were holding an Assembly in the *Forum*, *Sulpitius* came upon them with his Assassines. The Consuls immediately fled, but he seiz'd on *Pompey's* Son, and slew him on the Spot. *Sylla* being hotly pursued, fled into *Marius's* House, which being the last thing to be suspected by Those that sought him, they hurried by, and ran on upon a wrong Scent. It is said that *Marius* Himself convey'd him to the back Gate, and dismiss'd him, so that he got safe to the Camp. But *Sylla* in his Memoirs positively denies his flying to the House of *Marius*, and saith he was carry'd thither to debate upon some Matters, which *Sulpicius* would have him pass against his Will; that he was surrounded with drawn Swords, and hurried forcibly to *Marius's* House; that at last he was taken from thence, and carry'd to the *Forum*, where they forced him to revoke the Order of *Vacation*, which had been appointed by Him and his Colleague.

Sulpitius in this manner carrying All before him, decreed the Command of the Army to *Marius*; who making preparations for his March, sent two Tribunes to receive the charge of the Army from *Sylla*. But He, instead of resigning his Charge, led his Army, consisting of thirty thousand Foot and two thousand Horse, directly to Rome, having by the way animated his Soldiers to resent the Injuries that had been done him. They first murder'd the two Tribunes that had been sent to demand the Army of *Sylla*. *Marius* did as much for several of *Sylla's* Friends in Rome, and by Sound of Trumpet proclaim'd Liberty to as many Slaves as wou'd take

up

up Arms in his Behalf ; whereof they say there were but Three that answer'd his Expectation ; wherefore after a weak Resistance, as *Sylla* was entering *Rome* at one Gate, he was forced to fly out at Another.

As soon as he was got out of *Rome* all Those who had accompanied him in his Flight separated and dispersed, and Night coming on, he got to a small House he had near *Rome*, call'd *Salonium*. Hence he sent his Son to some neighbouring Farms of his Father-in-law *Mutius*, to provide Necessaries, whilst He himself went to *Ostia*, where a Friend of His, called *Numerius*, had prepared him a Ship, and without staying for his Son, he took with him *Granius*, his Wife's Son by a former Husband, and weigh'd Anchor.

As soon as young *Marius* was got upon his Grandfather's Estate, he made all the haste he could to provide himself with such Things as he wanted, and to pack them up ; but the Day-light overtaking him, he had like to have been discover'd by the Enemy ; for there came thither a Party of Horse upon a Supposition that *Marius* might be lurking thereabouts. *Mutius's* Bailiff, who had the good Fortune to spy them at a great Distance, immediately hid the young Gentleman under a Cart-load of Beans ; then putting to his Team, he drove towards them, as if he was going with his Cart to *Rome*. This Stratagem sav'd young *Marius*, and convey'd him to his Wife, who supply'd him with some Necessaries ; and as soon as it grew dark, he made to the Sea-side, where finding a Ship bound for *Africa*, and ready to sail, he immediately got aboard.

In the mean time *Marius*, the Father, with a favourable Gale coasted *Italy*, but was in no small apprehension of one *Geminus*, a leading Man at *Terracina*, and his sworn Enemy ; and therefore directed the Seamen to keep clear of that place : they were indeed willing to obey him, but the Wind shifting on a sudden, and blowing hard at Sea, they were afraid the Ship would not be able to weather the Storm, *Marius* too being indisposed and Sea-sick, they with great difficulty made *Circium*.

The

The Storm now increasing, and their Victuals failing, they put to Shore, and wandered up and down, they knew not whither, as it usually happens with People in Distress; who always shun the present Evil as the greatest, and rely upon the Hopes of uncertainties: The Land and Sea were both equally unsafe for Them; to whom it was dangerous to meet with People, and it was no less so to meet with none, by reason of the extreme Want to which they were reduced.

Towards the Evening they met with some Cow-herds, who had not wherewithal to relieve them; but knowing *Marius*, advised him to depart as soon as might be, for they had seen a little beyond that place a Party of Horse that were in search of him. This News threw him into the utmost Despair, especially when he saw that those that attended him were ready to die for want of Sustenance, so that he was at his Wit's-Ends. In this Extremity he turn'd out of the high Road, and hid himself in a thick Wood, where he passed the Night very uncomfortably. The next Day, pinched with Hunger, and willing to make use of the little strength he had left, before it was all exhausted, he travelled by the Sea-side, encouraging his Companions not to desert him in the last of his hopes, for which he reserved himself, relying on the credit of some old Prophecies.

He told them that one Day when he was but very young, and whilst he lived in the Country, and Eagle's Airy with seven young Ones in it fell upon his Robe; that his Father and Mother being much surpris'd at the Accident, consulted the Augurs upon it; that the Augurs answer'd, the Child wou'd become the First of Men, and that the Fates had decreed he should seven times be possessed of the Supreme Power and Authority in his Country. Some are of Opinion that this really happen'd to *Marius* after the same manner we have related it; Others say, that Those who were then with him, and heard him relate it on that Occasion, and often repeat it during his Exile, took it upon Trust, and committed it to writing, tho' it was no better than a Fable
invented

invented by him to keep up their Courage; for an Eagle never hatches more than two at a time; wherefore they give even *Museus* the Lye, for saying *That the Eagle lays three Eggs, hatches two, and nourishes but one.* Whatever it be, it is certain that *Marius* in his Exile and greatest Extremities would often say, that he had still a prospect of a Seventh Consulship.

When *Marius* and his Company were now about twenty furlongs distant from *Minturnæ*, they espied a Troop of Horse making up toward them with all speed, and by chance also at the same time two Ships under sail; whereupon they ran every one with what speed and strength they could to the Sea, and plunging themselves into it, swam towards the Ships. Those that were with *Granius* seized upon one of them, and passed over to an opposite Island called *Ænaria*; *Marius* himself, whose Body was heavy and unwieldy, was with great pains and difficulty born above the Water by two Servants, and put into the other Ship. The Soldiers were by this time come to the Sea-side, and from thence commanded the Seamen to put to Shore, or else to throw out *Marius*, and then they might go whither they would. *Marius* besought them with tears to the contrary; and the Sailors, after some consultation, which inclined first to one side, then to the other, resolved at length to answer the Soldiers, that *they would not throw out Marius.* Upon This they went off in a great Rage, and as soon as they were gone, the very same Sailors on a sudden changing their resolution, came to Land, and casting Anchor at the Mouth of the River *Liris*, where it overflows, and makes a great Marish; they advised him to Land, refresh himself on Shore, and take some care of his discomposed Body, 'till the Weather became more favourable, which, say they, will happen at such an hour, when the Wind from Sea will calm, and That from the Marshes rise. *Marius* following their advice, did so; and when the Seamen had set him on Shore, he laid himself down in an adjacent Field, suspecting nothing less than what was to befall him.

him. They, as soon as they had got into the Ship, weighed Anchor and departed, as thinking it neither honourable to deliver *Marius* into the Hands of Those that sought him, nor safe to protect him.

Being thus deserted by All, he lay a good while silently on the Shore : at length, recollecting himself, he travelled very disconsolately through By-ways, 'till wading through deep Bogs and Ditches, full of Water and Mud, he stumbled upon the Old-man's Cottage that looked after the Fens ; and falling at his Feet, he besought him *to assist and preserve a Man, who, if he escaped the present Danger, would make him Returns beyond his expectation.* The poor Man, whether he had formerly known him, or was then moved with his venerable Aspect, told him, *that if he wanted only Rest, his Cottage would be convenient ; but if he were flying from any body's search, he would bide him in a more retired place.* *Marius* desiring him to do so, he carried him into the Fens, and bad him hide himself in an hollow Cave by the River side ; where he laid upon him a great many Reeds, and other things, that were light, and would cover, but not oppress him. But within a very small time he was disturbed with a noise and tumult from the Cottage ; for *Geminus* had sent several Troops of Horse from *Tarracina* in pursuit of him ; One of which coming that way, frightened and threatned the poor Old-man for having entertained and concealed an Enemy of the Romans. *Marius*, who heard what they said, thinking himself no longer in Safety there, arose out of his lurking hole, strip'd, and plung'd into the Bog where the Water was most thick and muddy, and by this very means discovered himself to the Soldiers. They immediately halled him out-naked, but all over dirty, and in that pickle carried him away to *Minturnæ*, and delivered him into the Hands of the Magistrates ; for there had been a Proclamation through all those Towns, to make publick search for *Marius*, and if they found him to kill him ; however, the Magistrates thought convenient

convenient to consider a little better of it first, and sent him under Guard to the House of one *Fannia*.

This Woman was supposed not very well affected towards him, upon an old account. She had formerly been married to one *Tinnius*, from whom she was afterwards divorced, and demanded her Portion, which was very considerable: But her Husband, who had no mind to return her Fortune, accused her of Adultery; and so the Cause was brought before *Marius*, in his sixth Consulship. Upon a full Inquiry into the whole Matter, it appeared that *Fannia* had been guilty of Incontinence before Matrimony, and that it was not unknown to *Tinnius*, notwithstanding which he marry'd her, and had cohabited with her for a considerable time. Upon hearing both Parties, *Marius* condemned both. He order'd the Man to return the Fortune, and laid a small Fine upon the Woman by way of Disgrace. Notwithstanding This, *Fannia* did not now behave herself like a Woman that had been provok'd; for instead of resenting past Offences, as soon as She had *Marius* in her keeping, She took care of him according to her Ability, and did all She could to comfort and encourage him. *Marius* in return highly commended her Generosity, told her he did not despair, for he had met with a very favourable Omen, which he related to her, and which is as follows: When he was brought to *Fannias's* House, as soon as the door was open, an Ass came running out to drink at a Spring hard by; and looking very brisk and lively upon *Marius*, first stood before him, then brayed aloud, and pranced by him. Upon which *Marius* making his Observation, said, *That the Fates designed his Safety to be procured rather by Sea than Land, because the Ass neglected his dry Fodder, and turned from it to the Water.* Having told *Fannia* this Story, he commanded the Chamber-door to be shut, and went to Rest.

Mean while the Governors and Senators of *Minturnæ* consulted together, and determined not to delay any longer, but immediately to kill *Marius*: and when none of their Citizens had courage enough to do it, a certain

Soldier, a *Gaul*, or *Cimber* (the Story is told of Both) undertook it, and with his Sword drawn went into the Room where they had lodged him : the Room itself was not very light, That part of it especially where he then lay was dark, from whence *Marius's* Eyes, they say, seemed to the Fellow to dart out flames at him, and a loud Voice to say, *Fellow, darest thou kill C. Marius ?* The *Ruffian* in a terrible Fright dropt down his Sword, and rush'd out into the Street uttering these Words only, *I cannot kill Caius Marius.* At which they were all at first astonished, afterwards they pitied him, and reversed their Sentence, and were even angry at themselves for making so unjust and ungrateful a Decree against One who had preserved *Italy*, and whom it was base not to assist to their utmost. *Let him go*, say they, *where he please to Banishment, let him find his Fate somewhere else ; we beg Pardon of the Gods for thrusting Marius distressed and naked out of our City.*

When they had thus conferred among themselves, they croured into his Chamber, remov'd him from thence, and conducted him towards the Sea-side. Now tho' they All strove who shou'd be the most officious, and every One lent his helping hand to forward him in his Flight, an Accident fell in their way which retarded them : In the Road leading from *Minturnæ* to the Sea-side, was a Grove sacred to a Nymph, whom they called *Marica*. All the Inhabitants thereabouts had a singular Veneration for that Grove, and they take a particular Care not to suffer any thing to come back, or to be removed out of it, that was once within it. To pass through it therefore was, they thought, impossible, and to go round about wou'd take up too much of their time. Whilst they were in this perplexity an old Man among them cried out, *There was no Place so sacred, but they might pass through it for Marius's preservation ;* and thereupon every one taking up some of the Baggage that they were carrying for his accommodation to the Ship, He first enter'd the Grove, all the rest immediately with the same readiness accompanying him. Upon his

Arrival

Arrival at the Sea-side, he found a Ship provided for him by one *Beleus*, and embark'd immediately. Some few Years after This he caus'd the whole Adventure to be represented in a large Piece of Painting, and hung it up in the Temple of this *Marica*.

The Wind serving for *Ænaria*, he had the good Fortune to make that Island, where meeting with *Granius* and his other Friends, he sail'd with them to *Africa*. But their Water failing them in their Passage, they were forced to touch at *Erycine* in *Sicily*. A Roman Questor, who was appointed there to guard the Coast, had like to have seiz'd on *Marius*, and did actually kill Sixteen of his Retinue, who were got ashore to fetch Water. Whereupon *Marius* embarking with all expedition, pass'd over to an Isle called *Meninx*, where he first heard the News of his Son's escape with *Cetbegus*, and that they were gone to implore the assistance of *Hiempsal* King of *Numidia*.

With this News being somewhat comforted, he ventured to pass from that Isle to *Carthage*. *Sextilius*, a Roman, was then Pretor in *Africa*, One who had never received either Injury or Kindness from *Marius*, yet he hoped he would out of meer Pity lend him some help, But he was scarce got ashore with a small Retinue, when an Officer was sent to him, and meeting him, said, *Sextilius the Pretor forbids thee, Marius, to set foot in Africa; if thou dost, he says, he must put the Decree of the Senate in execution, and treat thee as an Enemy to the Romans*. When *Marius* heard this he wanted Words to express his Grief and Resentment, and for a good while held his peace, looking sternly upon the Messenger, who asked him what he should say, or what Answer he should return to the Pretor? *Marius* answer'd him with a deep sigh; *Go tell him that thou hast seen the exil'd Marius sitting on the Ruins of Carthage: by which noble Answer he plac'd in a proper Light the Fortunes of that once celebrated City, and his Own, as terrible Examples of the Vicissitude of all human Affairs.*

In the mean time, *Hicnpsal*, King of *Numidia*, irresolute, and undetermin'd what part to act, treated young *Marius* and Those that were with him very honourably ; but whenever they talk'd of departing, he still found out some pretence or other to detain them ; and it was manifest he made these delays upon no good design. Whilst he was playing these Tricks with them, they ow'd their Safety to a natural, but at that time very seasonable Adventure. The young *Marius* was very handsom and well-made. His Distress first touch'd one of the King's Concubines with Pity for him, and that Pity was the Fore-runner of Love. She discover'd her Passion to him, but the Youth declin'd her Solicitations ; 'till at last perceiving that there was no other way of escaping, and that there appeared more of Generosity than Wantonness in her Caresses, he receiv'd the Tenders of her Affection, and She furnish'd Him and his Friends with means for their Escape.

He found his Father in the Place where he had just landed ; and after mutual Salutations, as they were consulting together upon the present Situation of their Affairs, they saw some Scorpions fighting, which *Marius* took for an ill Omen, whereupon they immediately went on board a little Fisher-boat, and made toward *Cercina*, an Island not far distant from the Continent. They had scarce put off from Shore when they saw some Horse sent after them by the King, with all speed making toward that very place from which they were just retired ; so that *Marius* thought that in all his Life he had never escaped a greater danger.

During these Occurrences in *Africa*, and whilst *Sylla* was engaged in the War against *Mitbridatës's* Lieutenants in *Bæotia*, the Consuls *Octavius* and *Cinna* fell out, and had recourse to Arms. *Octavius* prevailing, drove *Cinna* out of *Rome*, as a Person of tyrannical Principles, and made *Cornelius Merula* Consul in his stead ; but *Cinna* levying Forces in all the Other Parts of *Italy*, raised a formidable Army, and marched against them. As soon as *Marius* heard of this, he resolv'd with all expedition

to put to Sea again, and having levied in *Africa* some *Maurusian* Horse, and a few Others that came to him out of *Italy*, (which all together were not above one thousand) he with this handful began his Voyage. Arriving at *Telamone*, a Haven in *Hetruria*, and coming ashore, he made several of the Slaves free; many of the Country-men also, and Shepherds thereabouts, at the name of *Marius* came flocking to him to the Sea-side, among whom he made choice of as Many as he thought were fit for Service; and in a small time got together a competent Army, wherewith he filled forty Ships. When it came to be consider'd which Party he shou'd declare for, he reflected that *Octavius* was an honest Man, and One that was for governing according to Law; and that on the contrary, *Cinna* was a Person suspected by *Sylla*, and at that time in open War against the Government. From this Consideration he concluded that *Cinna* was his Man, and for that Reason determin'd to join him with all his Forces. Accordingly he sent a Message to him, to let him know, *that he submitted himself to Him, as Consul, in whatsoever he should command him.* *Cinna* received him with open Arms; declar'd him Proconsul; sent him the *Fasces* and other Ensigns of Authority. But *Marius* declin'd them, alledging that those Marks of Grandeur did not suit with his present Distress: So that he continued to wear a poor ordinary Habit, and to let his Hair grow, as it had done from the first day of his Exile, walking slowly and heavily like a Man stricken in Years, being then above Seventy. All this was done to excite Compassion; 'tho under this Mask of Submission and Humility, there still appear'd that Air of Fierceness which was so natural to him. The Nastiness of his Person and Garb added to his innate Roughness, and made him look like one more to be fear'd than pity'd; and it was very evident that his Mind was not so much dejected as exasperated, by the Change of his Condition. As soon as he had paid his Respect to *Cinna*, and harangu'd the Soldiers, he immediately prepared for War, and soon made a considerable alteration in the posture of Affairs.

He

He first cut off all Provision from the Enemy's Ships, and plundering all the Traders, possessed himself of their Stores; then coasting along with his Fleet he seiz'd on all the Sea-port Towns; took *Ostia* itself by Treachery; pillaged the Town, slew a Multitude of the Inhabitants, and making a Bridge over the *Tiber*, he took from the Enemy all hopes of Supply from the Sea; then marching with his Army toward the City, he posted himself upon the Hill called *Janiculum*.

All this while the *Publick Interest* did not receive so much damage from *Octavius's* Unskillfulness in his management of Affairs, as from his too strict observance of the Law; for when among other things he was advised to enfranchise the Slaves, that the Publick might have the Benefit of their Assistance in that Exigency, he answer'd, *He wou'd not make Slaves free of that City, from which, in Maintenance of the Laws, he was driving away Marius.*

But as soon as *Cæcilius Metellus*, Son of *Metellus Numidicus*, who had the Command of the Army in *Africa* against *Jugurtha*, and was supplanted by *Marius*, as is before observed, arriv'd at *Rome*, where he was esteemed a much better Officer than *Octavius*, the Soldiers deserting the Consul, came to Him, and desired Him to take the Command upon him and preserve the City; adding, that when they had got a brave experienced General at their Head, they shou'd have some Heart to fight, and did not doubt of conquering when they were led on by One who knew how to command them. But *Metellus*, highly offended at their Desertion, reprimanded them severely for it, and sent them back to their Consul; instead of which they persisted in their Mutiny, and revolted to the Enemy. At the same time *Metellus* himself withdrew, when he saw it was impossible to save the City.

As for *Octavius*, a parcel of *Chaldeans*, Fortune-tellers, and Fellows who pretended to interpret the Books of the *Sibyls*, persuaded Him to remain at *Rome*, where they assured him Things would soon take another Turn in
his

his Favour. He was indeed a Man of good Sense and Understanding, and supported the Dignity of his Office with a becoming Majesty, without suffering himself in the least to be impos'd upon by Flatterers, but adhering inviolably to the Laws and Customs of his Country, as to a Rule from which the least Deviation would be dangerous. And yet he fell, I know not how, into some Weaknesses, which inclin'd him to place too great a Confidence in the Art of Divination, and to spend more of his time among Prognosticators, Fortune-tellers, and other Impostors of the same Stamp, than with Men skill'd in Military Affairs, and the Administration of a Government. Before *Marius* enter'd *Rome* he sent some of his Body Guard, who seiz'd on *Octavius*, forced him off the Tribunal, and kill'd him upon the Spot. It is reported that a Scheme of his Nativity, cast by one of those Pretenders, was found upon him after he was slain. Now it is a thing very remarkable, that of two such famous Generals, *Marius* should be often preserved by Confidence in Divinations, and *Octavius* ruined by the same means.

Whilst Affairs remained in this posture, the Senate assembled, and sent Ambassadors to *Cinna* and *Marius*, desiring them to come into the City peaceably, and spare the Citizens. *Cinna* as Consul received the Embassy sitting on his Tribunal, and returned a gracious Answer by the Messengers: *Marius* stood by and said nothing, but gave sufficient testimony by the sourness of his Countenance, and the sternness of his Looks, that he would in a short time fill the City with Massacres. As soon as the Messengers were dismiss'd they march'd on, and *Cinna* enter'd the City with a strong Guard. *Marius* stop'd short at the Gate, and said with a sort of Irony, dictated to him by his Indignation, *That He was a banished Man, and was debarr'd by the Laws from entering; that therefore if they had any Occasion for his Service, they must repeal that Law which drove him into Exile.* As if he was a religious Observer of the Laws, and *Rome* a City free, and independent,

To this End the People were summon'd to an Assembly in the *Forum* ; but before three or four of the Tribes had given their Suffrages, he threw off the Mask, and without waiting for the Formality of a Repeal, enter'd the City, environed by his Guards chosen from among the Slaves that had flocked to him, and which he call'd his *Bardiæans*. These Villains at the least Word, or Sign given them by *Marius*, murder'd without Distinction all Those he had doom'd for the Slaughter ; infomuch that when a Senator call'd *Ancharius*, One who had been Pretor, came up to *Marius*, and saluted him, and *Marius* did not return the Salute, or deign to look upon him ; They without any more ado slew him before *Marius's* Face : and henceforth This was their token, immediately to kill all Those who met *Marius* in the Streets, and saluted him, and were not answered with the like Courtesy : so that his very Friends cou'd never come near him without terrible Forbodings and mortal Agonies.

When they had now butchered a great number, *Cinna* grew more remiss and cloy'd with Murders ; but *Marius's* Rage was still keen, and unsatisfied, being determin'd to sacrifice every *Roman* that was any way suspected by him. All the Towns, all the Highways swarm'd with Assassines, who like Blood-Hounds hunted and imprison'd the miserable Wretches that fled, or hid themselves. It was a melancholy Reflection to observe on that occasion, that the sacred Ties of Friendship and Hospitality cannot stand the Trial in the Days of Adversity ; for how few were there then that did not betray their Friends who had fled to them for shelter ! We have therefore just Reason to admire and commend the Slaves of *Cornutus* for their Fidelity to their Master in that general Defection ; They having conceal'd him in the most unfrequented part of the Horse, took up in the Streets the Body of One who had been murder'd, carry'd it home, hung it by the Neck, put a Gold Ring on the Finger, shew'd it in that Condition to *Marius's* Butchers, who were sent to dispatch *Cornutus*, and then buried it with

with the same Pomp and Solemnity as if it had been their Master ; by this Trick, which was perceiv'd by no body, they sav'd *Cornutus*, and convey'd him into *Gaul*.

Marcus Antonius the Orator, tho' He likewise fell into the Hands of a faithful Friend, was not so Fortunate as *Cornutus*. His Friend was a Plebeian, and in low Circumstances, however being proud of having one of the greatest Men in *Rome* under his Roof, he was resolv'd to stretch his Purse, and make as much of him as he was able. Accordingly he sent his Servant to the next Tavern for some of the best Wine ; when the Vintner perceiv'd the Fellow nicer than Ordinary, tasting of several Sorts, and not satisfied but with the very best, he ask'd him *what made Him so hard to please ? He that used to take up with the common Draught, and now no Wine wou'd go down with him but the choicest and the dearest.* The Servant without any Preamble told him in confidence as his trusty Friend and Acquaintance, that the Wine was for *Marcus Antonius*, who lay conceal'd in his Master's House. As soon as he was gone the Villain of a Vintner went Himself to *Marius*, who was then at Supper, and being brought into his Presence, told him, he could deliver *Antonius* into his Hands ; as soon as he heard it, it is said he gave a great shout, and clap-ped his Hands for joy, and was for rising from the Table, and going to the Place Himself ; but being detain'd by his Friends, he sent *Annius* and some Soldiers with him, and commanded him to bring *Antonius's* Head to him with all speed. Now when they came to the House, *Annius* stay'd at the Door, and the Soldiers went up Stairs into the Chamber ; where, seeing *Antonius*, they endeavour'd to shuffle off the Murder from one to another ; for so great it seems were the Graces and Charms of his Oratory, that as soon as he began to speak and beg for his Life, None of them durst touch, or so much as look upon him ; but hanging down their Heads, They All fell a weeping. When their stay seem'd something tedious, *Annius* followed after, saw *Antonius* discoursing, and

and the Soldiers astonished and quite softned by his Eloquence, for which he checked them severely, and with his own Hands cut off his Head.

Catulus Lutatius, who was Collegue with *Marius*, and his Partner in the Triumph over the *Cimbri*, when *Marius* had told Those that interceded for him and begged his life, *that he must die*, shut himself up in a room, and making a great fire, smothered himself. When maimed and headless Carcasses were now frequently thrown about and trampled upon in the streets, People were not so much moved with Compassion at the sight, as struck into a kind of Horror and Consternation. But the greatest Grievances of All were the Outrages committed by those infamous Wretches the *Bardiæans*, who after they had murder'd Those who had been their Masters in their own Houses, they proceeded to abuse their Children, and ravish their Wives; nor was there any Bounds to their Dissoluteness, Cruelty and Avarice; till at last *Cinna* and *Sentorius* having concerted Measures, surpris'd them one Night as they lay asleep in the Camp, and killed every Man of them.

In the interim, as if this tempestuous Wind had at once chang'd, there came News from all Parts, that *Sylla* having put an end to the War with *Mithridates*, and taken possession of the Provinces, was returning into *Italy* with a great Army. This gave some small respite and intermission to these unspeakable Calamities, when they thought a War hung over their Heads; whereupon *Marius* was the seventh time chosen Consul. As he was coming out of his House on the Calends of *January*, which is the first day of the Year, to be installed according to custom, in his Office, *Sextus Lucinus* unhappily fell in his way, and was by his Order flung down the *Tarpeian Rock*. This untoward Beginning was look'd upon as a sure Sign and Presage of all the Calamities that were ready to fall upon their Party and the City. *Marius* himself, now worn out with Labour, and sinking under the burden of his Cares, could no longer bear up his Spirits flagging under the apprehension of a New War,

War, and fresh Encounters, which his own Experience represented to him wou'd be full of Care and Dangers. He considered that he had not now to do with *Octavius* or *Merula*, at the head of an undisciplin'd licentious Rabble; but that *Sylla* himself was approaching, the Same who had formerly banished Him, and by new Victories had been driving and confining *Mitbridates* to the Banks of the *Euxine*. Being, as it were, devoured by such Thoughts as These, and calling to mind his Banishment, the tedious Wanderings and Dangers he underwent both by Sea and Land, he fell into great Troubles, nocturnal Frights, and broken Slumbers, every Moment, fancying he heard a Voice telling him, *That the Den, though of an absent Lion, is dreadful*; above all things fearing to lie awake, he gave himself over to drinking and sotting a-nights, very unagreeable to his Age and Dignity, by all means provoking Sleep, as a diversion to his Thoughts. At length there came an Express from the Sea, giving him such an account of Affairs as overcharged him with fresh Cares and Frights; on the one Hand the Fear of the Future, and on the Other the Burden and Oppression of the Present, reduced him to such a State of Health, that the least Accident was capable of throwing him into that Distemper of which he died. He fell into a Pleurisy, as *Possidonius* the Philosopher relates, who says, he went to him, and discoursed with him as he lay sick, about some Affairs relating to his Embassy at Rome. But *Caius Piso*, another Historian, tells us, that *Marius* walking one Night after Supper with some of his Friends, entertain'd them with a Recital of all his Adventures; and after having observ'd to them the Inconstancy and Vicissitude of Fortune, he concluded with saying it did not become a wise Man any longer to trust to so fluctuating a Deity; and that after he had embraced and taken his Leave of them, he went home, took to his Bed, lay sick seven days, and then died.

Some say he very much betrayed his Ambition, even in his Sickness, and fell into an extravagant Frenzy,

fancying himself to be General in the War against *Mitridates*, acting such Postures and Motions of his Body, as he used to do when he was engaged in Battle ; with so strong and invincible a desire of being employed in that Service, had his Pride and Emulation possessed him. He, tho' he had now lived threescore and ten Years, and was the first Man that had ever been chosen seven times Consul, possessed of such a Palace, and Riches so immense, as were sufficient for many Kings, yet complained of his ill Fortune ; that he must now die, before he had attained what he desired. *Plato* thought very differently, for when he saw Death approaching, he thank'd his good Genius and Fortune, First, that he was born a Man, and not a Brute ; Secondly, that he was born a *Greek*, and not a *Barbarian* ; and in the Last place, that he happen'd to live in the days of *Socrates*. And so indeed they say *Antipater* of *Tarsus*, in like manner, at his Death, recollecting what Prosperity he had enjoyed, did not so much as omit his happy Voyage to *Athens* ; thus accounting for every Favour of his indulgent Fortune with the greatest acknowledgments, and retaining it to the very last in his Memory, than which a wise Man hath not a more secure Treasure. The ingrateful and foolish on the contrary suffer time to destroy and run away with all the good and agreeable things that happen to them, from whence it follows, that having reserved and kept nothing, they are always empty of real enjoyments and full of vain hopes, which makes them abandon the present to seize on the future. Now the future depends entirely on Fortune, but the present enjoyment cannot be taken from us, notwithstanding which they reject the Favours that Goddess has bestow'd on them, and are continually solicitous for what she promises, which they look on as their own ; and in their Disappointments have but what they deserve. For till Reason and sound Judgment have laid a good Foundation in the Mind, to receive these external Acquisitions they vainly labour to gather and heap them, and This is the Cause

CAIUS MARIUS. III

Cause they never can sufficiently gratify their craving Appetites, which are unbounded and unsatiable.

Thus died *Marius* on the seventeenth Day of his Seventh Consulship, to the great Joy and Content of *Rome*; which thereby was in good hopes to be delivered from the Calamities of an insolent, bloody, and fatal Tyranny; but in a small time they found, they had only changed an old feeble Master for another young and vigorous; so much Cruelty and Savageness did his Son *Marius* shew in murdering the Nobility. At first being esteemed resolute and daring in Action, he was named *the Son of Mars*, but afterwards his Actions betraying his contrary Disposition, he was called *the Son of Venus*. At last he was besieged by *Sylla* in *Præneste*, where he endeavoured by all means to save his Life, but in vain; for when the City was taken, there being no way of escape, he slew himself.



The Comparison of Pyrrhus with Marius.

HAVING thus drawn together what seem'd most remarkable in the Lives of *Pyrrhus* and *Marius*, it is now time to proceed to a Comparison, and shew wherein they differ and agree, and the Advantages the One has over the Other.

The Difference with respect to their Birth is so infinitely great, that there does not appear the least room for any Comparison. How can a Man born of obscure indigent Parents, who were forced to get their Bread with the Sweat of their Brow, brought up in a little Country Village, with no better than a home-spun clownish Education; How can such a one, I say, be compared with a Prince like *Pyrrhus*, born on a Throne, and consequently a Son of *Jupiter* by a double Title; by his Character of King, for Kings are so called, and by

his Birth, being descended from that God in a long Series of Royal Progenitors.

But this great and sensible Difference which Nature has rais'd between them, may be said to be effaced by Fortune, who has crown'd *Marius* with greater Honours, and a larger Share of Power, than She had ever granted to any *Roman* before him ; and This makes not a little on the side of *Marius*. It is no strange thing for a Prince dignified with so many Titles to recover his Right, and add other Possessions to his hereditary Dominions ; Kings seldom sink so low, but some time or other Means are found to restore them ; the Title of King appears so holy and venerable in the Eye of the World, that their Calamities seem to challenge Pity and Assistance, especially from Those who are vested with the same Sacred Character. But for a Man issuing from the Dregs of the People, from Beginnings so weak and miserable, for such a Man to raise himself up to that Pitch of Grandeur, as to merit so many honourable Employments, and the Command of such invincible Armies, This Indeed is wonderful. It cannot be but Fortune must discover in this Man some notable Qualities, some uncommon Talents, otherwise she would not have made him even to his dying day the Object either of her Favour, or Caprice.

Neither is it Fortune only that has set *Marius* upon a Level with *Pyrrhus* ; Nature puts in for her Share in those Favours, as if she had a mind to make him some Compensation for the Injury she had done him on account of his Birth.

Pyrrhus had all the Qualities both of Body and Mind, which are necessary in a great Commander, Such as Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Vivacity. He was constant, patient, and laborious ; of a Constitution fit to encounter with the greatest Fatigues ; and with all This he had an Air of Majesty, but such an Air as was rather terrible than venerable.

Marius likewise was by Nature lively, frugal, laborious, constant, patient, indefatigable, and of such a Presence

Presence of Mind, as kept him as cool and undisturbed in the Heat of Action and Danger, as in times of Repose. He likewise had an Air of Majesty, but an Air still more austere and terrible.

Pyrrhus came behind no Prince whatever in Valour, Courage, and Intrepidity. To see him in Battle, one wou'd think we beheld in him the Vivacity, the Intrepidity, and that Heroick Va'our of *Alexander*, which seemed not so much the Effect of the rapid Emotions of the Spirits, as a Transport, and divine Impulse. And no Person was superior to *Marius* in those very Qualities.

They Both gave early Proofs of their Valour and Intrepidity. *Pyrrhus*, when he was but Sixteen Years old, signalized himself at the Battle of *Issus*, where so many Kings were engaged; and *Marius*, when he was much about the same Age, gave distinguishing Marks of his Valour at the Siege of *Numantia*, where he acquired a great Reputation.

It must be confessed that *Marius* never gave such a Handy-Blow as did *Pyrrhus*, when, wounded as he was in the Head, he cleft in two with one stroke of his Scimitar a Captain of the *Mamertines*, compleatly armed, and as remarkable for his Stature, as the Brightness of his Armour.

Neither did *Marius* ever perform any personal Action so signal as was That of *Pyrrhus*, when at the Siege of *Eryx*, in *Sicily*, he was the First that mounted the Wall, sustain'd Alone for a long time all the Efforts of the Barbarians, dispersed Some, cast Others down headlong, and killing the most obstinate outright, entrenched Himself as it were within a Rampart of the Dead. Such was *Alexander* on the Walls of the City of the *Oxydracæ*.

But it is neither from those manual Executions, nor those inconsiderate Transports, which subject Reason to Fortune, that we are to judge of a General. Those Exploits are fit only for common Soldiers, or Subalterns; and as Such, the first Action of *Pyrrhus* may be matched

by the Combat of *Marius*, a fresh Soldier, in his first Campaign, wherein he kill'd his Enemy under the Walls of *Numantia*, in the Presence of his General. And what Instances of his Valour may we not reasonably imagine he gave in the Course of that Siege, to deserve this Commendation from *Scipio*, *That it was likely He might one day supply his Place?*

Being Both born with an equal Passion for War, Peace was insupportable to them Both, tho' they lay in the Bosom of Prosperity, and when their Ambition ought to have been satisfied. But if it be a Fault in a King to be an Enemy to Peace, tho' it be the most desirable thing in the World, much more must it be so in a private Person. We cannot without Horror think upon the Man, who never satisfied, is for raising himself up to a still higher Pitch of Reputation and Glory upon the Ruins of his Country.

Pyrrhus had so great a Knowledge and Capacity in the Art of War, especially in the leading of Troops, and ranging them in order of Battle, that he did not think it sufficient to give a Testimony of it in all his Engagements, but left behind him Rules and Memoirs upon that Subject.

Marius was no ways inferior to him in that Article. In all the Battles wherein he was concerned, one may clearly discover his great Prudence and Capacity, whether in the Disposition of his Troops and Choice of the Ground, or in making his Advantage of every Thing, and weakning, or defeating That of the Enemy. What he did before the Battle with the *Ambrones*, to accustom his Soldiers by degrees to bear the Sight of the Enemy, is in itself a sufficient Proof of a great Captain. The Change he introduced in the Soldiers Javelins, is an Instance of his great Foresight and Penetration. And if he has left nothing behind him in Writing relating to the Art of War, he has however left a lasting Monument of his great Prudence and Capacity in his Works at the Mouth of the *Rhone*, which were designed for the Service of his Convoys.

There

There is another Circumstance which, in my Opinion, gives *Marius* the advantage over *Pyrrhus*. In all the Wars, in all the Engagements wherein *Marius* had the Command, it does not appear that he ever made one false Step, much less any one like That of *Pyrrhus* before *Lacedæmon*. He found the City in a defenceless Condition, and yet instead of attacking it immediately, as he might have done with great Ease, he spent his time in encamping, and so gave the Citizens a whole Night to provide for their Defence. Nothing can be a stronger Instance than This, of what great Importance it is in War to make use of the present Opportunity, and not to delay 'till to-morrow what may be put in Execution this very Moment. An Opportunity once lost is not only irretrievable, or at least very difficult to be repaired, but is often attended with very fatal Consequences. One Night's Respite gave the *Lacedæmonians* time to fortify themselves, which did not only make *Pyrrhus* miscarry in his Enterprize, but open'd a door to all the Calamities that succeeded, as well on his March towards *Argos*, wherein he lost his Son, as in *Argos* itself, where he was unhappily lost Himself; all which might have been avoided, had he once made himself Master of *Sparta*.

As for their military Exploits, and the Actions wherein they were engaged, it will require the Knowledge of an experienced General to weigh them exactly, and determine which of them were the most difficult; which were attended with the greatest Dangers, and consequently which of them were the most glorious. This indeed may be said in general, that in all the Exploits of *Pyrrhus* nothing appears so great and illustrious as in That of *Marius* against the *Ambrones*, the *Teutones*, and the *Cimbri*. Never had *Italy*, nor *Rome* itself, been menaced with so eminent a Ruin before; when three hundred thousand Men did like an impetuous Torrent over-run the Country, nothing could resist their Fury; formidable not only for their Numbers, and the amazing Strength of their Bodies, their Boldness, Fierceness, and Obsti-

nacy;

nacy ; but still more so by the Success with which their Arms had been crowned in their First Undertakings. They had already defeated several *Roman* Armies, and Commanders of great Reputation, so that *Rome* had no Pilot left but *Marius* to conduct her through the frightful Tempest which then hung over her.

If we examine into the Conduct of *Marius* on this important Occasion, with what Constancy he supported the Insults and Bravado's of the Enemy when they dared him to the Combat, and the Murmurs of his own Soldiers who were impatient to engage ; in how prudent and cautious a manner he follow'd them when they decamped ; the Orders he gave when an Accident had brought on an Engagement with the *Ambrones*, causing the *Ligurians* to charge First, and ordering the *Romans* to support them ; the Prudence and Valour he exerted the Day following in the Battle with the *Teutones*, whose Overthrow was entirely owing to his singular Courage and Conduct : We must confess that in no Action whatever all the Qualities requisite to a great Commander can appear in a more perfect Light.

To This perhaps may be opposed the Victory obtain'd by *Pyrrhus* over the *Romans*, commanded by the Consul *Lævinus* ; for to make a right Judgment of two Exploits, we must compare the Enemies, against which they were Both performed. Now the Army of the *Romans* overthrown by *Pyrrhus*, did not consist of an innumerable Swarm of *Barbarians*, conducted by a blind headstrong Fury, which often proves pernicious to itself ; it was composed of Troops well train'd and disciplin'd ; it was not a lifeless Lump, giving Ground at the first Shock, and when once broke unable to rally and recover itself ; it was a firm Body, well compacted and united, where all the Parts concurred to the mutual Support of each other, and tho' broken and driven back seven times together, it as often returned to the Charge, and repelled the Enemy ; so that the *Romans* were just upon the point of carrying the Day, when *Pyrrhus*, who had been thought dead, returning into the Field, restor'd the Fight,

Fight, let his Elephants loose upon them, and having put them into Disorder, charged them so seasonably with the Flower of his Cavalry, that he entirely defeated them, and obtain'd the Victory; a Victory so much the more glorious for that it had been disputed with great Obstinacy, and the *Romans* Themselves confessed that it was entirely owing to his good Sense and excellent Conduct.

It may be said of *Marius* that he was never beaten, whereas *Pyrrhus* was twice defeated by those very *Romans* he had just before overthrown; the first time near *Asculum*, which was occasion'd by the ill Choice he had made of his Ground; and yet I know not whether That may be called a Fault in a General, which is as soon mended as committed. The very next day he had his Revenge, he defeated the *Romans*, and obtain'd a second Victory as glorious as the First. He was not able to give so good a Turn to his second Defeat near *Beneventum*, where he was totally routed by *Manius Curius*, and the Victory on the side of the *Romans* was so considerable, that it oblig'd him to quit *Italy*, and give over all those ambitious Designs that had carried him thither. However it may be said on this Occasion, that Fortune had a mind it shou'd appear that She sometimes knows how to triumph over Wisdom and Prudence. Nothing cou'd be better undertaken, or concerted, than the Design of *Pyrrhus*, to go and attack One of the Consuls before the Other cou'd have time to join him. The unlucky Accidents that happen'd in the Night during his March, were the sole Cause of the fatal Blow he receiv'd on that Occasion.

But *Marius* had the Favour of Fortune attending him in all his Expeditions, as if she had made it a Point to have the Honour of that continued Success which he secured to himself by his great Skill and excellent Understanding.

After he had defeated the *Ambrones* and the *Teutones*, he marched to the Succour of his Collegue *Lutatius Catulus*, repaired the Fault He had committed in quitting the

the Passes of the Mountains, animated him by his Presence, pass'd the *Po*, defeated the *Cimbri* in a pitch'd Battle, and by this finishing Stroke provided for the Safety of *Rome* effectually.

But what still exalts the Victories of *Marius* above Those of *Pyrrhus*, is the Benefit that flow'd from them. None of *Pyrrhus*'s Conquests ever turned to the Advantage of his Country; if he gain'd *Macedonia*, he was oblig'd to share it with Another, and at last he entirely lost it. His most important Expeditions were undertaken for the Succour of the *Tarentines*, the driving the *Carthaginians* out of *Sicily*, or for re-establishing a deprived King in *Sparta*, and in all These he miscarried. On the contrary *Marius*, by his Exploits, deliver'd *Rome* from the Terror of *Jugurtha*, the most formidable Enemy She ever had, next to *Hannibal*, and preserv'd all *Italy* from the Inundation of the *Barbarians*. It is indeed glorious in a Prince to relieve the Oppress'd; but he owes much less to his Neighbours than his own Subjects, whose Safety and Prosperity ought to be his supreme Law. *Pyrrhus* was unable to restore the Affairs of Those he undertook to assist, and at the same time ruin'd his Own entirely.

If the Exploits of *Marius* had the Advantage over Those of *Pyrrhus* in the Ends obtained by them, they had it still more so by the Honours they procur'd him. All the Elogies, all the Reputation *Pyrrhus* acquired by his Achievements, the pompous Inscription he caus'd to be put up in the Temple of *Minerva*, are not to be compared to the least of Those obtain'd by *Marius*.

Had *Pyrrhus* succeeded in all his Undertakings, what Honours cou'd have been render'd Him equal to the glorious Title given to *Marius* of the *Third Founder of Rome*? And yet even This is not the highest pitch of Glory to which he was advanced. That inward Sense of Gratitude which oblig'd the *Romans* when at home, among their Wives and Children, to associate him with their Gods in their Domestick Repasts, and make their Libations to Him as well as Them, is without Contradiction the highest,

highest, and most desirable Honour that can be attained by Mortals.

But if, in order to pass a right Judgment upon Mens Actions, we are not to consider them either in Themselves, or in their Effects, or the Honours that have attended them, but in the Motives by which they have been produced, it is certain that neither the Exploits of *Pyrrhus* nor Those of *Marius* are worthy of much Commendation, being destitute of That which can give them the only true Merit; I mean, a just and honourable Motive, the very Life and Soul of all noble Actions. No Actions, no Exploits whatever, unless undertaken for the sake of Justice, and the Good of Mankind, are truly laudable. But This was what neither *Pyrrhus* nor *Marius* ever had in View. Neither the One nor the Other ever did any thing, but purely to gratify their private Ambition, and that insatiable Desire of Glory, that possessed them. *Pyrrhus* eagerly pursuing every shadow that flatter'd his Ambition, fed Hope with Hope, lost what he had by catching at what he had not, always in Motion, incapable of Rest, and when Fortune offer'd him at the same time two Fields for the performance of great Actions, he was more afflicted at the loss of the One than satisfied with the possession of the Other.

Marius's Ambition was altogether as excessive, and unwarrantable. By Birth poor, and of obscure Parentage, neither the immense Riches he had acquired, which might have been sufficient for Sovereign Princes, nor the Gain of so many Battles, nor two Triumphs, nor seven Consulates, which were more than any Man had obtained before him, nor in short those divine Honours which were paid to him in private, and were the more sincere, as they were remote from Ostentation, and consequently from Flattery, all These cou'd not satisfy him; he thought himself as naked as if he had obtained nothing of what he had desired. When he was seventy Years old he cou'd not bear with Patience to have another General named for the War against *Mitbridates*; he
was

was for wasting the Dregs of Life in *Asia*, and entering the Lists against the King's Lieutenants. His Mind was so possessed with this Thought, that in the Deliriums of his last Sickness That was uppermost, and he died raving in an imaginary Combat with *Mitbridates*.

It may be said perhaps in his Justification, that having so lately, when he was sixty five years old, gain'd a signal Victory over the Confederates, and made it appear in the course of that War, that the weakness of his Body, of which he complain'd, had not impair'd his Understanding, or lessened the Vigour of his Mind, it ought not to appear strange that he shou'd in so little a time after think himself still capable of serving his Country, and in a Condition to march against *Mitbridates*, especially since at that Age he was able to undergo the Fatigues of the *Campus Martius*, and cou'd shew a Body agile, and proper for the Feats of Arms. How many Commanders have there been who served their Country profitably, and in an Age more advanced performed many gallant Actions! But This wou'd be a frivolous Excuse. For if *Marius* had had nothing else in View but to devote his Age to the Service of his Country, he ought to have waited 'till he had been named by the People, and not have enter'd into Cabals, much less used the destructive Offices of a bold seditious Tribune, and by clashing with *Sylla*, push *Rome* upon the brink of Ruin.

This unmeasurable Ambition, which was the Spring of all *Marius's* Actions, as well as Those of *Pyrrbus*, makes it clearly evident that the Moral Virtues belonged neither to the One, nor the Other. However it may be said that in This *Marius* came infinitely short of *Pyrrbus*. That Prince had several amiable Qualities; he was grateful, never forgetting any good Office that had been done him, but impatient till he had returned it; and when the unexpected Death of Those who had served him had taken out of his Power the means of acknowledgment, he looked on it as a loss never to be recovered. It is true, he is charged with Ingratitude, and Infidelity

Infidelity towards the Cities in *Sicily*, which had received him, and towards those two Officers *Sostratus* and *Tbonon*, who had done him such signal Services, and it is a difficult point to justify him, for he used those Cities like a Tyrant. He put *Tbonon* to death, and had done the same by *Sostratus*; if He, perceiving his Coldness towards him, had not secured himself by Flight, But These Actions must be consider'd as flowing not so much from the Spirit of Ingratitude as an Excess of Ambition. The violent desire he had of conquering *Africa* had stifled in his Mind the Remembrance of all the Services he had receiv'd from those Cities, and those Friends; for in the Heart of an ambitious Person every Virtue is subordinate to that unbounded Ambition. This is the only Instance wherein *Pyrrhus* can be accused of Ingratitude; in all Others he made it appear, that he had a Mind truly grateful. But That which is most remarkable, and includes a profitable Admonition to all Princes and Governors, is, that this Ingratitude alone lost him *Sicily*, to drive him out of which the *Sicilians* confederated with the *Cartbaginians*, with the very People against Whom they had called for his Assistance.

But we meet with nothing like This in *Marius*, who never gave any Instance of Gratitude; his Behaviour to his Patron *Herennius*, who in order to serve him refused to witness against him, as against his Client, and his Usage of *Metellus* the very next day after *Metellus* had laid for him the Foundation of his Fortune, by choosing him for his Lieutenant, are undeniable Testimonies of his Ingratitude.

Pyrrhus was gentle, and not easily provoked, *Marius* was passionate and inexorable. It is true, *Pyrrhus* murder'd *Neoptolemus* at a Feast in his own Palace, after he had associated him in the Kingdom; but in This he was only beforehand with *Neoptolemus*, who was in a Plot against him. Whereas *Marius* was always ready to destroy not only his Enemies, and Competitors, but the most Unknown, and even the most Innocent. *Lutatius Catulus* had been his Collegue in the Consulate, had com-

manded the Army, and triumphed with him; besides This he was a good Man, and had sacrificed his own Honour to That of his Country. *Marius* never cou'd forgive him his good Fortune, in having contributed more than Himself to the Defeat of the *Cimbri*; he resolved he shou'd die, and he must put an end to his own Life. His Behaviour in the case of *Turpilius*, who was accused of delivering up the City of *Vacca* to *Jugurtha*, is still more execrable; he was One of the Judges at his Trial when he was condemn'd to die, and it appearing afterwards, when it was too late, that he was innocent, the other Judges were struck with Remorse for what they had done; *Marius* was the only Man who rejoiced at it, boasting of it as of a brave Action, and bragging every where that He was the Person, who had obliged the Consul *Metellus* to pronounce an unjust Decree, and had thereby fastned on his Conscience an avenging Fury that wou'd be every Moment tormenting him. Fool that he was! to think an avenging Fury haunted *Metellus*, who, as Consul, had done no more than pronounce a Decree, which had been carried against his Opinion; and not apprehended One more dreadful in his own Bosom, who had been the Author, and Promoter of that Decree.

Soon after This enormous Action he did Another of a contrary Nature, which can never be too much admired. *Trebonius* had killed his Nephew; and there was not a Man but believed that to kill the Nephew of such a General as *Marius*, a Person so passionate, so revengeful, and unjust, tho' done upon never so strong Provocations, was of all Crimes the most capital; and yet *Marius* did not only acquit *Trebonius*, but honour'd him with a Crown, which he presented him with his own Hands in Approbation of the Action. Happy had he been if he had thus sacrificed his own Life, not to his ambitious and self-interested Views, but to Wisdom and Virtue.

There is not to be found in the Life of *Pyrrhus* any Act of Justice so signal and exemplary, as was This in *Marius*; but we find in it many Instances of a strong
 regard

regard for Virtue and Prudence, and it is no common piece of Merit in a Prince to distinguish and countenance Men of Virtue. The Esteem *Pyrrhus* expressed for *Fabrizius*, the Distinction wherewith he always treated him, and the generous Offers he made him when he invited him into his Service, plainly show how much he was taken with Virtue, Magnanimity, and Wisdom, Qualities in no esteem with *Marius*.

If we wou'd inquire into the Cause of this difference between them in that respect, it is very obvious, it was their Education. *Pyrrhus* had been well trained in his Youth, he had been at *Athens*; and it is not doubted but Philosophy, which, generally speaking, had open'd the Eyes of Mankind, had in some degree enlightned Him. Of This his Conversation at Table with *Cyneas*, and *Fabrizius*, is a sufficient Proof; whereas *Marius* passed the Stage of Life which is most proper for Education, and Instruction, in a rustick Obscurity, without any sort of Breeding, which implanted in him such an utter Aversion to the *Greek* Language that he cou'd never be brought to endure it. Now it is a certain Rule that an Aversion to the Muses never passeth with Impunity. He was like a rank Soil, which for want of Culture produces more unwholsom Herbs than Useful. That Rusticity, that Fierceness, that Ignorance of what was good and beneficial, which stuck to him through the whole Course of his Life, were the effects of that unhappy Aversion. This was the Source of that unbounded Licentiousness in Authority, that low and timorous Spirit in the popular Assemblies, where he always sacrificed Virtue to Fortune, on purpose to make his Court to Those who cou'd either advance, or debase him, and all those other Vices, which made him unhappy even in the highest pitch of his Elevation.

Deceit was his favourite Talent. In This he made the greatest share of Virtue and Ability to consist; nay, he prophaned even the Sanctuary of Justice with it; what he did in full Senate on purpose to entrap *Metellus* was an Action of so vile a Nature as wou'd suffice to

blacken the Character of a Man wife in all other refpects, if Wifdom is any where to be found without Juftice.

It is true *Pyrrhus* was not entirely clear of this Vice. He may juftly be reproached with what he faid to the *Spartan* Ambaffadors, when upon his entring at the Head of his Army into *Peloponnefus* he affured them that he was only come to fet thofe Cities free that had been feized by *Antigonus*, and that he had a Design to fend his younger Children to *Lacedæmon* for the benefit of their Education. So downright a Lye as This admits of no manner of Excufe. *Plato* was in the right when he faid that a Prince, or General, might be allowed to lye to their Enemies, but to Enemies fo declared. He is not to be underftood but of fuch Lies, as War authorifeth. He tells us likewise that a Man may lye and impofe upon his Fellow-Citizens, but it muft be in fuch a manner as a Phyfician impofeth upon his Patient.

Of all the wicked Actions charged upon *Marius* the moft criminal and abominable was That of going into *Afia* on purpofe to excite the Kings againft *Rome*, and draw new Wars upon her, to the end ſhe might in that preffing Danger be obliged once more to choofe Him for her General. All other Crimes are included in This alone. What an unhappy Thirft of Glory, what a Madnefs is it for a Man to facrifice his Country to his Ambition !

It is not therefore to be wonder'd at if a Man fo paffionate, fo fierce, fo totally poffeffed with a defire of Rule, ſhou'd plunge himfelf in the clofe of Life into all forts of Cruelty and Injuftice. Men of his outrageous Temper, when once they have broke through the Bounds and Obligations of Juftice, grow too headftiong for any other Ties ; the greateft excefs of Iniquity becomes neceffary, for they cannot affure to themfelves Impunity for their firft Transgreffions without the help of the Latter. To This was owing that Deluge of Blood, with which *Rome* was overflowed towards the end of *Marius* his Life ; And of what Blood ! the chief of the Senate, Perſons

Persons of the greatest Worth fell Victims to his unbounded Fury; the Swords of the *Cimbri* wou'd not have been so cruel.

We find nothing like This in the Life of *Pyrrhus*: if, notwithstanding his personal Courage, he was inferior to *Marius* in warlike Exploits, he was infinitely superior to him in every thing relating to civil Life. In other Respects the Conformity between them is very great, with this difference that One begun, and the Other ended his Life in Misery.

Pyrrhus was in a manner born a Fugitive, carry'd for Refuge to the Court of a foreign Prince, where his Enemies demanded him to be deliver'd up to Destruction. *Marius* met with this Reverse in his later Days, after his sixth Consulate.

Twelve Years after *Pyrrhus* was restored to the Throne of his Ancestors, and five Years after That he lost it again through his own Folly, going out of his Dominions upon a frivolous Occasion. *Marius*, tho' not so well educated as *Pyrrhus*, wou'd never have committed an Error so contrary to good Policy.

It may be said that all Men are fond of Dreams and Omens, that is in a word, of Divination. It is a Weakness rooted in Nature, which is ever inquisitive, and desirous to look into Futurity. But this Fondness appears more conspicuous in Persons of the first Rank, who act in the highest Spheres, either because they are really touched with this Infatuation as well as Others, or pretend to it out of Policy for the better carrying on of their Designs. *Pyrrhus* found himself much encouraged by a Dream, wherein he fancied *Alexander* appeared to him, and promised him his Assistance. At another time he dreamt he was darting Thunderbolts upon *Lacedæmon*, and verily thought he shou'd take it the next day by Assault. But this Dream contain'd a quite different Interpretation, as appeared by the Event. On the other hand, he was alarmed at the Omen before *Argos*, when the Heads of the Oxen that had been sacrificed, and which lay on the Ground, thrust out their

Tongues, and licked up their own Blood. And in the City of *Argos* he no sooner beheld the brazen Wolf and Bull encountering each other, but recalling to mind an ancient Oracle, which threatened him with approaching Death whenever he saw those two Animals engaged in Fight, he thought of retiring, and dropping his Enterprize.

Marius was touch'd with the same Credulity. He carried up and down with him a *Syrian* Prophetess, for whom he exprest the highest Esteem and Veneration. The two Vulturs that appeared to the Army every time he was to obtain some important Victory, flatter'd him agreeably. To comfort him in the greatest of his Misfortunes he remember'd the Explication the Diviners had given to a Prodigy which had happen'd to him in his Childhood, when an Eagle let fall into his Robe an Airy, wherein were seven young ones; and on the Coast of *Africa* the sight of two Scorpions fighting seem'd to foretel him that the Way he was in wou'd prove dangerous. For this Reason he quitted it, and got very seasonably on board a Fishing Vessel. It was not therefore without reason said that *Marius* his Confidence in Divination had preserved him. *Pyrrbus*, who reposed the like Confidence in it, had been saved too, if he had had time to withdraw, as he intended, upon sight of the Brazen Wolf, and Bull. But those Signs were too decisive, and cou'd not be eluded, for as he said Himself on another Occasion, *Destiny is unavoidable.*

That terrible Air which Nature had imprinted in both their Countenances was most discernible in Both on almost the same Occasion, but with very different Effect. The *Gaul* sent to kill *Marius* as he lay in his Chamber at *Minturnæ* saw as it were Lightning sparkling from his Eyes, whereupon he flung away his Sword, and fled.

Pyrrbus recovering out of the Swoon occasion'd by a Wound which he receiv'd from the Fall of a Tile flung upon him, with one Look so terrified the Soldier, who that

that Moment had rais'd his Sword in order to cut off his Head, that he cou'd not take a right aim, so that it was with much Terror and Difficulty he executed his purpose.

Their End was very different. *Pyrrhus* fell unhappily in a Fight in the middle of the City of *Argos*, wounded by a Woman, and killed outright by a Soldier, who cut off his Head. But *Marius*, notwithstanding all the Cruelties he had exercised, still thirsting after Blood, died in his Bed. But this Death, which appear'd compos'd and natural, was in reality more tragical than That of *Pyrrhus*; for he pass'd the last days of his Life under such Anxieties and Terrors, that he cou'd enjoy no Rest either by Day or Night. He died equally tormented with the Remembrance of the Past, the Sense of the Present, and the Fear of the Future. That avenging Fury, which he wou'd have delivered over to *Metellus*, began to punish Him in this Life, and call him to a severe Account for all the Blood he had spilt. So true is what *Plato* saith, that the Impious and Wicked at the Approach of Death begin to fear every thing, of which they had made a Mock before: Then does Dread and Distrust seize them, Remorse torments them, and their only Companion, whether asleep or awake, is Despair. Whereas that Person who can reproach himself for nothing, and who has spent his Life in Innocency, is always full of comfortable Hope, which *Pindar* calls the tender Nurse of old Men. They, saith he, who have walked in the Ways of Purity and Justice, are always possessed with that comfortable Hope, which rejoiceth the Heart, that comfortable Hope which is the tender Nurse of Age, and more especially governs the sickle Mind of Mortals. For it is an incontestable Truth that a happy old Age is a Crown of Glory, and is no where to be found but in the Paths of Justice.





THE
L I F E
O F
L Y S A N D E R.

IN a Treasury of the *Acantbii* at *Delpbi*, this is one of the Inscriptions, *BRASIDAS AND THE ACANTHII TOOK THIS FROM THE ATHENIANS.* From hence Many are of Opinion, that the Marble Statue within the Temple Door was design'd for *Brasidas*; but 'tis rather *Lysander's*, whom it represents exactly with his Hair in its full growth, and a long comely Beard, Both after the old *Lacedæmonian* Fashion. The account of this Custom is not to be placed so low, as some People would have it; it not being true, that the *Argives* shav'd themselves for Grief, after a great Overthrow; and that the *Spartans*, on the contrary, flush'd with Victory, let their Hair grow beyond its usual length; neither can we allow, that because the *Bacchiadae*, when they fled from *Corinth* to *Lacedæmon*, seem'd mean and despicable, upon account of their being shav'd, the *Lacedæmonians* for that reason began to esteem long Hair. For this Custom may be trac'd very easily from *Lycurgus*,

Lycurgus, who used to say, That long Hair made band-
som Men appear more beautiful to the Eye, and the Un-
bandsom more terrible.

'Tis generally agreed, that *Aristoclitus*, *Lysander's*
Father, though he was not immediately descended from
Royal Ancestors, was, however, some way related to
the Family of the *Heraclidæ*. As for *Lysander*, he was
bred up under much hardship, and behav'd himself all
along with a due respect to the Discipline and Manners
of his Country. He was Brave, and superior to all
temptations of Pleasure, That alone excepted which
arose from a Sense of Honour, and the Applause that
attends just and generous Actions; and to indulge this
Pleasure was very excusable at *Sparta*, where their
Youth were fir'd with an early desire of Glory, taught
to be dejected under Disgrace, and rais'd by Commen-
dation. And He that was insensible of These, was
look'd upon as one of a mean Spirit, and incapable of
aspiring to any thing that's Great or Manly. That
Emulation then and thirst after Fame, which appear'd
in the whole course of *Lysander's* Life, we have no
reason to blame Him for; it came from his Country
and Education: But a Fault he had which was purely
his own; He paid too servile a deference, and more
than became a *Spartan*, to Great Men; and where his
Interest was concern'd, bore the Frowns of Men in
Authority something too patiently. Which, however,
by Some is reckon'd no small part of Policy.

Aristotle, where he observes that great Wits are ge-
nerally inclin'd to Melancholy (instancing in *Socrates*,
Plato, and *Hercules*) says too, that *Lysander*, though
not in his Youth, was in his declining Age subject to
it. But That which peculiarly distinguish'd his Cha-
racter, was the way he had of making Poverty sit well
upon him, and of keeping his Mind steady and un-
tainted under the greatest affluence. For he reserv'd
nothing for Himself out of all those Spoils of Gold
and Silver that he brought from the *Attick* War, but
liberally dispers'd them among his Country-men, who
upon

upon this increase of Riches began to value them as much as they despis'd them before. Another Instance of his generous Disposition was This: when *Dionysius* the Tyrant wou'd have presented his Daughters with some Garments of a rich Embroidery, he refused them, with that handsom Excuse, *That they were fit only to make unhappy Faces more remarkable*: But this Temper wore off by degrees; for being sent Ambassador some time after to the same Tyrant, who offer'd him two Vests, and desired him to make choice of That he liked best for his Daughter, he reply'd, *My Daughter knows better how to choose than I do*; and so took them Both.

After a long continuance of the *Peloponnesian War*, when the *Athenians* had receiv'd a great Blow in *Sicily*, and were under fearful Apprehensions of a total Overthrow both by Sea and Land, *Alcibiades* being recall'd from Banishment, managed the War with such Success, that he quickly changed the whole Scene of Affairs, and after some Engagements, made the *Athenians* equal in Naval Power to the *Lacedæmonians*, who now began to be sensible of their dangerous Condition, and were resolv'd to exert themselves more vigorously. They knew this Design requir'd great Preparations, and a bold Commander. After the strictest enquiry, they found None of more ability for this Service than *Lyfander*.

In discharge of this new Office he went to *Ephesus*, and found that City particularly well inclin'd to him, and withal wholly in the Interest of the *Lacedæmonians*, though at that time in a very uncomfortable Situation; for it was in danger of being overrun with the barbarous Customs of the *Persians*, by reason of their frequent Commerce with them, being situated opportunely enough to invite the great Officers of that Kingdom often to reside there. This kind reception he met with from the *Ephesians*, engag'd him to pitch his Tents among 'em. He commanded all Victuallers to be brought into their Harbour, and built a Dock for his capital

capital Ships; and by this means their Ports were frequented by Merchants, their Exchange was full of business, and their Shops had a plentiful Trade; so that this City is so far obliged to *Lysander*, that it ought to date from that time the hope and rise of the greatness and splendor with which it now flourishes. But hearing that *Cyrus* was now at *Sardis*, he went thither chiefly to acquaint him with the Treachery of *Tissaphernes*, who though he had a Commission to assist the *Lacedæmonians* against the *Athenians*, upon some solicitation from *Alcibiades* (as it was suspected) acted remissly, and by neglecting to pay his Soldiers, had occasion'd the ruin of his Fleet. *Cyrus* was easily persuaded to believe the truth of this Accusation, for he had before heard an ill Character of *Tissaphernes*, and was Himself particularly disoblig'd by him. *Lysander*, by these means, and the Opportunities he had of being familiar with the young Prince, entirely gain'd his Affections, and by affable Conversation, and due Respect, engag'd him strongly on his side. *Cyrus*, to shew how great a kindness he had for *Lysander*, after he had splendidly entertain'd him, desir'd him to deal freely, and assur'd him, whatsoever he ask'd should be granted. *Lysander* was so modest as only to ask a small addition to the Sea-men's Pay, *Cyrus* was taken with this generous Answer, and made him a Present of ten thousand Pieces of Silver. *Lysander* manag'd this to the best advantage, and out of his own Stock liberally increased their Wages; by this Encouragement to his Soldiers, in a short time he quite wasted the Enemy's Fleet, for many of the common Soldiers were glad to go over to that Party where the most Money was stirring; and those few that staid behind behav'd themselves with a great deal of Indifferency to their Officers, and often mutiny'd. Though he had thus drain'd and weaken'd his Adversaries, he durst not engage 'em, because *Alcibiades*, who was their Admiral, had the advantage of him in the number of Ships, and had been better experienc'd,

perienç'd, and hitherto more successful in whatever Enterprize he undertook either by Sea or Land.

Alcibiades having occasion to go from *Samos* to *Phœæa*, left *Antiochus* his Vice-Admiral, who to upbraid and provoke *Lysander*, sail'd to the very Mouth of the Harbour at *Ephesus*, and impudently pass'd by him with a great deal of noise and scorn. *Lysander*, who was too high-spirited not to resent this open Affront, with two or three Ships immediately pursu'd him; but when he saw fresh Supplies come to the relief of *Antiochus*, he call'd up more to his assistance, and in a little time the whole Fleet was engaged. *Lysander* soon got the better, took fifteen of their Ships, and set up a Trophy. The People of *Athens* were highly displeas'd at *Alcibiades*, and turn'd him out of their Service, who being now disrespected and slightly spoken of by the Soldiers in *Samos*, left the Army, and withdrew into the *Thracian Chersonese*. This Fight was no farther considerable than as *Alcibiades*'s Misfortune made it so.

Lysander, while he had a little respite, sent a choice number of bold and prudent Men to *Ephesus*, with Instructions to form themselves into Companies, and apply themselves to Policy and Business, upon promise, that as soon as the *Athenian* Government was broken, their Democracy shou'd be dissolv'd, and They made Governors in their respective Cities; by this Contrivance he secretly made way for the *Decemviri*, and all other Innovations which afterwards succeeded in that Commonwealth: For he kept his word with his Friends, and Those who had been of Service to him, whom he promoted to the highest Honours and Preferments, by which he did in a manner make Himself an Accomplice with them in all their Injustice and Oppression. So every body endeavour'd to ingratiate themselves with *Lysander*; to Him only People made their Court and Application, and promis'd themselves all that was Great or Honourable, while the chief Power of the Republick was lodg'd in Him. Wherefore as soon as he left 'em they were very uneasy under his Successor *Callicratidas*.

tidas, whose Actions indeed shew'd him to be Great and Just; yet the People were all along discontented with his Conduct, which savour'd too much of *Dorick* plainness, as they call'd it, that is, true Honesty and Sincerity. 'Tis true, they admir'd his Virtue as Men do the Beauty of some Hero's Statue, but their Desires all this while were bent upon *Lysander*, the loss of whose Favour and Benevolence they were so sensible of, that some of 'em express'd their Concern with Tears. Nay, he drew off their Affections yet more from *Callicratidas*, for he sent back to *Cyrus* the residue of that Money he had receiv'd from him for the Soldiers Pay, and scornfully said, *Let us see now how you, Callicratidas, can support the Charges of the Army. I have resign'd that Fleet to you which commands the whole Ocean.* This empty and affected Vanity, *Callicratidas* thus handsomely reprov'd. *If it be so, steer with that Fleet which commands the whole Ocean, to the left, and passing by the Athenian Navy at Samos, meet Me at Miletus and there resign your Command. For if it be that victorious Fleet You represent it, You have nothing to fear from the Enemy in your Passage.* No, says *Lysander*, *I have done with it now, 'tis wholly under your Conduct;* so he sail'd off for *Peloponnesus*.

Callicratidas was left in great perplexity, for he had brought no Money from home with him, neither cou'd he raise Any; for the People had been too much oppress'd already, to endure another Tax. The only refuge he had was to beg Supplies, as *Lysander* had done, from some foreign Prince. And he was the most unqualified of any Man for this employ, for he was of so Noble and Generous a Spirit, that he cou'd sooner brook Slavery under a *Grecian* Enemy, than bring himself to flatter and caress a *Barbarian*, who had nothing to value himself upon but his Gold. However Necessity forc'd him to *Lydia*, and when he came to *Cyrus's* Palace, he bid one of the Attendants tell him, *Callicratidas*, the *Grecian* Admiral was come to wait upon him. The Servant reply'd, *The King is not at leisure*.

now, he's drinking. Well, says *Callicratidas*, I'll stay 'till he has done. The *Lydians* upon this Answer took him for some ill-bred Clown. So when he saw himself laugh'd at, and slighted by the *Barbarians*, he withdrew a-while, but upon his return not gaining admission, he resented it so highly, that he went immediately to *Ephesus*, reflecting with indignation upon those mean Wretches that first cring'd to *Barbarians*, and encourag'd 'em to be proud, only because they were rich; he farther protested to some of his Friends, that as soon as he arriv'd at *Sparta*, he wou'd make it his business to reconcile the differences among the *Greeks*, and unite 'em against the *Barbarians*, or at least persuade 'em so far, as never to accept Assistance from their hands against one another. These resolutions indeed were worthy of *Callicratidas*, whose Virtue and Bravery were not inferior to the greatest of the *Grecians*, but he was unhappily taken off, after he had lost the Victory at *Arginusa*, before he cou'd put 'em in execution.

The prospect of Affairs looking now very dismally, the *Confederates* sent an Ambassy to *Sparta* to desire that *Lysander* might be chosen Admiral, expressing very earnestly the great confidence they had of Success under his Conduct. *Cyrus* too dispatch'd Letters thither to the same effect. Now there was a Law among the *Lacedæmonians* that oblig'd 'em never to confer that Command twice upon the same Person, yet they were desirous to gratify their Allies; so they gave one *Acacus* the Title, but Him the Power. This News was receiv'd with great satisfaction by the most leading Men in the several Cities: For he had long since rais'd their expectations, and given 'em hopes, that the Democracy shou'd soon be put down, and the whole Government devolve upon Them.

Whoever takes an impartial view of these two Generals, will find in *Callicratidas* an open and sincere Carriage, in *Lysander* Craft and Cunning, for he ow'd most of his success in War to some underhand trick, and never scrupled to prefer Interest to Honesty; he thought

Nature

Nature had fix'd no difference between Truth and Falshood, and so made Interest the measure of both. When he was told, it was below the character of one descended from *Hercules*, to rely upon Stratagems in War, he turn'd it off with a Jest, and said, *When the Lion's strength fails, we must take in the Fox's subtilty.* He gave a remarkable instance of his disposition this way at *Miletus*. For when his Friends whom he had promis'd to help in subverting the present Government, had chang'd their Opinions, and sided with the contrary Party, he pretended openly to be much pleas'd with their proceedings, and to desire a reconciliation, but secretly thus contrived their ruin. First he provok'd 'em to set upon the Multitude, and as soon as they had rais'd a tumult he Himself came up to the Head of 'em, and in the Ears of the common People gave 'em a severe reprimand, but privately fomented the disturbance, and assur'd 'em of his assistance. This treacherous management of his encourag'd the Rebels to stay in the City, where they were all kill'd just as he had design'd. *Androclides* takes notice that this deceitful temper ran through the whole course of his Life; and it is said it was a Maxim of His, *that Children were to be cheated with Play-things, and Men with Perjury.* In which he follow'd the Example of *Polycrates* of *Samos*; though it is inexcusable in a General to imitate a Tyrant, and very disagreeable to the Character of a *Spartan* to use his Gods more contemptibly than he does his Enemies; for He that over-reaches his Adversary by a false Oath, declares he fears Him, and despises the Gods.

Cyrus having sent for *Lysander* to *Sardis* furnish'd him with a round Sum of Money upon the Spot, and promis'd him a great deal more, assuring him that if his Father shou'd refuse to advance any he wou'd plentifully supply him out of his own Fortune, rather than he shou'd want, and when every thing else fail'd, he wou'd melt down the Throne, on which he sat to execute Justice, and which was all of massy Gold, and

Silver. And before he left *Sardis* to attend his Father in *Media*, he assign'd him all the Customs and Revenues of the Cities, intrusted him with the Government of the Provinces, and taking him in his Arms conjur'd him not to engage with the *Athenians* 'till his return, promising to bring with him a powerful Fleet out of *Phœnicia* and *Cilicia*.

When the Prince was gone, *Lyfander* thought he had too few Ships to encounter the Enemy with, and too many to lie still; so he cruis'd about some neighbouring Islands, and surpris'd *Ægina*, and *Salamis*, from whence he steer'd his course to *Attica*, where he waited upon *Agis*, who was come down from *Decelea* to the Coast to shew his Land Forces what a galant Navy he had, which made him Master of the Sea beyond his Expectation. But *Lyfander* hearing that the *Athenians* pursu'd him, made off, not without some confusion, towards *Asia*, and finding the *Hellepont* open without any guard, he attack'd *Lampsacus* by Sea whilst *Thorax* at the same time besieg'd it by Land, and as soon as the Town was storm'd, he gave his Soldiers the plunder of it. In the mean while the *Athenian* Fleet, consisting of an hundred and eighty Sail, were shaping their Course for *Eleus* a City of *Chersonesus*, but having intelligence that *Lampsacus* was taken, they alter'd their measures and put in at *Sestos*; whence after they had taken in Provisions, they went to the River *Egos Potamos*, where they were just opposite to the Enemy, who still lay at Anchor near *Lampsacus*. Amongst the *Athenian* Commanders *Philocles* was One, the same who once persuaded the People to make an Order to cut off the Right Thumb of every Prisoner taken in War, to the end they might be disabled from managing any Weapon, and yet be serviceable to 'em in handling the Oar. The two Navies were now in sight, and every Body expected an Engagement the next Morning; but *Lyfander* had quite other designs; he commanded all the Seamen on board, as if they were to fight by break of day, and gave 'em a strict charge to be in readiness upon the first signal;

signal; he gave the same orders to the Land-Forces who lay upon the shore: About Sun-rising the *Athenian* Fleet drew up in a line directly before the *Lacedæmonians*, and gave the challenge; but *Lysander*, tho' his Ships had all their Complement aboard the whole Night, and stood facing the Enemy, wou'd not accept of it, but on the contrary sent Orders by his Pinnaces to those Ships which were in the Van not to stir, but remain in the same Posture without making the least Motion.

Towards the Evening, when the *Athenians* retir'd, he wou'd not suffer one Man to land, 'till two or three Gallies that he had sent to look out were returned, and had reported that they saw the Enemy disembark. The next day the same Game was play'd over again, and so for three or four days together. This made the *Athenians* very confident, and presumptuous; they look'd on their Enemies with Contempt, as a parcel of Cowards that dar'd not peep out of their Hole for Fear.

During these Transactions *Alcibiades* came on Horseback out of *Cbersonesus* to the Camp of the *Athenians*, and shew'd to their Generals two material Oversights. The First was, that they had station'd their Ships near a naked Shore, without Cover, or Shelter; the Other, that they were at too great a distance from *Sestos*, from whence they were forced to fetch all their Provisions; he represented to them that their only way was to sail thither without loss of time; for besides that they cou'd then be supply'd plentifully from thence with whatever they wanted, and without running the least Hazard, they wou'd be at a safer Distance from the Enemy, whose Army being under the Command of a single General, was so obedient, and so well-disciplin'd, that at the first signal they were prepared, and in a Condition to put their Orders in execution, whatever they might be. The *Athenian* Generals made no Account of these Representations of *Alcibiades*; on the contrary *Tydeus*, who was one of them, told him in a contumelious manner, *He was not General, but the Power was with*

Them, who knew best how to make a right use of it. Alcibiades suspecting by this Answer that they meant him no good, retir'd.

When he was gone they offer'd Battle as they had done several times before, but to no purpose; *Lysander*, when he saw 'em returning with disdain and (as they thought) security to their Harbours, dispatch'd some few light Vessels to observe their motion, and bid the Captains row back as soon as ever they saw the *Atbenians* land, and lift up the Golden Shield from the fore Deck, upon which Sign he would immediately make up to them. Afterwards he gave orders to the Officers in the Fleet diligently to look after the Soldiers and Mariners, and take care they shou'd be all ready to run in briskly upon the Enemy, at the first sight of the Shield. By that time he had given his instructions, the sign immediately appeared, and the Trumpet from the Admiral sounded to Battle, the Ships set sail, and the Land-men marched up along the shore to the Promontory. The distance between the two Continents was fifteen Furlongs, but the Seamen were so eager and industrious, that they soon reach'd the opposite shore. *Conon* the chief Captain of the *Atbenians* was the First that descri'd them, and made what haste he cou'd, to get his Soldiers on board. He was very sensible of the Danger wherewith they were threatned, wherefore Some he commanded, Some he perswaded, and Others he forc'd into the Ships; but all his endeavours were in vain, his Men, not in the least suspecting any Surprise, were dispers'd; one Party was walking in the Fields, another slept in their Tents, a third was gone to Market. All This was owing to the Inexperience of the Commanders; who did not trouble themselves with thinking what might happen, and so keep upon the Guard against all Events. When the Noise and Cries of the *Lacedæmonians* drew very near, and the Enemy were just upon their Backs, *Conon* made his Escape with eight Ships to *Evagoras* King of Cyprus. The *Peloponnesians* fell upon Those that remain'd,

main'd, and either took or disabled 'em All. Those Soldiers that came to the relief of the Navy were slain in the attempt, Those that thought to make their escape by flight, were pursu'd and taken. *Lysander* took three thousand Prisoners with their Commanders, and seiz'd the whole Fleet, except the Admiral Gally, and those few Ships that convey'd *Conon* to *Evagoras*. Thus after he had compleated this famous Victory by his own Counsel and Conduct, and in the space of an Hour, with such unexpected success, put an end to that War, which had been so long depending, and in which more *Grecians* lost their Lives, than in all the Former, he return'd in Triumph to *Lampsacus*.

For which Reason this Action, consider'd in all its Circumstances, was so surprizing that it was thought a particular Providence was concerned in it. Some say *Castor* and *Pollux* placed themselves on each side *Lysander's* Ship, and attended this affair with extraordinary influence. Others fancy'd a Stone, that seem'd to fall from Heaven, to be an Omen of this overthrow. It was of a vast bigness, and fell by the River *Egos*. The Inhabitans of the *Cbersonese* hold it in great Veneration, and shew it among their Curiosities to this Day. It is farther said that *Anaxagoras* had foretold that One of those Bodies which are fixt to the Vault of Heaven shou'd one day be loosened by a violent Shock, or Convulsion of the whole Machine, and fall to the Earth. For he taught that the Stars were not now in the same Places, where they had been first form'd; and that being of a stony substance, heavy, and of a smooth Superficies, the Light they seem'd to give was not their Own, but a Reflection, and Refraction from the *Æther*, or elementary Fire; that they were kept aloft by the rapid Motion of the Heavens, which at first thrust them out, when the Violence of the Primitive general Whirl separated the cold ponderous Bodies from the other Substances, and still hinder'd them from falling back to the Centre.

But some Philosophers maintain an Opinion more likely, and credible than That of *Anaxagoras*. They hold that the Stars which are seen to fall, are not the Emanations, or Effluxes of the elementary Fire, which go out the very Moment they are kindled, or lighted; much less a Blaze, or Inflammation of several Particles of Air bursting out from under a too close and narrow Compression, and darting into the upper Region; but that they really are Some of those heavenly Bodies, which from a momentary Relaxation of the rapidity of the Vortex, or some extraordinary excentrical Motion, are shook, as it were, out of their Sockets, and fall to the Earth, not always upon Places inhabited, but generally into the vast Ocean, which is the Reason we do not see them.

However this Opinion of *Anaxagoras* is confirm'd by the Testimony of *Damachus*, who in his Treatise of Religion tells us that for seventy five days together before the Fall of that Stone, there was seen in the Heavens a large Globe of Fire, not fixt and immoveable, but like an inflamed Cloud agitated this way and That by Motions contrary and irregular, but so rapid that with the Violence thereof several fiery Fragments were forced from it, impell'd some one way and some Another, darting like Lightning, or so many falling Stars. So soon as the Globe had lighted on that Place, and the Inhabitants recover'd from their Fright had ventur'd towards it, they cou'd find no inflamable Matter, or the least sign of Fire, but a real Stone, which tho' of an extraordinary Size, yet was nothing in comparison to that fiery Globe, which appear'd at first, but seem'd no more than a Bit as it were crumbled from it. But They must have a good Opinion of the Veracity of *Damachus*, who can swallow this Account. If it be true, it overthrows the Assertion of Those who tell us that this Stone was a great Rock rent from the Ridge of some Mountain, and born for some time through the Air by the violence of the Wind, and that it settled in the first Place where that Force and Violence began to abate,

and

and leave it. But why may We not in short conclude that That which appear'd for so many days together was really a Globe of Fire, and that when it became extinguish'd and dissipated it produced a thorough Change in the Air, and rais'd such a violent Storm or Whirlwind as to force this Stone from its native Station, and carry it to the place where it afterwards settled? But these are Subjects proper for Inquiries of another nature.

Theophrastus tells us that *Lysander*, when the three thousand *Athenians*, which he took Prisoners, were condemned to Death by the Council, call'd *Philocles* and asked him what Punishment he thought that Man deserved, who advis'd the Citizens to proceed so severely against the *Grecians*? *Philocles* not at all daunted in his Adversity, reply'd, *That point is not now in judgment, do You use Your Prisoners as I wou'd have us'd You, if You had been Mine.* After this bold answer, with all gaiety and cheerfulness he led on his Countrymen, as if he had been going rather to a Triumph, than his Execution.

When this Tragedy was over, *Lysander* visited all the neighbouring Cities, and commanded all the *Athenians* he found, upon pain of Death, to repair to *Athens*. His design was This, that the City being thus thronged might soon be reduced to Famine, and glad to surrender upon discretion, as soon as he open'd the Siege. Wherever he came he chang'd the present Government of the place, and put in a *Lacedæmonian* as Chief, with ten other Assistants. Thus he dealt not only with his Enemies, but his Allies, and by this means had in a manner engross'd to Himself the whole Empire of *Greece*. He did not employ the Nobility or the wealthy Citizens in any part of the Government, but put it into the Hands either of private Friends or Strangers, and intrusted Them with full Power of Life and Death. Many were executed whilst he was present, and whoever express'd any dislike of his Friends proceedings were sure to meet with very hard usage. This management gave the *Greeks* an

ill Opinion of the *Lacedæmonian* Government. So that *Theopompus* was a little out in his mark, when by way of drollery he compar'd the *Lacedæmonians* to Vintners, who whilst they pretend to entertain us with sweet Wine give it a dash of Vinegar; for *Lysander* at the very first setting out intolerably oppressed them by his Ambitious and Tyrannical Offices.

Having settled Affairs here according to his mind, and dispatch'd Messengers to tell the *Lacedæmonians*, that he shou'd return to them with two hundred Sail in a very short time, he appear'd before *Attica*, with such assurance, as if he thought of nothing less than the immediate surrender of the City. But when he found the *Athenians* made a vigorous defence beyond his expectation, he retreated into *Asia*, and made the same alteration in other Cities as he had done in Those we mentioned before, putting Some to death who did not submit to his Tyranny, and forcing Others to quit their Country. He expelled all the natural Inhabitants of *Samos*, and gave the *Exiles* possession of the City. He us'd the same Barbarity to the Inhabitants of *Sestos*, which was then in the hands of the *Athenians*, and divided it among his Seamen. The *Lacedæmonians* themselves were displeas'd at these inhumane proceedings, though against their Enemies, and re-establish'd the *Sestians*. But in all other Respects the *Grecians* were well satisfy'd with *Lysander's* Conduct, for by his means the *Æginetes* were restor'd to their own Cities, of which the *Athenians* had unjustly possess'd themselves, as were the *Melians*, and *Sicyonians*, whose Cities had been taken from Them, and given to Strangers. By this time *Lysander* had intelligence that there was a Famine in *Athens*, upon which he sail'd to the *Pyraean*, and had no sooner began his Siege, but the City surrendered, submitting to whatever Terms he demanded.

'Tis reported among the *Lacedæmonians*, that *Lysander* wrote to the Magistrates thus, *Athens is taken*: To which they return'd this Answer in the same way; *'Tis taken, we are satisfied*. But this was recorded rather

ther as *Laconick* than true, for the Decree of the *Ephori*, in which were compris'd all the Articles of Capitulation, was conceiv'd in these Terms: *Know, this is the Decree of the Lacedæmonians; Pull ye down the Pyræum, and the long Wall; quit all the Towns you are now possess of, and keep yourselves within your own Territories. We grant you Peace upon these Conditions, provided you yield to what shall be farther thought reasonable, and restore the Fugitives. As for the Number of Ships you are to keep, you must observe the Orders we shall give in that behalf.* When these Orders came to the Athenians, they submitted to them by the Advice of *Theramenes* the Son of *Ancon*; which made *Cleomenes*, one of the young Orators, ask him why he acted contrary to the Intention of *Themistocles*, and gave those Walls into the hands of the *Lacedæmonians*, which he had built in defiance of 'em. Young Man, said he, *I am not acting contrary to the Sentiments of Themistocles. He rais'd these Walls for the Preservation of the City, and I for the very same reason wou'd have 'em destroy'd; and if Walls only secure a City, Sparta, which has None, is in a very ill condition.*

Lysander, as soon as all the Ships except twelve, and the Fortifications of the Athenians were deliver'd into his hands, made his Entrance into the City, which happen'd to be on the sixteenth of *Munychion* (*May*) the very day on which they had formerly overthrown the Barbarians in the naval Fight near *Salamis*. He proposed to them a change of their Government, and was for introducing the same alteration among Them, as he had made in the other parts of *Greece*; but finding them more stubborn than he expected, he by his Messengers gave the People to understand that they had violated the Capitulations; that the Walls were yet standing, tho' the time prescrib'd for the demolishing of them was expired; and now since they had broke their first Articles he declared he wou'd refer it to the Council, where the Consideration of the Whole shou'd be reassum'd, and they were not to expect such favourable terms from their future Resolutions. And to make good his Menaces it is reported that he

did

did really propose in a Council of the Allies, that the *Athenians* shou'd be reduced to a State of Slavery; and that a *Theban* Commander call'd *Eriantbus* at the same time persuaded them to raze the City, and turn the Country into Pasture Ground for the grazing of Cattle.

Soon after this Council, when all the General Officers were met together at an Entertainment, a Musician of *Phocis* began to sing the following Verses out of the *Electra* of *Euripides*,

*Unhappy Daughter of the great Atrides,
To thy wild Habitation, lo! I come.*

This touch'd them All on a sudden with a Sense of Compassion, and gave 'em occasion to reflect, how barbarous it wou'd appear to lay that City in ruin, which had been renown'd for the Birth and Education of so many famous Men. However, *Lysander* finding the *Athenians* entirely at his Discretion, sent for the City Band of Musick, and having join'd them with Those belonging to the Camp, he pull'd down the Walls, and burn'd the Ships, to the sound of their Instruments, at which his Associates dancing, and crown'd with Garlands, express'd as much Joy, as if the end of other Mens Happiness, had been the beginning of their Own. After this, according to his usual way of dealing with conquer'd People, he alter'd their Government, appointed thirty Rulers over the City, and ten over the *Piræum*, plac'd a strong Garrison in the Tower, and made *Callibius*, a *Spartan*, the Governor, who upon some slight occasion offer'd to strike *Autolycus* (a famous Wrestler, the same whom *Xenophon* mentions in his *Symposiacks*;) but the young Gentleman avoided the Blow, and gave *Callibius* a Fall. *Lysander*, though this reflected upon one of his Officers, seem'd not to be much disturb'd at it, on the contrary he reprov'd *Callibius*, telling him *he was to consider that they were Freemen not Slaves, over whom he had the Government.* But *Autolycus* cou'd not carry it off so, for soon after the thirty Rulers caus'd him

him to be slain, on-purpose to ingratiate themselves with *Callibius*.

Lysander, when he had settled his Affairs, sail'd to *Tbrace*. All the Money and Presents which he had receiv'd (and in all probability a Man in his Station must have receiv'd many) he sent to *Lacedæmon* by *Gylippus*, whom he had made Captain over the Troops in *Sicily*. This *Gylippus* ripp'd up the Bottom of every Bag, and when he had taken out of each as much as he thought fit, sew'd 'em up again; but This was not manag'd so cunningly as he imagin'd, for in every Bag it seems there was a Bill that gave a particular account of its Sum; so that when he came to *Sparta*, having first secur'd, as he thought, under the Tiles of his House what he had taken for his own use, he deliver'd up his Charge to the Magistrates, and with a good assurance shewed them the Seals, as a mark of his Fidelity. But when they examin'd the Money, and found it fall short of the Accounts express'd in the Bills, not suspecting any Cheat in the Messenger, they were something surpris'd at the difference, till *Gylippus* his Servant betray'd the Secret, and told 'em, by way of Riddle, that he had observ'd a great many Owls to roost in the *Ceramicus*. The *Epbori* soon found out that by Owls Pieces of Money were to be understood, because most of the Coin then bore the Impression of an Owl in respect to the *Athenians*, and that the *Ceramicus*, a place in *Athens*, so called because of a Tile-kiln that had been there, signified likewise the Roof of a House, by reason of the Tiles called *Ceramoi*. Thus the Mystery came to be understood, and *Gylippus* having stain'd his former Reputation with this mean Action, was asham'd to appear any more at *Lacedæmon*.

Some of the Wisest among the *Spartans*, probably upon this occasion, being sensible what an ill influence Money had over most Mens Manners, and how easily the Best were corrupted by it, were very warm in their Reflections upon *Lysander*, and earnestly press'd the Magistrates to send away all their Treasure of Gold and

Silver. This Debate was referr'd to a Council, and a Decree pass'd immediately, of which *Theopompus* saith *Sciropbidas* was the Author, but *Ephorus* attributes it to *Pblogidas*, containing in Substance, *That no Money, whether of Gold or Silver, shou'd be receiv'd in Sparta, where None shou'd pass but the current Coin of the Country.* This Coin was of Iron dipp'd in Vinegar whilst it was Red-hot, to make it hard and unpliant, that it might not easily be cover'd with Counterfeit Brass, or apply'd to any other Service. It was moreover very heavy, and That which was much in weight, was but little in value, so that 'twas very troublesome to carry any considerable Sum. This Party that voted against keeping the Money was over-power'd by *Lyfander's* Friends, and at last it was decreed, that it shou'd be employ'd upon Publick Occasions, and that it shou'd be a Capital Crime to convert any of it to Private Uses. But This did not at all answer *Lycurgus's* Design, who by a scarcity of Money intended to prevent Covetousness, which is generally the ill consequence of Riches. Now This was not so much prevented by forbidding the use of Money in Private, as it was encourag'd by allowing it in Publick; and it cou'd not be imagin'd, that People who manag'd Wealth to so general an Advantage of the Republick, shou'd think it of no concern to Themselves; nay, it is much more reasonable to conclude, that the common Custom of a Nation shou'd influence particular Men, than that the whole Nation shou'd be corrupted by the Actions of some Few, who upon any Misdemeanor may be call'd to account, and reduc'd to a better sense of their Duty, by sound Laws and strict Discipline. So that the Order of State which we just now mention'd, was of no benefit to the Commonwealth; for though the fear of Punishment was a pretty secure guard upon Men, not to hazard their Lives in treasuring up Money, yet the Prohibition only heighten'd their Desires, and if their Actions did not break out, at least their Affections were tainted. But I shall say no more of this Matter here, because I have reflected upon it in another place (1).

(1) In the
Life of Ly-
curgus.

Lyfander,

Lyfander, as we observ'd before, being much enrich'd with Plunder and Presents, rais'd his Own, and several of the chief Commanders Statues in Brasse at *Delpbi*, and caused two Stars to be made of Gold, representing *Castor* and *Pollux*, which disappeared some time before the Battle of *Leuctra*. The Galley *Cyrus* sent him when he congratulated him upon his Victory, which was of Gold and Ivory, and two Cubits in length, was placed in the Treasury of *Brasidas*, and the *Acanthians*; and *Alexandrides* of *Delpbi* in his History names a very considerable Sum left there by *Lyfander*. But this Account is not agreeable to the latter Circumstances of his Life.

It must be own'd, that never any *Lacedæmanian* General had so absolute an Authority as *Lyfander*, yet his Pride and Haughtiness of Spirit still carried him beyond it, inasmuch that *Douris* says, the *Grecians* rais'd Altars to his Honour, and sacrificed to him as a God. He was the First that was complimented with Songs of Triumph, one of which begun thus,

*To the brave Leader of our Bands
Begin the Song, which Gods inspire;
With Tuneful Voice, and Artful Hands:
Io Pœan! touch the Lyre!*

And the *Samians* decreed, that the Feasts which were celebrated in the Honour of *Juno*, shou'd now be transferr'd to *Lyfander*. *Cberilus* a Poet was always one of his Retinue, and ready upon all occasions to celebrate his Actions. *Antilocbus* presenting him with a Panegyrick, which he was much pleas'd with, was very splendidly rewarded. There was a great emulation between *Antimachus* of *Colophon* and *Niceratus* of *Heraclea*, who shou'd write the best Poem in *Lyfander's* Praise. The Laurel was given to *Niceratus*, which *Antimachus* taking ill, suppress'd his Verses. *Plato*, who was then a young Man, and an admirer of *Antimachus's* Poetry, desir'd him to bear this little Misfortune with more Courage,

telling him, that Ignorance had the same Effect upon the Intellectual Eye, as Blindness had upon the Corporeal, and that consequently this Affront was not so much His unhappiness as Theirs, who were not able to judge of his Excellencies. Aristonous, the Musician, who had six times won the Prize of the Pythian Games, openly declar'd, that if ever he had the fortune to be Conqueror once more, he wou'd declare himself Lyfander's Disciple, or even his Slave.

Lyfander's Haughtiness and Ambition was alike uneasy to his Superiors and his Equals; he had so many Creatures follow'd him, that he look'd upon every Body with careless Disdain, and was so regardless of other Peoples Opinions, that he made his own Humour the measure of all his Actions. To his Friends and those Strangers that humbly attended him, and sided with his Party, he was too liberally grateful, and rewarded their Services with unlimited Commissions, to govern Cities as absolutely as they pleas'd: But an Enemy seldom escap'd his Revenge, and that was never satisfy'd but with the death of the Offender. To compass This he stuck at nothing that was base or treacherous, as it is plain from his dealing with the *Milesians*. They had appear'd too forward in maintaining the Rights of the People, and when they found their Designs discover'd, he was afraid they might secure themselves by flight. To prevent this he solemnly swore, not a Man of them should suffer. Upon This they were all so credulous as to rely upon his Word; nay, Many who upon apprehension of Punishment had before absconded, appear'd abroad again; so that when he had got 'em all in his power, he order'd eight hundred of 'em to be slain at one execution. In every City he exercis'd Cruelties of this nature, and no Man cou'd be safe who was suspected of any inclinations to popular Government. He did not only sacrifice Men to his own private Caprices, but with the same barbarity gratify'd either the Malice or Covetousness of his Friends. From whence *Etescles's* Saying became famous; That Greece cou'd never bear two Lyfanders. *Theophrastus* says, that *Archistratus* apply'd

ply'd the same thing to *Alcibiades*; but This was not, strictly speaking, so applicable to *Alcibiades*. He was indeed vain, insolent, and luxurious, which made him disagreeable, but the Sourness of *Lysander's* Temper, and his Cruelty, made Him insupportable.

Pharnabazus, after he had been plunder'd and very ill used by him, sent Informers against him to *Sparta*. The Magistrates took this Complaint into consideration, and put some of his Friends to death, amongst whom was his Fellow-Captain *Tborax*, who against the late Law was found with Silver in his possession; neither did they stop here in punishing his Accomplices, but commanded him home by their *Scytale*. The nature and use of which was This; When the Magistrates gave their Commission to any Admiral or General, they took two round pieces of Wood, both exactly equal in breadth and thickness, One they kept themselves, the Other was deliver'd to their Officer, so that when they had any thing of moment which they would secretly convey to him, they cut a long narrow scroll of Parchment, and rolling it about their own Staff, one Fold close upon another, they wrote their business on it; when they had wrote what they had to say, they took off the Parchment and sent it to the General: He apply'd it to his own Staff, which being just like That of the Magistrates, the Folds fell in with one another, exactly as they did at the Writing, and the Characters, which, before it was wrap'd up, were confusedly disjoin'd, and altogether unintelligible, appear'd now very plainly.

Lysander, who was then in the *Hellepont*, was startled at the *Scytale*, and being conscious how ill he had used *Pharnabazus*, thought this Message was chiefly upon his Account, so he took all the care imaginable to have a speedy Conference with him, and hoped by a little Discourse to compose all Differences between them. When they met, he desir'd him to give another Information to the Senate, and to contradict what his Messengers had told them before. *Pharnabazus* seem'd to comply with these Proposals, but, as it is in the Proverb, *He put the*

Bite upon the Biter ; for he wrote a Letter in *Lyfander's* Prefence according to His Directions, but had contriv'd to have Another by him, which was to a quite contrary effect ; so when they came to seal the Letter, he put That upon him which he had writ under-hand. *Lyfander* return'd boldly to *Lacedæmon*, and attending the Magistrates, as it is their Custom, at the Palace, he deliver'd *Pbarnabæus's* Letter to them, which he was pretty confidently assur'd wou'd take off his greatest Accusation, for he knew *Pbarnabæus* was much valu'd by the *Lacedæmonians*, as being an expert Soldier, and a Favourite of *Artaxerxus*. The Magistrates read the Letter, and shew'd it *Lyfander*. He was much surpris'd to meet with what he had not in the least suspected, and in great confusion left the Palace.

Some Days after he went to the Magistrates, and told them he was obliged to go to *Ammon's* Temple, and pay that Sacrifice which he had Vow'd to him before the Battle ; and it is indeed reported, that *Ammon* appear'd to him in a Dream, when he besieged the *Aphygæans* ; upon which, as the God had directed, he rais'd the Siege, and bid the *Aphygæans* sacrifice to *Ammon*, and that for the same Reason He hasten'd to sacrifice to the God in his Temple in *Libya* : But it is generally believ'd, that This was only a Pretence, and that the true occasion of his retiring was a suspicion, that the Magistrates would call him to an Account for having rul'd so long without control : his haughty Spirit cou'd not brook Submission to any Body ; like an Horse, that after he had been free a great while, and ranged in open Pasture, is very unwilling to be confin'd again to the Stable, and submit to the manage of his Rider. *Ephorus* gives another Account of his retiring, which I shall mention by and by. Whatever the occasion was, he found it very difficult to get the Magistrates leave, and when with much ado they had given their consent to his Voyage, the Kings of *Sparta* considering that most of the Cities by the means of the Alliances he had made with them were at his devotion, and that he was likely to be re-

ceiv'd

ceiv'd by 'em with all the respect due to their great Commander and Patron, which wou'd make him in effect Master of all *Greece*, they therefore attempted to dispossess his Friends and Dependants, and replace the Government in the Hands of the People.

These Proceedings rais'd every where new disturbances; and first of all the *Athenians* having possess'd themselves of the Castle of *Phyle*, took Arms against the Thirty Tyrants, and defeated them. Immediately upon This *Lysander* return'd in great haste to *Sparta*, and persuaded the *Lacedaemonians* to stand by the Oligarchy which He had establish'd, and repress the forwardness of the People. To this end they remitted an Hundred Talents to the Thirty Tyrants to enable them to continue the War, and declared *Lysander* Himself chief Commander. But the two Kings envying his Greatness, and afraid lest he shou'd be Master of *Athens* a second time, resolved that One of them shou'd be present in that Expedition. Accordingly *Pausanias* march'd into *Attica*, in Appearance to support the Tyrants against the People, but in reality to put an end to the War, and prevent *Lysander* from having *Athens* once more at his Mercy. This design he compass'd very easily, for he wrought the *Athenians* into a good Understanding among Themselves, compos'd the Tumults, and so put a stop to *Lysander's* Ambition. However, the *Athenians* flying out again soon after, the whole Blame was charged upon *Pausanias*. It was said, that taking out of the Peoples Mouth the Curb of the Oligarchy, he had by that means made them headstrong, and encouraged them to grow insolent and licentious. At the same time it gave *Lysander* the Reputation of an upright Man, who never employ'd his Arms either for the gratification of his Friends, or his own Fame, but purely for the Glory of *Sparta*.

Lysander's Courage and Spirit appear'd in his Expressions, no less than it did in his Actions. Once when the *Agiors* contended about their Bounds, and thought they

they cou'd make a better Plea than the *Lacedæmonians*, he held out his Sword, and said, *He that is Master of This will best make out his Title.* At another time when a *Megarean* talked big in a Conversation, he gave him this Reprimand, *By Your Leave, Friend, those Words of Yours require a Place of Strength and Safety.* When the *Bæotians* stood wavering whether they should engage on his side, or his Enemies, he told 'em they must come to some resolution, for he wou'd be with 'em speedily, and bad 'em consider *whether they had rather be visited in a friendly or hostile manner.* When the *Corinthians* had deserted the League, he march'd to *Corinth* at the Head of his Army, in order to assault it; but whilst the *Lacedæmonians* were in suspence, and seem'd afraid to begin the Attack, a Hare happen'd to start out of the Trenches, whereupon he ask'd them, *if they were not asbamed to fear those Enemies, whose laziness is such, that the very Hares sleep under their Walls?*

After *Agis's* Death, *Agefilau* his Brother, and *Leotychides* his supposed Son, were the Pretenders to the Crown. *Lysander*, who had been *Agefilau's* Lover, persuaded Him to claim his Right to the Kingdom, as being legitimately descended from *Hercules*, whereas it was very much suspected that *Leotychides* was the Son of *Alcibiades*, who had been observed to be familiar with *Agis's* Wife *Timea*, during the time of his Exile in *Sparta*, and *Agis* computing the time, concluded that he Himself could not be the Father, so openly disown'd him, and neglected him as a Bastard; yet afterwards when he fell sick, and was carried to *Herea*, by the opportunity of the Youth himself, and his Friends, just before he died he declar'd before many Witnesses that *Leotychides* was his lawful Son, and desired them to testify these his last words to the *Lacedæmonians*; which accordingly they did. Every Body respected *Agefilau* as a very deserving Man, and *Lysander's* Interest and Authority serv'd very much to strengthen his Party, so that he began to think he could not fail, when *Diopbi-*

tes, a great Dealer in Prophecies, oppos'd him on Account of his Lameness, and for that purpose cited the following Oracle :

*Proud as thou art, Sparta, beware
How thou obey'st a limping Heir !
War and Discord without end,
Shall on that luckless Hour attend ;
Every Labour, every Fate,
That can waste, or sink a State.*

Many believ'd the Interpretation, and began to favour *Leotychides's* Party. But *Lysander* said, that *Diophites* had mistook the Sense of the Oracle, that it was not meant the *Lacedæmonians* would be unhappy under a lame King, but that they would be a lame People if they suffer'd the Posterity of *Hercules* to be govern'd by illegitimate Princes. Having thus put a plausible Construction upon the words of the Oracle, and being otherwise one that had got a great interest among the People, he prevail'd with them to make choice of *Agefilaus*. As soon as He was settled in his Kingdom, *Lysander* press'd him very earnestly to make War upon *Asia*, putting him in hopes of raising himself to a great reputation by the Conquest of *Persia* : to further this design he writ to his Friends in *Asia*, and desir'd they wou'd petition *Agefilaus* to accept the Command of their Forces against the *Barbarians*. They comply'd with his request, and sent Ambassadors to *Lacedæmon* for that purpose.

Agefilaus thought himself no less oblig'd to *Lysander* for this favour, than he had been before for his Kingdom. But ambitious Spirits, however otherwise qualified for Government, are hindred in their way to Glory by that Envy which they generally bear to their Equals, and so make Them the chief Opposers whom they might make the greatest Promoters of their Heroick Actions. Thus *Agefilaus* at first chose *Lysander* for his particular Favourite, made him one of his Cabinet Council, and consulted

consulted him upon all Affairs of moment ; but when they came into *Asia*, having little acquaintance there, the People seldom address'd themselves to Him, but made their greatest Court to *Lysander*, Some upon the account of a former Familiarity and Friendship, Others out of a servile Compliance. Thus, as it often happens in Plays, a chief Actor represents one of a mean Character, yet is much taken notice of, while He that personates the King has but a small part, and is little regarded by the Spectators ; so here the Counsellor had all that was really valuable in Government, and left the King only the empty name of Power. Indeed Both of 'em ought to have moderated their Ambition : *Lysander* was too forward in accepting those honours which ought first to have been paid *Agessilaus* : On the other side *Agessilaus* did ill, so unhandsonly to discard a Friend that he had been so much obliged to. For first of all he never gave him any opportunity of appearing with reputation, never put him in any post of Command ; besides, whoever he engaged for, was sure to miscarry, and to be thought *Lysander's* Friend, was fault enough to deserve the King's Displeasure.

Lysander was so unsuccessful in every thing he undertook, and found so often that what he designed as a kindness was prejudicial to his Friends, that he desired them to forbear their Addresses, and take no publick notice of Him ; that they shou'd either speak to the King himself, or to those Favourites who had more interest than He at present to prefer 'em. Upon This many gave him no farther trouble with their concerns, but still continued their respects to him, and waited upon him in all places of publick entertainment. This griev'd *Agessilaus* yet more, when he saw all his endeavours to call off the People's Affections from *Lysander* were in vain ; so to shew his resentment, when he preferr'd even common Soldiers to the highest Posts in the Army, and made them Governors of Cities, He affronted *Lysander* so far as to make him Overseer of his Provisions, and then by way of derision, and to insult the *Ionians*, he

said,

said, let them now go, and make their Court to my Butcher. Lysander cou'd brook this usage no longer, and resolv'd freely to tell the King his mind: Their discourse was very short and Laconick. In good truth, Agefilaus, says Lysander, you know very well how to lessen Your Friends, Yes, says he, when they affect to be greater than myself, and 'tis just They shou'd have the greatest share in my power who most endeavour to promote it. Lysander reply'd very modestly, Sir, This is rather what you please to Say, than what I ever Did; but I beg of you, for the sake of those Strangers here, who have their Eyes upon us, to allow me such a Post under You, wherein I may be least suspected, and most useful to you. This favour was granted, and he was sent Ambassador to the Hellespont: and tho' He did bear some secret grudge to the King, yet That did not hinder him from a very faithful discharge of his Duty. He persuaded Mitbridates the Persian, who had fallen out with Pharnabazus, to revolt with all the Army under his Command, and brought him over to Agefilaus: However, he was not employ'd upon any other service, but returned in disgrace to Sparta, not only highly incens'd against Agefilaus in particular, but displeas'd more than ever with the whole frame of the Government.

Things had been a great while ripe for Change, and People were ready to break into Rebellion; he resolv'd therefore not to miss the opportunity, but set it on foot as soon as possible. His stratagem was This; Some of the Heraclidæ who came into Peloponnesus, and mix'd with the Dorians, were now grown very numerous and powerful in Sparta. Of These, two Families only cou'd claim any Right to Succession in the Kingdom; Those were the Eurytionidæ and the Agiadæ; the Rest, notwithstanding their high Extraction, had no greater share in the Government than what was common to the meanest Citizen. For They only who cou'd plead most Merit, had the best Titles to the common Reward of Virtue. Lysander was one of this illustrious race, and when he had gain'd so great a Reputation by his Actions, had

had many Friends, and much Power, he was uneasy to see That City which ow'd its increase chiefly to Him, rul'd by Others no better descended than Himself. So he contriv'd to alter the Settlement which confin'd the Government to two Families only, and give all the *Heraclidae* an equal right to it; nay, Some say not to the *Heraclidae* only, but to all the *Spartans*, and make it a reward not so much of *Hercules's* Posterity, as of Those who bravely imitated that valour which gave Him a place among the Gods. He had great hopes that when the Kingdom was thus to be dispos'd of, no *Spartan* cou'd appear with those advantages that He cou'd: Upon which prospect first he endeavour'd to insinuate the reasonableness of this change into private People, and learn'd by Heart a fine Oration which *Cleon of Halicarnassus* had made for him upon that Subject. But when he came to reflect on the Difficulties of this Undertaking, which was not to be effected by ordinary Means, he had Recourse to Extraordinary. For as in Tragedies, when any thing of great importance is to be effected, the assistance of some God is made use of, so He to promote his Designs with more colour of Authority, had Recourse to Oracles, presuming he should prevail upon more Citizens by the Terror of Those, than he could persuade by *Cleon's* Eloquence. *Ephorus* says, that after he had in vain endeavour'd to corrupt the *Pythian* Oracle, and as unsuccessfully sent *Phericles* to corrupt *Dodona*, he went himself to *Ammon*, and proffer'd the Priests prodigious Sums of Gold, who with great indignation rejected his Bribes, and sent People to accuse him at *Sparta*; where he met with such favourable Judges that he was easily clear'd from their Impeachments; upon which the *Libyans* took their leave of the *Spartans* in this manner, *When you come to live among us in Africa you'll find us more impartial Judges.* Now there was an ancient Prophecy which foretold that the *Lacedaemonians* should some time or other inhabit *Africa*. *Isander's* Designs in this matter were very subtle and intricate, and managed by very great Politicians, so in order

order to clear the whole intrigue we must trace it as we do Mathematical Demonstration, up to its first Principles; I shall therefore at large explain it as it is related by *Ephorus*, a great Historian as well as Philosopher.

There was a Woman in *Pontus*, who being with Child pretended *Apollo* was the Father. Many with a great deal of reason suspected it, Others were so credulous as to believe it. Wherefore when she came to be delivered of a Son, several of the greatest Quality in the Country took peculiar care of its Education, and for some reason or other gave it the Name of *Silenus*. *Lysander* taking hold of This Occurrence, made it the Ground of his whole stratagem, and chose such Confidants to assist him in it, whose Character might bring the story into reputation without the least suspicion of forgery. To make the best advantage of This, they spread abroad another Story, *that there were very ancient Oracles closely conceal'd in the Custody of the Priests at Delphi, and it was upon record, that they were not to be profan'd by vulgar hands, neither was it lawful for any Man to read them, 'till in some future Age One should arise who could manifestly prove himself the Son of Apollo, and challenge to Himself the Interpretation of these Mysteries.* When the credit of this report was well established among the People, *Silenus* was to come and demand the Prerogative of his Birth. The Priests who were Confederates in this Plot, were strictly to examine into every circumstance and particular of his Nativity, and afterwards being fully convinced that he was the true Son of *Apollo*, were to deliver up their charge to him: and then the Son of the God was to unfold in publick all those Oracles, especially That, for the sake of which the whole Plot had been contriv'd, relating to the Government of *Sparta*, wherein it was to be declared, *that it would be more for the Honour and Interest of Sparta to break the present Succession, and for the future choose their Kings out of the most deserving Men in the Commonwealth.* But when *Silenus* was grown up, and every thing ready for Action, the whole busi-

ness miscarry'd by the Cowardise of One that was an Agent in it, whose Heart failed him just at the time of Execution. However nothing of This was discover'd while *Lysander* liv'd, for he died before *Agefilaus* return'd out of *Asia*, after having unfortunately embark'd his Country in a War against the *Bæotians*, or rather involv'd all *Greece* in it, for the thing is related both ways, Some laying the Blame upon Him, Others upon the *Thebans*, and Others charging them Both with it. To the *Thebans* it is objected that they overturn'd the Altar, and prophan'd the Sacrifice *Agefilaus* was offering in the Town of *Aulis*, and that *Androclidas* and *Amphiteus* having been corrupted by the King of *Persia*, they set upon the *Phocians*, and laid waste their Country, to draw upon the *Lacedæmonians* this confederate War of the *Grecians*. They who make *Lysander* the Author of this War, say He was offended that the *Thebans* alone, of all the Confederates, should lay Claim to a Tenth of the Spoils taken from the *Arbenians* at *Decelea*, and that they complain'd of his sending Money on his own Account to *Sparta*. But what provok'd him most against the *Thebans* was That they should be the First to furnish the *Athenians* with Means to recover their Liberty, by breaking the Yoke of the Thirty Tyrants which He had establish'd at *Athens*; and for the maintenance of which the *Lacedæmonians* had publish'd an inhuman Decree, importing that Those who fled out of *Athens* should be apprehended wherever they should be found, and forced back into the City, and that Whoever endeavour'd to rescue them shou'd be treated as Enemies to *Sparta*. The *Thebans* gave out a Counter-Order to this Decree, which was generous, and becoming the Posterity of *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, for They proclaim'd that every House and City in *Bæotia* should be open and free for any *Athenian* that desir'd protection, and that Whoever did not assist a Fugitive that was in danger of being seiz'd, shou'd be fin'd a Talent; besides, if any one shou'd march Arm'd through *Bæotia* to the Relief of the *Athenians*, he shou'd find a safe passage, without being in-

the least molested. Neither did they stop here, for as their Decree was hospitable and friendly, so their Actions were agreeable to it. For *Thrasibulus* with several other Fugitives was so far aided by them secretly, with Money and Arms, that he made an assault upon the Castle of *Phile*, and possess'd himself of it. *Lysander* cou'd not but resent these affronts, which the *Thebans* had so openly offer'd both to Him and the *Lacedaemonians*. His Anger grew very fierce, and was increased by a Splenetick humour which he was troubled with in his old Age. This urged him to importune the Magistrates to employ Him once more in their Service; so he marched out with an Army under his Command, and *Pausanias* follow'd him with Another. *Pausanias* went round by *Cytbaron*, with a design to invade *Boeotia*: *Lysander* pass'd through *Phocis* in order to meet him: As he march'd along he took by Surrender the City of the *Oreboemenians*, storm'd *Lebadia*, and plunder'd it. From whence he sent Letters to *Pausanias*, that he shou'd remove from *Platea*, and make haste to join Forces with him at *Haliartus*, where he Himself wou'd certainly meet him by break of Day. These Letters fell into the hands of the Enemies Spies, and were brought to the *Thebans*. Upon the opening of them they intrusted their City with the *Atbenians*, who were come to their Assistance, then sallying out at the first Watch arriv'd at *Haliartus*, and put part of their Forces into the City, just before *Lysander* was come up with His. *Lysander* had at first resolv'd to pitch his Tents upon the side of an Hill, and wait for *Pausanias*, but Day drawing on he grew impatient, and led his Soldiers out in a direct Line along the Road to the Walls of the City.

There is a Fountain call'd *Cissusa*, in which, they say, *Bacchus* was wash'd immediately after his Birth; for the Water is like Wine, of a bright Colour, and a pleasant Taste. Not far off grows the *Cretan Canes*, of which Javelins are made, by which the *Haliartians* guess *Radamantibus* dwelt there, and the rather because

his Sepulchre too, which they call *Alea*, is seen in this place. The Monument of *Alcmena* is hard by, where they pretend she was bury'd, when after *Amphitryon's* Death she marry'd *Radamanthus*. It was hereabout, on the left side of *Haliartus*, that those *Thebans* who had not entred the City were placed, from whence with great fierceness they fell upon the Enemy's Rear. In the mean time, Those within the City putting themselves into one Body with the *Haliartians* kept quiet; but as soon as *Lysander* appear'd with his Van-Guard before the Gates, they rush'd out, killed Him, and one of his Priests that attended him, with some few more; for the greater part made their escape to the main Army, but the *Thebans* pursu'd 'em so closely that they all soon dispers'd and fled to the Hills. A Thousand of them were kill'd in this Pursuit, and Three Hundred of the *Thebans* fell by chasing 'em too rashly into craggy and dangerous places. These Three Hundred had been suspected of Correspondence with the *Lacedæmonians*, which made them so rash and desperate, that they were resolv'd to wipe off this Disgrace, though with the loss of their Lives. The news of this Defeat came to *Pausanias*, in his March from *Platea* to *Tbespias*. He presently put his Army in order, and made towards *Haliartus*, where about the same time *Thrasylbulus* was arriv'd with a Party of the *Atbenians* under his Command. *Pausanias* wou'd have artickled with them upon terms for the Dead, but the more Aged among the *Spartans* in the Army cou'd not think of it; they murmur'd at it among themselves, and at last went in a Body to the King, telling him *Lysander's Body was not to be redeem'd by Conditions, but if they fought it out, and conquer'd, they might then carry it off honourably; if they happen'd to be overcome themselves, it would however be glorious to die upon the Spot with their Commander.* Notwithstanding these Men carry'd it thus high, *Pausanias*, who was more calm, saw it was too difficult a matter to think of routing the *Thebans*, who were just now flush'd with Victory; besides, if This cou'd have been

been done, the Body lay so near the Walls, that it could not easily be bore off without a Truce; so he immediately dispatch'd an Herald, obtain'd a Treaty, carried off the Dead, and retreated with his Army; and as soon as they had pass'd the Confines of *Boeotia* they inter'd *Lysander* in the Territories of the *Panopæans*, the Friends and Confederates of the *Spartans*. His Monument is still to be seen in the Road from *Delpbi* to *Chæronea*, where the *Lacedæmonians* for some time took up their Quarters; and while they staid there, one of *Phocians* giving an account of the Battle to a Friend of His who had not been at it, said, *The Enemy fell upon them, after Lysander had pass'd Oplites*. A *Spartan*, *Lysander's* Friend, that stood by, asked him what he meant by *Oplites*, for he had never heard of the Name before, I mean the Place, said the *Phocian*, where the Enemy cut off our Van-Guard; the River that runs under the Walls of the City is called *Oplites*. The *Spartan* immediately wept, and broke out into this Expression, *O how unavoidable are the Decrees of Fate!* For it seems the Oracle had pronounced this to *Lysander*.

*Fly from Oplites' watery Strand,
The Earth-born Dragon too beware;
Inevitable Fate's at hand
When He attacks thee in the Rear.*

Some indeed say, *Oplites* doth not run to *Haliartus*, but is a River near *Coronea*, which mix'd with the River *Philarius*, passes along to that City. It was formerly call'd *Ophias*, but now it is known by the Name of *Isomantus*. Now the Person who killed *Lysander* was an Officer of *Haliartus*, call'd *Neoborus*, and bore a Dragon in his Shield, and it is probable that This was the Thing signified by the Oracle.

It is reported, that soon after the *Peloponnesian* War, the *Thebans* also received an Oracle from *Apollo Ismenius*, which foretold the Battle at *Delium*, and This at

his Sepulchre too, which they call *Aled*, is seen in this place. The Monument of *Alcmena* is hard by, where they pretend she was bury'd, when after *Amphitryon's* Death she marry'd *Radamanthus*. It was hereabout, on the left side of *Haliartus*, that those *Thebans* who had not entred the City were placed, from whence with great fierceness they fell upon the Enemy's Rear. In the mean time, Those within the City putting themselves into one Body with the *Haliartians* kept quiet; but as soon as *Lysander* appear'd with his Van-Guard before the Gates, they rush'd out, killed Him, and one of his Priests that attended him, with some few more; for the greater part made their escape to the main Army, but the *Thebans* pursu'd 'em so closely that they all soon dispers'd and fled to the Hills. A Thousand of them were kill'd in this Pursuit, and Three Hundred of the *Thebans* fell by chasing 'em too rashly into craggy and dangerous places. These Three Hundred had been suspected of Correspondence with the *Lacedæmonians*, which made them so rash and desperate, that they were resolv'd to wipe off this Disgrace, though with the loss of their Lives. The news of this Defeat came to *Pausanias*, in his March from *Platea* to *Thespias*. He presently put his Army in order, and made towards *Haliartus*, where about the same time *Thrasylbulus* was arriv'd with a Party of the *Athenians* under his Command. *Pausanias* wou'd have artickled with them upon terms for the Dead, but the more Aged among the *Spartans* in the Army cou'd not think of it; they murmur'd at it among themselves, and at last went in a Body to the King, telling him *Lysander's Body was not to be redeem'd by Conditions, but if they fought it out, and conquer'd, they might then carry it off honourably; if they happen'd to be overcome themselves, it would however be glorious to die upon the Spot with their Commander.* Notwithstanding these Men carry'd it thus high, *Pausanias*, who was more calm, saw it was too difficult a matter to think of routing the *Thebans*, who were just now flush'd with Victory; besides, if This cou'd have been

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Haliartus, though This happened thirty Years after.
The Oracle runs thus:

*Don't follow in your Chase the eager Hound
Upon the Confines, fly th' Orchalian Ground,
That Den of Foxes.*

This Place about *Delium* he calls the Confines, where *Bœotia* borders upon *Attica*; by the *Orchalian Ground*, is meant a Hill called *Alopece*, on that side of *Helicon* which looks towards *Haliartus*. It was called *Alopece* from the many Foxes that kennel in it.

The *Lacedæmonians* looked upon *Pausanias's* Proceedings as so dishonourable to a *Spartan* General, that they would have tried him for his Life, but he durst not venture to appear, so fled into *Tegæa*, where he devoted himself to a recluse Life in the Temple of *Minerva*.

Lysander's Poverty, which was discovered at his Death, made his Virtue more admired, when it appeared that from so much Plenty and Power, such rich Presents from so many Cities, which were under his Government, he had not at all increas'd the Wealth of his own private Family. This is observed by *Theopompus*, whom we may sooner believe when he Commends, than when he finds Fault, for Men are more apt to Discommend than Praise. *Ephorus* says, that upon some dispute between the Confederates with *Sparta*, when *Lysander's* Writings were to be examin'd, *Agefilaus* was order'd to make the search, who finding a Discourse of *Lysander's* concerning the Government, where he endeavoured to shew how advantageous it would be to the Commonwealth, if the Right of Succession, which the Family of the *Eureutiontidæ* and *Agiadæ* pretended to, was broke, and the Kingdom made Elective; This Discourse *Agefilaus* design'd to publish, and discover by that means what sort of Man *Lysander* was at the bottom. But *Lacratidas*, a wise Man, and at that time

time President of the *Ephori*, prevented him, telling him, *It would be dishonourable to disturb Lysander now at Peace in his Grave; that he ought rather to bury that Discourse with him, as a dangerous Piece that might raise such a Spirit in the People as would not be agreeable to the Interest of his Family.*

The *Spartans* bestowed many Honours on him after his Death, amongst which This was none of the least; There were Some who had engaged themselves to *Lysander's* Daughters, while every thing about him appeared Rich and Splendid; but when they saw how poor and honest he died, they broke off their Contract. These, in respect to *Lysander's* Memory, the *Spartans* severely fin'd: For there was, it seems, in *Sparta* a Law which punished as well Those that broke off, or deferr'd a promis'd Marriage, as Those who engaged in an ill one; and this Law laid hold on Those chiefly who endeavour'd to marry into Rich, rather than Good Families. Thus we have faithfully related all the remarkable Passages we could gather relating to the Life of *Lysander*.





THE
LIFE
OF
SYLLA.



Lucius Cornelius Sylla was descended of a *Patrician* or Noble Family. They say One of his Ancestors, called *Rufinus*, had been Consul, but that his Honour was sullied by a most signal Disgrace: For being found possessed of Plate, to the value of above ten Pounds more than the Law allowed, he was thereupon expelled the Senate. To This was owing the Obscurity in which his Posterity lived for a long time after. *Sylla* himself had but a mean Education, which was perfectly agreeable to the Scantiness of his Fortune. In his younger Days he dwelt in hired Lodgings, for which he paid but a very small rate, insomuch as in after-times he was reproach'd as One who was grown too wealthy for a Person of his Extraction. For as he was one day boasting and magnifying himself for his Exploits in *Libya*, a Person of Worth and Ingenuity made answer; And

here

how canst thou be an honest Man, who tho' thou hadst not a Groat left thee by thy Father, art now Master of such large Possessions? For tho' in the days of Sylla Men were degenerated from that Innocence and Integrity, for which the preceding Ages had been renown'd, and a Door was open to Luxury and Expence, yet it was even then as great a Reproach to a Man not to have persever'd in the Poverty of his Ancestors, as to have run out a fair Estate. And a long time after This, when he was become absolute, and proscrib'd and murder'd whom he thought fit, as they were leading a Person who had been infranchis'd to the *Tarpeian* Rock to be thrown headlong from thence, for having conceal'd a Friend of his that was in the Proscription, he upbraided *Sylla* for dealing so severely by an old Acquaintance, recounting how they had lived long together in familiar Converse under the same Roof, where He paid two thousand Sesterces for the upper Apartment, and *Sylla* three thousand for That under him; so as to the difference between their Fortunes then was no more than one thousand Sesterces, which in *Attick* Coin give two hundred and fifty Drachma's. And thus much of his Original.

As for his Air, and the Shape of his Body, the best Judgment to be made of Them must be from his Statues, only his Eyes cou'd not be represented by them. They were of a lively Blue, quick, and churlish, and were render'd still more so by his Complexion. For his Face was full of red fiery Pimples, intermixt here and there with Spots of White. Hence, by report, he was surnamed *Sylla*, in allusion to which an *Atbenian* Droll cast out this Scoff in Verse,

Sylla's a Mulberry drudg'd o'er with Meal.

Nor is it improper to make use of such Remarks as These, in the decyphering of a Person, who by Nature was so addicted to Rallery, as in his youthful obscurer Years he would converse freely with Mimicks and Jesters,

Jesters, and accompany them in all their Debauches. And, when he was Lord of All, he wou'd often send for the most impudent Stage-Players and lewd Buffoons of the Town, to drink with, and play Prizes of Wit, without any regard to his Age, or the Dignity of his Place; so that many times Affairs of the greatest Importance and Consequence, which requir'd his whole Thought and Application, lay neglected. At Hours of Refreshment it was not in *Sylla's* Nature to admit of any thing that was serious, and though at other times he was a Man of Business, and austere of Countenance, yet would he alter so, all of a sudden, at his first entrance upon Wine and good Fellowship, that he put himself upon a level with those Minstrels, Buffoons, and Dancers, who govern'd him just as they pleased. To this dissolute Converse with such sort of Cattle was owing that Contagion of Libertinism which always stuck close to him, that Propensity to libidinous Desires, which never left him even when he was stricken in Years. In his Youth he fell in Love with *Metrobis* a Player, and preserv'd a Tang of that infamous Passion all his Life after. In his first Amours he met with this remarkable Adventure. He happen'd to make Court to a Lady call'd *Nicopolis*, who though she was no better than a common Mistress, yet she was very wealthy, and so taken with his Address, and the Gracefulness of his Youth, that she became dotingly fond of him, and when she died left him her Heir; he likewise inherited the Estate of his Mother-in-law, who loved him as her own Son; and these Windfalls much advanced his Fortunes, so that he grew very wealthy.

He was chosen Quæstor to *Marius* in his first Consulship, and attended him into *Africa* in the War against *Jugurtha*. When he was arrived in the Camp he soon acquired a great Reputation for his Courage, and Valour, and having made a right use of a favourable Opportunity, which fell in his way, he purchased the Friendship of *Bocchus* King of *Nymidia*, whose Ambassadors having made their escape out of the Hands of some *Numidian*

Robbers,

Robbers, *Sylla* entertain'd them, treated them with much Kindness and Generosity, dismiss'd them with handsome Presents, and sent them on their Journey under the Protection of a safe Convoy.

Bocchus had for a long time born a secret Grudge to his Son-in-law *Jugurtha*, whose Person he hated, as he had been jealous of his Power. That vanquished vagabond Prince was then in the Court of *Bocchus*, whethier he had betaken himself for Protection. The *Numidian* having him in his Power was resolved to betray him, for which purpose he privately sent for *Sylla*, choosing rather to let him seize him, than deliver him up himself. *Sylla* having first communicated the Secret to *Marius*, marched with a small Force, and threw himself into imminent danger; for confiding in a *Barbarian*, and One who had been unfaithful to his own Relations, out of desire to apprehend Another Man's Person, he made surrender of his Own. *Bocchus*, having Both of them now in his Power, was necessitated to betray the One or the Other, and after long debate with himself, at last resolved on his first Design, and gave up *Jugurtha* into the hands of *Sylla*.

Marius indeed triumphed for this Action, but his Enemies ascribed the whole Glory of it to *Sylla*, which he inwardly resented, especially when *Sylla*, who was naturally vain-glorious, and saw himself advanced on a sudden from a private Condition to such a high Degree of Honour and Esteem in the World, came Himself into it, and was so overborn with Vanity and Ambition that he caused a Representation of this Adventure to be engraved on a Signet with which he ever after constantly sealed his Letters. The Device was *Bocchus* surrendering *Jugurtha*, and *Sylla* taking him into Custody. This touched *Marius* to the quick, however judging *Sylla* to be too inconsiderable a Person to be envied by him, he continued still to employ him under him in the Army, making him one of his Lieutenants in his second Conquest, and in his Third he gave him the Command of a thousand Men in the Infantry, in which Post *Sylla* performed many signal Services on several important Occasions.

fions. Among other of his Exploits he took *Copillus*, Chief of the *Tectosages*, Prisoner; and compelled the *Marsians*, a great and warlike People, to become Friends and Confederates of the *Romans*. But when he perceiv'd *Marius* began to bear a jealous Eye over him, and would no longer afford him opportunities of Action, but rather opposed his Growth, he applied himself to *Catulus Marius* his Colleague in the Consulate.

This *Catulus* was a worthy brave Man, but naturally slow and indolent in time of Action. For this Reason he was glad to have an Officer of *Sylla's* Vigour and Activity under him, and accordingly employ'd him in Affairs of the greatest Trust and Difficulty. By this means *Sylla's* Power increased with his Reputation. He subdued most of the *Barbarians* that inhabited the *Alps*; and in a time of Scarcity, when the Army was in great want of Provisions, he took that Province upon Himself, and brought in such Stores as were not only more than sufficient for the Forces under *Catulus*, but the Surplus served to supply Those commanded by *Marius*.

This serv'd only to make *Marius* still the more exasperated against him. So slight and childish was the first beginning and rise of that Enmity between them, which, nourished with civil Blood and endless Divisions, grew up to Tyranny, and the Confusion of the whole State. This argues *Eurypides* to have been a wise Man, and well skilled in the Distempers of the Body Politick, when he forewarned all Men to beware of *Ambition*, as the most destructive and pernicious Goddess to Those who consult her.

Sylla by this time thinking that the Reputation of his Arms abroad was sufficient to entitle him to a Share in the Civil Administration, betook himself immediately from the Camp to the Assembly, and fell a canvassing for a Prætorship, but lost it. The fault of this disappointment he wholly ascribed to the lower sort of People, who knowing his intimacy with King *Bocchus*, and for that Reason expecting, that if he was made *Ædile* before

his

his Prætorship, he would entertain them with fine Game, and the Encounters of *Libyan* Beasts, chose other Prætors, on purpose to force Him on the Ædileship. The falshood of this Pretext was sufficiently disapproved by matter of Fact. For the Year following, partly by cajoling the People with fair Words, and partly by Money, he got himself elected Prætor. This made *Cæsar* reply one day with a Smile, when *Sylla* was reprimanding him, and threatening to make use of his own Authority against him, *Thou dost well to call it thy own, for thou hast bought it.* At the Expiration of his Prætorship he was sent over into *Cappadocia*, with a specious pretence, to re-establish *Ariobarzanes* in his Kingdom, but in reality to give check to the growing Power of *Mitbridates*, who had enlarged his Dominions by new Conquests and Acquisitions equal to his paternal Inheritance. He carried with him few Troops out of *Italy*, but found the Allies very chearful, and ready to supply him; so that having defeated a great Body of the *Cappadocians*, and a still greater of the *Armenians*, who came to their Assistance, he displaced *Gordius*, and confirm'd *Ariobarzanes* in the Kingdom.

During his stay on the Banks of the *Euphrates* there came unto him *Orobaxus*, a *Parthian*, in quality of Ambassador from King *Asaces*, whereas there had as yet been no Correspondence between the two Nations. And This we may lay to the account of *Sylla's* Felicity, that He should be the first *Roman* to whom the *Parthians* made address for Alliance and Friendship. At the time of Reception, having ordered three Chairs of State to be set, One for *Ariobarzanes*, One for *Orobaxus*, and a Third for Himself, he placed Himself in the midst, and gave Audience: For which the King of *Parthia* afterwards put *Orobaxus* to Death. Some People commended *Sylla* for his lofty carriage towards the *Barbarians*; Others again accused him of Arrogance and unseasonable Ambition. It is reported, that a certain *Cbalcidian*, of *Orobaxus* his Retinue, looking *Sylla* wistfully in the Face, and observing judiciously the Motions both of his

Soul and Body, according to the Rules of Art, should say, That it was impossible for Him not to be the greatest Man, or rather a wonder how he could even then miss being Head of all.

At his return *Censorinus* impeach'd him of Extortion; for drawing a vast sum of Money from a well-affected and affociate Kingdom. However, *Censorinus* appeared not at the Trial, but let fall his Accusation. The Quarrel between *Sylla* and *Marius* began to break out afresh, receiving new life from the Officiousness of *Bocchus*, who to curry favour with the People of *Rome*, and ingratiate himself with *Sylla*, caused several Statues to be erected in the Capitol, representing *Sylla's* Victories, and near them the Figure of *Bocchus* himself in Gold surrendring *Jugurtha* into the Hands of *Sylla*. *Marius* impatient of this affront resolved to pull them down, and *Sylla's* Friends were prepared to hinder it; so that the City had like to have taken fire by that violent Commotion, had not the Confederate War, which lay long a smothering, blaz'd forth at last, and respited the Sedition.

In the course of this War, which was great in itself, diversified with many notable Events, and often reduc'd the *Romans* to the last Extremity, *Marius* made it appear that military Virtue is of no consequence unless accompanied with a strong and vigorous Constitution: Whereas *Sylla* on the other hand having perform'd Actions worthy of eternal Memory got the Name of a great Commander among his Citizens; of the Greatest among his Friends, and the most Fortunate among his Enemies. However he did not behave himself on that Occasion like *Timotheus* the Son of *Conon* the *Athenian*, who when his Enemies, and Those that envy'd his Success, attributed it all to Fortune, and had pictured Him asleep, with Fortune by his side, casting her Nets over Cities, and catching them for him, could not stand the Satire, but complain'd that he was robbed of the Glory due to his Performance. And upon his Return once from an Expedition wherein he had been successful, after he had given

given the *Athenians* an account of what he had done, he clos'd All with this Saying, *In This at least, O ye Men of Athens, Fortune has no share.* This Ingratitude in *Timotheus* rais'd in the Goddess a Jealousy of her Power. From that time forward she forsook him; never would suffer him to accomplish any thing great or glorious; baffled him in all his Undertakings; so that in the end he fell into discredit with the People, and was banish'd.

Sylla took a quite contrary Course. He did not only suffer Others to cry up his good Fortune, but He Himself in a manner deified his Actions by ascribing them to the immediate Influence of that Deity; but whether This was done out of Vanity, or that he was really in earnest, is a Question. He tells us Himself in his Memoirs, that of all his Actions, though All undertaken upon the greatest Deliberation, and regulated according to the justest Measures, Those which he had been forced to execute in a quite different Manner, than what had been at first projected, and on which he had adventur'd on a sudden, had been always the most successful. And what is still stronger, he confesseth, That he was born for Fortune rather than War, by which it is plain he attributes more to Fortune than Valour. In short he makes himself entirely the Creature of Fortune, accounting even his Union and Agreement with *Metellus* his Fellow-Consul, and afterwards his Father-in-law, as a Blessing from Heaven. For expecting to have in him a turbulent Man in Office, he found a quiet and obliging Colleague. Moreover, in those Memoirs of His which he dedicated to *Lucullus*, he admonisheth him to esteem nothing more certain than what the Gods should advertise him of in a Vision by Night. He further tells us, that at a time when he was sent at the Head of an Army against the Confederates, the Earth open'd all on a sudden near a Place called *Laverna*, from whence issued much Fire, and a Flame shooting up to the Heavens, and that the Soothsayers being consulted thereupon return'd for Answer, That a Person of uncommon Courage and Beauty

shou'd take the Reigns of Government into his Hands, and suppress the Tumults, and Seditions, with which Rome was at that time agitated. He added that He was that Man of uncommon Courage, and Beauty. For as for his Beauty That was evident from the Colour of his Hair, which was brighter than Gold; and as for his Courage, he thought he might without shame attest it openly, after so many great and glorious Performances. And thus much of his Trust and Confidence in the Gods.

As to the rest of his Character, he was an irregular sort of Man, inconsistent with himself; much given to Rapine, to Prodigality much more; in promoting or disgracing whom he pleased, alike unaccountable; cringing to Those he stood in need of, and domineering over Others who stood in need of Him; so that it was hard to tell, whether his Nature had more in it of Disdain or Flattery. As to his unequal distribution of punishments, when upon slight grounds he would put to the torture, and again bear gently with the greatest Crimes, and receive into grace the most hainous Transgressors upon easy terms, but small and inconsiderable Offences chastise with Death, and Confiscation of Goods; one might from hence judge, that in Himself he was really of a bitter revengeful Nature, which however he could qualify when his Interest requir'd it. In this very Confederate-War, when the Soldiers with Stones and Clubs had kill'd a chief Commander, his own Lieutenant, *Albinus* by name, he passed by such a horrid indignity without taking Cognisance of it; on the contrary, he made it turn to his own Advantage, alledging that he should hereafter have the Soldiers more under Command, and more enterprising, on purpose to expiate their Crime by their Valour; nor was he in the least concern'd at the Reproaches flung upon him for that Omission; but employing all his Thoughts how to crush *Marius*, and seeing the Confederate-War almost at an End, he did all he could to recommend himself to the Army, as a means to be declared General of the Forces against *Mitbridates*.

At his return to *Rome* he was chosen Consul with *Quintus Pompeius*, in the fiftieth Year of his Age, and made an advantageous Alliance the same Year, marrying *Cæcilia*, the Daughter of *Metellus* the High-priest. The common People made Sonnets on this Wedding, and many of the Nobility were disgusted at it, esteeming him, as *Livy* writes, unworthy of the Lady, whom before they thought worthy of a Consulship. This was not his only Wife, for first in his younger days he was joined to *Thia*, by whom he had a Daughter; after Her to *Ælia*, and then to *Calia*, whom he dismissed as Barren, but with great Respect and a fair Character, sweetening her at the same time with some handsome Presents. But soasmuch as in a very few days after he espoused *Metella*, so precipitate a Match made it believed that Barrenness was not the real Cause, for which *Calia* had been repudiated. As for *Metella*, he loved and honoured Her as long as he lived; and She was known to have so great an Interest in him, that at a time when the People were desirous to have Those of *Marius* his Faction recalled, who had been banished; and *Sylla* refus'd to consent, they all unanimously called out upon *Metella*, desiring Her to intercede for them. And after he had made himself Master of *Athens*, it is thought he treated the City more severely than he would otherwise have done, because some of the Citizens during the Siege had among other Bravadoes from the Walls dropped something injurious to the Character of *Metella*. But of This more hereafter,

Sylla being now Consul, thought the Dignity of that Office a Trifle, in Comparison to his future Views and Expectations. He longed impatiently for the chief Command in the War against *Mithridates*, but in This he was oppos'd by *Marius*, who out of a mad affectation of Glory and thirst of Empire, those never-dying Passions, though he was broken in Body, and insufficient for the Service by reason of his Age, yet still thirsted after foreign Wars, and naval Expeditions, and watching his time whilst *Sylla* was absent in the Camp, sat brooding

at home, and at last hatched that execrable Sedition, which wrought more Mischief to *Rome* than she had received from all her former Wars put together. This the Gods had foretold by many Signs and Prodigies. For a Flame broke forth of its own accord, from under the Staves of their Ensigns, and was hard to be extinguished. Three Ravens brought their Young into one of the Streets of *Rome*, and devoured them in publick View, carrying the Fragments back again to their Nests. Some Mice having gnaw'd the consecrated Gold in one of the Temples, the *Ædiles* of that Temple caught One of them (a Female) in a Trap, where she brought forth five young ones, and eat up Three of them. But what was most astonishing, one day in a calm and clear Sky was heard the sound of a Trumpet, but with a Blast so sharp, shrill, and doleful, that it struck Terror and Amazement into the Hearts of the People. The *Hetruscan* Sages affirmed, that this Prodigy betokened the Mutation of the Age, and Revolution of the whole Universe. For according to Them, there are to be in all eight Ages or Generations of Men, All differing One from the Other in their Lives and Customs; that to each of These God has allotted a certain measure of Times, determined by the Circuit of the great Year; that when one Age is almost run out, and Another approacheth, the Heavens or the Earth give notice of it by some wonderful Token. Infomuch that They who have studied these Matters, and carefully examin'd them, do find that at certain Periods a Generation of Men arises, differing in Customs and Manners, and more or less regarded by the Gods than the Preceding. They add, that among other mighty Changes which happen in this Succession of Ages, or Generations, That which attends the Art of Divination is not the least observable; That is is highly esteem'd in one Race, and succeeds in all its Predictions, which are supported by clear and evident Tokens sent from Above; and that in Another it shall be despised, and vilified; founding its Predictions not upon the Certainty of Science, but forming them at Random and by

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Conjecture, looking into Futurity through dim and imperfect Opticks. This was the Mythology of the *Tuscan* Sages, who were thought to be more knowing than other People. Whilst the Senate was assembled in the Temple of *Bellona* to consult the Diviners upon these Prodigies, a Sparrow came flying in before them all, with a Grasshopper in her Mouth ; dividing it into two Parts, One of which she let fall, and flew away with the Other. Upon This the Diviners declared that they apprehended a dangerous Sedition, which would break out between the Inhabitants of the City, and those dwelling in the Country ; for, said They, the Citizens are noisy and clamorous, like the Grasshopper, whereas the Country People keep at home, and never come to *Rome*, but upon days of Assembly, as did this Sparrow.

About this time *Marius* associated to him *Sulpitius*, a Fellow second to None in the most exquisite Villanies ; so that we are not to inquire what other Villains he excell'd in Wickedness, for he excell'd them All, but wherein he out-did Himself. He was a Compound of Cruelty, Impudence and Rapine, all which he exercised to that degree, that whatever was in itself most criminal and enormous, That he committed with the greatest Confidence and Unconcern. He sold by publick Outcry the *Roman* Freedom to *Libertines*, and Foreigners, telling out the Purchase-Money on Counters erected for that purpose in the *Forum*. He kept three thousand Sword-men in constant Pay, and had always about him a company of young Gentlemen of the *Equestrian* Order, ready on all occasions to execute his Commands, whom he stiled his *Antisenatorian-band*. Having caused a Law to be enacted, that no Senator should contract a Debt of above three thousand Drachmas, He himself after his Decease was found indebted three Millions. This was the Man whom *Marius* let in upon the Commonwealth, and who ordering all things even of the highest Importance by Force and the Sword, made several Ordinances of dangerous Consequence, and amongst the rest, That which gave to *Marius* the Conduct of the *Mithridatick* War.

War. Upon This the Consuls decree a Vacance, or Cessation of all publick Business ; but as they were one day holding a Senate in the Temple of *Castor* and *Pollux*, he let loose his *Antisenatorial Band* upon them, and amongst many Others slew *Pompey* the Consul's young Son, in the *Forum*, *Pompey* himself hardly escaping in the Crowd. But *Sylla* being closely pursued into the House of *Marius*, was brought back into the *Forum*, and forced to dissolve the Cessation ; for this cause *Sulpitius* deposed *Pompey*, but condescended to continue *Sylla* in his Consulship, at the same time confirming to *Marius* the chief Command in the War against *Mithridates*.

Immediately upon This two military Tribunes were dispatched to *Nola*, to take the Charge of *Sylla's* Army, and resign it to *Marius*. But *Sylla* had been too nimble for them ; he got first to the Camp, and told the Soldiers what Errand the Tribunes were sent upon, so that without any Ceremony they seized upon them, and stoned them. *Marius* in requital put the Friends of *Sylla* in the City to the Sword, and plunder'd their Houses. The People were all in Commotion, shifting and hurrying to and fro, Some from the Camp to the City, Others from the City to the Camp. The Senate, now no longer itself, was wholly governed by the Dictates of *Marius* and *Sulpitius* ; wherefore being informed that *Sylla* was advancing at the Head of his Troops towards the City, they sent two of their Prætors, *Brutus* and *Servilius*, to forbid his nearer Approach. When the Soldiers understood that they had deliver'd their Message to *Sylla* in Terms a little too haughty, they had like to have slain them in their first Transports, but considering better of it they satisfied themselves with breaking their Rods, and stripping them of their purple Robes ; after which they dismissed them, having first treated them with the highest Outrage and Insolence.

When the *Romans* saw them return in that Condition without their Ensigns, and Marks of Authority, this Sight flung them into the utmost Consternation ; they

saw

saw the Storm ready to break, and that a Sedition was unavoidable. *Marius* put himself in a Readiness to repel Force by Force, and *Sylla* with his Colleague *Pompey* marched at the head of six Legions compleat from his Camp near *Nola*. He found the Army ready, and impatient to advance directly to *Rome*; but He was himself wavering, and undetermined, doubtful of the Event in so hazardous an Enterprize. As he was sacrificing, *Posthumius* the Soothsayer having inspected the Entrails, stretched forth both his hands to *Sylla*, and required to be bound and kept in Custody 'till the Battle was over, voluntarily submitting himself to the severest Punishment, if his Expectations and Desires were not immediately crown'd with Success. It is said that the Night following there appeared to *Sylla* in a Dream that Goddesses, whom the *Romans* worship according to the *Cappadocian* Ritual, whether it be the *Moon*, *Minerva*, or *Bellona*. That to his thinking this Goddess stood at his Head, and deliver'd him her Thunderbolt; named to him One by One, and bid him discharge upon them; and that thereupon they immediately fell, and disappeared. Encouraged by this Vision, which he related the next Morning to his Colleague, he led on towards *Rome*: About *Picina* he was met by an Embassy, beseeching him not to come in that hostile manner against the City, and assuring him that the Senate had decreed to grant him every thing that was just and reasonable, He seemingly submitted to their Request, promised to encamp in that very Place, and ordered the Ground to be marked out accordingly.

The Ambassadors believing him to be in earnest returned to *Rome* in great Confidence. But they were scarce out of sight before he sent a Party, under the Command of *Lucius Bassillus* and *C. Mommius* to secure one of the Gates and the Wall on the side of the *Æsculine* Hill; following them Himself close upon the Heels with his whole Army. *Bassillus* having possess'd himself of the Gate, got into the City, whereupon the unarm'd Multitude taking the Alarm got up to the Tops of their Houses,

Houses, from whence pelting him with Stones and Tiles, they made him halt, and at last forced him back to the Wall. *Sylla* by this time was come up, and seeing what was done, called aloud to his Men, bidding them set fire to the Houses; and He himself with a flaming Torch in his Hand led the way, and commanded his Archers to make use of their Fire-darts, and to let fly at the tops of the Houses: This he did without the least consideration, all enraged, and yielding the Conduct of that day's work to Passion; as if All he saw were Enemies, without respect or pity either to Friends, Relations, or Acquaintance, the Word was Fire, which knows no distinction betwixt Friend or Foe, Guilt or Innocence.

In this dispute *Marius* being driven into the Temple of *Mother-Earth*, would from thence have drawn in the Bondmen by Proclamation of Freedom; but the Enemy coming on, he was overpowered, and fled the City.

Sylla having called a Senate, had Sentence of Death passed on *Marius*, and some few Others, amongst whom was *Sulpitius* Tribune of the People. *Sulpitius* being betray'd by one of his Slaves was immediately seized, and executed. *Sylla* enfranchised the Slave who had betrayed him, but at the same time ordered him to be thrown headlong down the *Tarpeian* Rock. As for *Marius*, he set a Price on his Head by Proclamation, which was an Action consisting neither with Gratitude, nor Policy, if we consider into whose House He Himself had fled not long before, where he was at the Mercy of his Enemy, who notwithstanding dismissed him in Safety. If *Marius* had then given way to *Sulpitius*, who was for dispatching *Sylla*, he might now have been Lord of All, but he chose rather to spare his Life, and release him, for which *Sylla* when it came to his turn to be uppermost, made him a very ungrateful and ungenerous Acknowledgment.

By these Proceedings *Sylla* highly offended the Senate, who could not with safety express their Resentment; but

but the displeasure and indignation of the Commonalty shewed itself plainly by their Actions. For they ignominiously rejected *Nonius* his Nephew, and one of his Friends called *Servius*, who put in for the first Posts in the Government, and stood upon his Interest, and Recommendation. And to make this Affront still the more sensible, they named two Others in their stead, whose Promotion they thought would give him the greatest Uneasiness. *Sylla* had the Address to seem well pleased with all This, saying, *He with Joy saw the People by his means restored to their full Liberty of acting just as they pleased.* And to pacify the publick Odium, he created *Lucius Cinna* Consul, one of the adverse Party, having first bound him under Oaths and Imprecations, to be true to his Interest: For *Cinna* ascending the Capitol with a Stone in his Hand, took a solemn Oath in the Presence of the People, to which he added this Imprecation, *that in case he did not punctually observe the Oath in its fullest Extent, he might be thrown out of the City in the same manner as he then threw that Stone out of his Hand;* at which Words he threw it on the Ground in the sight of the whole Assembly.

Notwithstanding all this, *Cinna* had no sooner entered upon his Charge, but he fell upon undoing all that had been done by *Sylla*, against whom he commenced a criminal Suit, and suborn'd *Virginius*, one of the Tribunes, to be his Accuser; but *Sylla* leaving Him and the Court of Judicature to themselves, set forward against *Mithridates*.

About the time when *Sylla* was ready to sail with his Forces from *Italy*, *Mithridates*, who was then at *Pergamus*, was disturbed by many Omens and Prognosticks, among which was the Following. It is reported that a Victory, which by means of a certain Engine contriv'd by the *Pergamenians* was to descend with a Crown in her Hand and place it upon the Head of *Mithridates* at his first Entrance into the Theater, fell asunder when she had almost reached his Head, and that the Crown tumbled down, and was broke to pieces. This Prodigy had

had a wonderful effect upon the Minds of the People, and *Mithridates* himself was so discouraged at it, that he began to distrust his Fortune, tho' his Affairs had hitherto succeeded beyond Expectation; for having wrested *Asia* from the *Romans*, and driven *Nicomedes* and *Ariobarzanes* out of their Kingdoms of *Bithynia* and *Cappadocia*, he made *Pergamus* his Royal Seat, and from thence conferred on his Friends Riches, Principalities, and Kingdoms. Of his two Sons, the eldest reigned peaceably in *Pontus*, and *Bosphorus*, which were the antient Domains of his Predecessors, and extended as far as the Desarts confining on the *Palus Mæotis*. His other Son *Ariaratbes* was at the Head of a powerful Army, making a Conquest of *Thrace* and *Macedon*, whilst his Generals at the Head of other Forces were fighting victoriously for him in other Quarters. Among These the most considerable was *Archelaus*, who having a large Fleet under his Command was become absolute at Sea, and having subdued the *Cyclades*, with all the other Islands lying under the Promontory of *Malea*, and even *Eubœa* itself, at last made himself Master of *Athens*. From thence, as from a place of Arms, he made his Excursions, causing all the Cities in *Greece* to revolt from the *Romans*, without meeting any Rub in his way, 'till he came to *Chæronea*. There *Brutius Sura*, Deputy to *Sentius* Governor of *Macedon*, a Man of excellent Sense and undaunted Courage, oppos'd himself to this impetuous Torrent, which had laid waste all *Bœotia*, and having defeated him in three Engagements drove him out of *Greece*, and forced him back to Sea. However having received *Lucullus* his Orders to give place to *Sylla*, who had been appointed his Successor, he quitted *Bœotia*, and returned to *Sentius*, at a time when the *Roman* Interest was thriving to a Miracle under his Administration, when his Successes had exceeded the Hopes of All, and *Greece* was ripe for a Change, being at once charm'd with his Valour and Conduct. These were the Exploits of *Brutius*.

Sylla at his Arrival received by their Ambassadors the Compliments of all the Cities of *Greece*, except *Athens*, which

which was forced by the Tyrant *Aristion* to hold for the King: whereupon *Sylla* marched thither with all his Forces, and investing the Haven *Pyreus*, laid formal Siege to it, erecting Batteries of all kinds, and trying all manner of Assaults. If he had waited ever so little, he might have taken the upper City without striking a stroke, for it was reduced by Famine to the last Extremity. But being in haste to return to *Rome*, and in daily fear of some Innovations there, he spared neither Dangers, Combats, nor Expences, so he might but once put an End to that War; for besides his other warlike Preparations, and Equipage, he had no less than ten thousand Yoke of Mules daily employed in the Service of his Machines, and Batteries. At last he grew in want of Timber, which had been all consumed in making those Machines, and keeping them in Repair; for many of them had been crushed by their own enormous Weight, and as many ruined by the Fire of the Enemy. In this Want he made bold with the sacred Groves, and cut down the stately Walks in the Academy, and *Lycæum*, two famous Inclosures in the Suburbs. And forasmuch as Money was wanting to answer the Expence of the War, he had Recourse to the Sacred and Inviolable Treasures of the Temples, and accordingly sent for the richest and most precious Offeritories in *Epidaurus*, and *Olympia*. He likewise wrote to the *Amphyctions* assembled at *Delphi*, requiring them to send the Treasures of the God to Him, with whom they would remain in safer Custody; or if he should be obliged to make use of them, they might be sure he would return the Value when the War was ended. At the same time he sent to *Delphi* one of his Friends called *Capbis* a *Phocean*, who had orders to receive it all by Weight.

When *Capbis* arrived at *Delphi* his Conscience would not suffer him to lay sacrilegious Hands on holy things, so that with Tears in his Eyes he bewailed to the *Amphyctions* the necessity he was under. In that very instant Some among them pretended to hear the sound of *Apollo's Lyre* in the Sanctuary; so that *Capbis*, either

really believing it to be true, or else desirous to strike a religious Awe into *Sylla*, sent away an Express with an account of what had happened; but *Sylla* laughing at his Simplicity return'd for Answer, *That it was Matter of Wonder to Him that Caphis should not understand that Musick was a sign of Joy, and not of Displeasure; that therefore he had nothing to do but go boldly, and take the Treasure; which the Gracious and Bountiful God would be so far from resenting, that he even invited him to come and receive it.*

Whereupon all this inestimable Mass of Treasure was conveyed away, whilst the greatest Part of *Greece* knew not of what it consisted; only there was a Tun of Massy Silver, which of the many Royal Donations had 'till then remained untouched. This being too weighty and cumberfom for any one Carriage, the *Amphyetions* were forced to cut it in Pieces; and That was a part of the Treasure which could not be secreted. This made the miserable *Grecians* recal to their Memory sometimes *Flaminius*, and *Manins Acilius*, and sometimes *Paulus Aemilius*, of whom One having driven *Antiochus* out of *Greece*, and the other Two overthrown the Kings of *Macedon*, were so far from violating the Temples, that they express a high Veneration for them, and enriched them with new Donatidus. Those indeed were Generals duly elected according to Law; they were Leaders of Men well disciplined, and taught to yield ready Obedience to Command. These, in the Worth and Dignity of their Minds, were Sovereign Princes, though their Equipage and Expence was That of private Persons; for they scorned to receive more from the Publick than the established Allowance, and thought it more ignominious for a General to flatter his Soldiers than fear the Enemy; whereas the Commanders of these times, attaining to Superiority by Force, not Worth; and having need of Arms One against Another, rather than the Enemy, were constrained to temporise in Authority, and hiring the Soldiers Labour at the price of Luxury, rendred their whole Country Mercenary,

senary; and were themselves Slaves to the vilest of Wretches, that they might Lord it over their Betters. These Practices cast out *Marius*, and again brought him in against *Sylla*. The same caused *Cinna* to be the Assassin of *Octavius*, and *Fimbria* of *Flaccus*. *Sylla* may not unjustly be said to have been the chief Author of all these Evils: For He, in order to entice over to his Party Such as were under the Command of Others, was profusely bountiful to Those under his Own; so that what by bribing the One to revolt, and encouraging the Other in all the Excesses of Luxury and Intemperance, he soon emptied his Coffers, and came to want Money, especially for the carrying on of that Siege.

He had indeed an impatient restless Desire to be Master of *Athens*. Whether he was led by a senseless Emulation to fight as it were against the Shadow of that once celebrated City; or provoked at the bitter Jests and Scurrilities which the Tyrant *Arifion* vented daily from the Walls against Him and *Metella*, on purpose to vex and gall him.

This *Arifion* was a Compound of Lewdness and Cruelty, the very Sink of all the vicious Humours and ill Qualities of his Master *Mitbridates*. Thus this poor City, which had survived so many Wars, escaped so many Tyrannies, and got the better of so many Seditions, was now reduced to the last Gasps by this Tyrant, who hung upon her like a mortal and incurable Distemper. At the time when a *Medimnus* (i. e. Six Bushels) of Wheat was Sold for a thousand Drachmas, and the Inhabitants were forced to live on the Herbs and Roots which they found about the Citadel, and, what is worse, feed on Shoe-Leather and foddren Oil-Bags; in the midst of this publick Misery did that profligate Wretch wallow in Luxury and Debauch, spending his whole time in revelling and dancing, or from the Walls flinging his bitter Jests at the Enemy; and whilst He and his Crew abounded in all manner of Excess, he suffered the holy Lamp of the Goddess to expire for want of Oil; and when the High-Priestess sent to him for half

a Measure of Wheat, he sent her so much Pepper. The Priests and Senators went to him in a Body, and on their Knees intreated him to have compassion on the City, and obtain a Capitulation for her. These venerable Supplicants were forced from his Presence by a Flight of Arrows. At length being driven to his last Hold, he was with much ado persuaded to dismiss two or three of his drunken Companions to treat with *Sylla*; who perceiving that they offered nothing to the Purpose, nor made any Overtures to an Accommodation, but that they ran on in a florid way, crying up, *Theſeus*, *Eumolpus*, and the Exploits of the *Athenians* against the *Medes*, he soon grew weary of such stuff, and taking them short told them, *My merry Friends, You may pack up your Speeches, and be gone. I was not sent hither by the Romans to listen to your old Wives Tales, but to chastise the Rebellious.*

In the mean time News came to *Sylla*, that some old Men discoursing in the *Ceramicum*, were overheard to blame the Tyrant, for not securing the Passages and Avenues on the side of the Gate *Heptaecbalcos*, where only the Enemy might easily get over. *Sylla* neglected not the Report, but going in the Night, and discovering the Place to be assaultable, set straight to work: *Sylla* himself makes mention in his Memoirs, that *Marcus Teius* was the first Man who scal'd the Wall, and that meeting with an Adversary, and striking him on the Head-piece a home stroke, broke his Sword, however he shrunk not from his ground, but withstood and held him fast. The City was taken on that part, as it is recorded by the most ancient of the *Athenians*.

When *Sylla* had levelled that part of the Wall which stood between the *Pyrean*, and *holy Gate*, he entered the Breach about dead of Night in a most dreadful manner, to the Sound of an innumerable Company of Trumpets and Cornets, which however was lost in the more terrible Shouts and Menaces of a licentious Army, let loose to Rapine and Murder. We have no account of the Number of the Slain; only from the space of ground overflowed

overflowed with Blood, we may even now make some Calculation of it; for to pass by the Execution done on other Quarters of the City, the Blood spilt in the *Fœrum* only covered the whole *Ceramicum*, as far as the Gate *Dipylos*: Some say it forced its way through the Gate, and overflowed the Suburb. Nor did the People which fell thus in such vast heaps, excel the number of Those, who out of pity and love to their Country, then at the point of destruction, slew Themselves; the Best of them despairing and dreading to survive; as not expecting either Humanity or Moderation in *Sylla*. At length, partly by the good Offices of *Midias* and *Callippon*, two *Athenian* Exiles, who threw themselves at his Feet, and besought him to spare the miserable Remains of *Athens*, partly at the Intercession of some Senators who had followed his Camp, and seconded their Request, and for that he had by this time glutted himself with Revenge, he put a stop to his Cruelty, and making honourable mention of the ancient *Athenians*, *I forgive* (said he) *the Many for the sake of a Few, the Living for the Dead*. He took *Athens*, according to his own Memoirs, on the Calends of *March*, which fall out exactly on the first of *Anthesterion*, which Day the *Athenians* distinguished by many Ceremonies, observed in Memory of the great Waste and Desolation caused by a Deluge, which they say happened about that time of the Year many Ages before.

At the taking of the Town, the Tyrant fled into the Citadel, and was there besieged by *Curio*, who had that Charge under his Command. He held out a considerable time, but was at last forced to surrender for want of Water. There seemed something Providential in this Circumstance; for on the very day and hour on which *Curio* made *Aristion* his Prisoner, the Sky, which 'till then had been very clear and serene, was overcast on a sudden; the Clouds gathered, and the Rain fell in such Abundance, that the Castle was overflowed.

Not long after *Sylla* made himself Master of the Haven *Piræus*, and set fire to all the Fortifications, especially

cially the Arsenal, which had been built by *Philo*, and was a Master-piece of Architecture.

In the mean time *Taxiles*, *Mitbridates's* General, coming down from *Thrace* and *Macedon*, with an Army of a hundred thousand Foot, ten thousand Horse, and ninety armed Chariots, sent to *Archelaus* to join him. *Archelaus* was at that time riding in the Haven of *Munichia*, with intention neither to quit the Sea, or engage the *Romans* in Fight, but to draw out the War in length, and cut off the Enemy's Provision; which *Sylla* perceiving much better than Himself, decamp'd immediately, and quitted a Country so barren and uncultivated, that it was not able to subsist an Army even in times of Peace, and marched with his Forces into *Bœotia*. In This he was thought by Some to have taken false Measures, when leaving *Attica*, a rugged Country, and uneasy for the Cavalry to move in, he put himself into the plain and open Fields of *Bœotia*, knowing the *Barbarians* Strength to consist most in Horse and Chariots. But, as was said before, to avoid Famine and Scarcity, he was forced to run the risk of a Battle: Moreover, he was in Pain for *Hortensius*, a Man expert in War, and of a rough Soldiery Constitution, who was marching to join him with a strong Reinforcement out of *Thessaly*, and was way-laid by the *Barbarians* in the Straits. But *Caphis* our Countryman, led *Hortensius* another way, unknown to the *Barbarians*. He conducted him by *Parnassus*, to a Post situate under *Titbora*, which at present is a large City, but was then no better than a Fort built on the Brow of a steep Precipice, whither the *Phoceans* fled and secured themselves and their Effects at the time when *Greece* was invaded by *Xerxes*. *Hortensius* encamping here, kept off the Enemy by Day, and at Night descending by difficult Passages, he arrived safe at *Patronis*, where he joined *Sylla* who was come with the Legions to meet him. Thus united, they posted themselves on a fertile Hill, in the Plains of *Elateia*, set round with Trees, and watered at the Bottom; It is called *Philobeotas*, and is much

much commended by *Sylla* for the Fruitfulness of its Soil, and its agreeable Situation.

As they lay thus encamped, they seemed to the Enemy a contemptible Number, for they were not above fifteen hundred Horse, and less than fifteen thousand Foot; wherefore, the rest of the Commanders overpersuading *Archelaus*, and drawing up the Army, covered the Field with Horses, Chariots, Bucklers, and Targets: The clamour and hideous roar of so many Nations, standing thick together in Battalia, seem'd to rend the Sky; nor was the Pomp and Gallantry of their costly Array altogether idle and unserviceable for Terror: For the brightness of their Armour, magnificently embellished with Gold and Silver, and the lustre of their *Median* and *Scythian* Cassocks, intermixt with Brass and polished Steel, seemed to kindle the Air with a sparkling Gleam like That of Lightening, whilst the Troops were under a wavy Motion, at which the *Romans* were so terrified that they kept close within their Retrenchments. It was impossible for *Sylla*, do all he could, to remove their Fear; and he thought it not safe to force them to fight whilst they were under that Consternation. Wherefore he was obliged to sit down in quiet, and endure, though much against the Grain, the Scoffs and Insults of the *Barbarians*. However This very thing in the End turned to his Advantage. The Enemy's Contempt of the *Romans* was followed by a Disorder among themselves. Their imaginary Superiority made them insolent and ungovernable; they had so many Commanders among them that they obeyed None. Some few of them contained themselves within their Lines; the rest, like ravenous Wolves eager upon their Prey, went prowling up and down in hopes of Plunder, which led them several Days Journey from their Camp. It is said that in these Excursions they demolished the City of *Paropea*, sacked *Lebadia*, pillaged the Temple wherein Oracles were delivered, and all This in defiance of military Discipline, without any Orders from their Generals.

Sylla.

Sylla in the mean time chafing and fretting to see the Cities all round destroyed, suffered not his Soldiers to lie idle, but continually kept them to hard Labour. He made them turn the Course of the River *Cephisus*, and draw deep Trenches, exempting none from Work; but being himself a severe Inspector, punished Those that were remiss with Rigour, to the end that being weary with working they might choose rather to stand the Hazard of an Engagement. This happened as he designed it; for after they had been slaving for three Days together, as *Sylla* passed by according to Custom, to inspect the Works, they All cried out to him to lead them against the Enemy. *Sylla* replied, *That this Demand proceeded rather from a Backwardness to Labour, than any Forwardness to fight; but if You are in good earnest, and have really a Mind to fight, go take Your Arms, and possess Yourselves of that Post.* At these Words he pointed to them a Place where formerly stood a Castle of the *Parapotamians*, which was now, the Town being destroyed, nothing better than the Ridge of a Mountain, sharp and craggy, and separated from Mount *Edulium* by the River *Assus*, which runs between them, and at the Foot of the Mountain falls into the *Cephisus*. The River growing very rapid and impetuous by this Confluence, renders that Ridge a safe and commodious Post for an Encampment. Wherefore *Sylla* perceiving that the *Chalcaspidæ*, or Brass-Targetiers of the Enemy, were in Motion to post themselves upon it, was desirous to prevent them, as he did by the Vigour and Activity of his Soldiers.

Archelaus being thus repulsed, moved his Camp, and turned his Forces towards *Chæroneæ*. Whereupon Those of the *Chæroneans*, who were then in *Sylla's* Army, intreated him not to abandon their City; upon which *Sylla* detached thither one of his Legions, under the Command of *Gabinus*, a Tribune of the Soldiers, and added all the *Chæroneans* to the Party. They did all they could to arrive at *Chæroneæ* before *Gabinus*, but He had the Speed of them. So zealous was that Officer,

cer, and indeed more concerned for the Safety of the City than her own Citizens. *Juba* the Historian saith, it was not *Gabinus*, but *Hirtius*, who was employed in that Service. However, in this Manner did our City escape the Danger which so narrowly threatened her.

In the mean time the *Romans* were daily encouraged by Reports and Prophecies, which they received from *Lebadia* and the Cave of *Trophonius*, promising them mighty Victories. The Inhabitants of that Country report many things relating to those Prophecies; and *Sylla* himself affirms in the tenth Book of his Memoirs, that *Q. Titius*, a Man who had considerable Dealings in *Greece*, came to him after the Defeat of the Enemy near *Chæroneæ*, assuring him that *Trophonius* had foretold to him that in a few days there was to be another Battle, and another Victory on the same Spot; That This Prophecy was seconded by Another from a Soldier belonging to the Army, called *Salvenius*, who foretold to him the future Success of his Affairs in *Italy*; that both the One and the Other affirmed that what they spoke was by divine Inspiration; that they Both agreed in This, that the Vision they had seen, and which had spoke to them, perfectly resembled in Majesty, Grandeur and Beauty That of the *Olympian Jupiter*.

When *Sylla* had passed over the *Assus*, he marched up to *Edylium*, and encamped over-against *Archelaus*, who had intrenched himself strongly between the Mountains *Acontium* and *Edylium*, near a Place called *Assia*: The Post where he encamped being to this Day named from Him *Archelaus*. *Sylla* remained one day in that Camp, where leaving *Muræna* with a Legion and two Cohorts, to harass and alarm the Enemy, who were in some Disorder, he marched with the rest of the Forces to the Banks of the *Cephisus*, where he sacrificed. The holy Rites ended, he held on towards *Chæroneæ*, to receive the Forces there, and view Mount *Thurion*, where the Enemy had posted themselves. This is a craggy Height, running up gradually to a Point, which

which we call *Orthopagon*; at the foot of it is the River *Morius*, and the Temple of *Apollo Thurius*: The God had this Surname from *Thuro*, Mother of *Cberon*, whom ancient Fame makes Founder of *Charonea*. Others assert, that the Heifer which *Apollo* gave to *Cadmus* for a Guide, first appeared to him there; and that the Place took its Name from thence; for the *Phœnicians* call a Heifer *Thor*.

At *Sylla's* approach to *Charonea*, the Tribune, who had been sent thither to defend the City, went out to meet him at the Head of his Troops, bearing in his Hand a Crown of Laurel. He accepted of the Crown, caressed the Soldiers, and exhorted them to behave themselves like *Romans*, when there should be Occasion. Whilst he was thus animating the Soldiers, *Homoloeus* and *Anaxidamus*, two Men of *Charonea*, presented themselves to him, undertaking to dislodge the Enemy from their Post at *Thurium*, if they might have a small Party to assist them; for that there was a By-way unknown to the *Barbarians*, leading from a Place called *Petrochus*, by the Temple of the *Muses*, and so up to the Top of the Mountain; from whence it was easy for them to charge upon the *Barbarians*, and either stone them from above, or force them down into the Plain. *Sylla*, assured of their Faith and Courage by *Gabinus*, gave them the Party they desired, and encouraged them to proceed. In the mean time he formed his Army, and disposing of the Cavalry in the two Wings, he commanded the Right Himself, and the Left he committed to the direction of *Muræna*; *Gallus* and *Hortensius* his Lieutenants were placed in the Rear, with a Body of Reserve, and possessed themselves of the Hills to watch the Motions of the Enemy, who were observed to extend their Wings, consisting of an infinite Number of Horse, and all their light Infantry, so as to make them pliant, and ready to wind at pleasure, and by a large Circumvolution join in a Point behind the *Romans*.

In the mean time the two *Chæroneans* having received by Sylla's Appointment such a Party as they desired under the Command of *Hirtius*, marched unobserved by the Enemy, and gained the top of *Tburium*, where they formed, and were discovered all on a sudden by the *Barbarians*, who immediately fell into Disorder at the Sight of them, and fled in such Confusion, that they fell foul on One Another. For they durst not stand a Charge from the *Romans* who drove furiously at them from the upper Ground; but hurried headlong downwards, whereby Some fell on their own Spears, and Others were overtaken by the Swords of the Pursuers, insomuch that about three thousand of them were slain on the Mountain. Some of the Run-aways fell into the Hands of *Muræna*, in the Left Wing, and were there cut to Pieces. As many as could gain the Camp flung themselves upon the main Body with such Precipitation and Disorder, that all the Ranks were seized with Terror and Confusion, so that it was no easy Matter for the Officers to restore and compose them; and This was one of the principal Occasions of their Defeat. For Sylla taking his Advantage of the present Confusion, ran full speed upon them with his Right Wing, and came so soon up with them, as to disappoint the Service of their armed Chariots. For those Chariots acquire their Force only from the Length of their Course, which gives an impetuous Rapidity to their Motion; whereas a short Drift cramps them in their Career, and renders them weak and useless, like the Flight of an Arrow from an unbraced Bow. Thus it fared with the *Barbarians*, whose Chariots in the Front started as it were upon a spurt, and made so weak an Impression in the Charge, that the *Romans* repelled them with ease, and setting up a loud Laugh called for more of them, as it is customary to do at *Rome* in their Races in the *Circus*.

By this time the Gros of both Armies were engaged. The *Barbarians*, on one side, charged their long Pikes, and with Shields locked close together, like a Roof

over.

over-head, strove what in them lay to maintain their Ground; and the *Romans*, on the other side, threw by their Piles, and with Sword in Hand endeavoured to parry their Pikes, and close them in the first Transports of their Fury, which was exceedingly aggravated at the Sight of fifteen thousand Slaves, whom the King's Officers had debauched from them by a Proclamation of Freedom, and incorporated with their Infantry; whereupon a *Roman* Centurion made this pleasant Reflection, *That he never knew Slaves allowed to play the Masters, unless on the Holy-Days of Saturn.* Notwithstanding which these Slaves, contrary to their natural Genius, had so much Courage and Resolution as to stand the Shock of the *Roman* Infantry. Their Battalions were so close and deep, that the *Romans* with all their Force and Skill could not break their Ranks, nor force them to give way 'till the light Infantry in the second Line let fly at them with Showers of Darts and Stones, and at last broke them. As *Archelaus* was extending the Right Wing to encompass the Enemy, *Hortensius* with his Cohorts came down again, with intention to charge him in the Flank; but *Archelaus* wheeling about suddenly, with two thousand Horse, *Hortensius*, over-laid with numbers, withdrew himself to the upper Grounds, where he was far from the main Body, and surrounded by the Enemy: When *Sylla* heard This, he came speeding with some Troops from the Right Wing, which had not yet engaged, to his Succour; but *Archelaus* guessing the matter by the dust of his Troops, turned on a sudden to the Right Wing from whence *Sylla* came, in hopes to have surprised it without a Commander: At the same instance likewise *Taxiles*, with the *Chalcaspidae*, assailed *Muræna*, so as a Cry coming from both places, and the Hills repeating it around, *Sylla* stood in suspense which way to move; but after a little Consideration, he thought it best to return to his old Post, and support his Right Wing: wherefore he detached *Hortensius* with four Cohorts to the Assistance of *Muræna*, and commanding the fifth to follow him,

him, returned on the Spur to the Right Wing, which he found engaged without him, and fighting upon equal Terms with *Archelaus*. But immediately upon his Appearance, being animated by the Presence of their General, they made one Push for All, routed the Enemy, and pursued them flying in a disorderly manner towards the River and Mount *Acontium*.

After this lucky Stroke, *Sylla*, without loss of time, hastened to the Assistance of *Muræna*, and finding that He had likewise on his Part overthrown *Taxiles*, he joined him in the Pursuit. Many *Barbarians* were slain on the Spot, and many more cut in pieces as they were making to the Camp: Of such infinite Multitudes, ten thousand only got safe into *Chalcis*. *Sylla* writes, that there were but fourteen of his Soldiers wanting, and that Two even of Those returned towards Evening; for which Reason he caused these Words to be inscribed on the Trophies erected on that Occasion, *Mars, Victory, Venus*: In acknowledgment that he was as much obliged to Fortune for his Success, as to his own Capacity and the Valour of his Troops. There were two Trophies erected; the First, which was for the Victory obtained in the Plain, was raised in that Place where *Archelaus* first turned his Back, and fled as far as the Banks of the *Molus*. The Other was erected on the Top of Mount *Thurium*, where the *Barbarians* were first surprised in the Beginning of the Engagement, on which was inscribed in Greek Characters, *Homoloichus* and *Anaxidamus* Commanders.

In Joy and Acknowledgment for so entire a Victory, he caused Musick Shews to be exhibited at *Thebes*, where he ordered a Theatre to be built for that Purpose near the Fountain of *Oedipus*, and sent for the Judges, who were to dispose of the Rewards or Prizes, out of the neighbouring Cities, for he had conceived an implacable Hatred to the *Thebans*, and ordained that one Moiety of their Territories should be consecrated to *Apollo Pythius*, and the *Olympian Jupiter*; and that the

Revenue should be applied to make good the Money he had taken out of their Temples,

About this time he was informed that *Flaccus*, a Man of the contrary Faction, had been named Consul, and that he had crossed the *Ionian* Sea with an Army, to act in shew against *Mitbridates*, but in reality against himself; wherefore he immediately marched with his Army towards *Thessaly*, in order to meet him. But he was hardly arrived at the City of *Meliteia* before he received Advice from all Parts, that the Countries he had just quitted were over-run, and wasted by a royal Army more powerful and numerous than the Former. For *Dorilaus* arriving at *Chalcis* with a mighty Fleet (on board of which he brought over with him eighty thousand of the best appointed, and best disciplined Soldiers *Mitbridates* had in his Army) had made a sudden Incurfion into *Bæotia*, and secured that Coast, in hopes to bring *Sylla* to a Battle. He would not so much as hear the Reasons offered by *Archelaus*, who endeavoured to dissuade him; but on the contrary insinuated that it was impossible so Many could have fallen in the late Battle without Treachery.

However, *Sylla* facing about expeditiously, made it appear to *Dorilaus*, that *Archelaus* was a wise Man, and had given Him good Advice, having had sufficient Experience of the *Roman* Valour; insomuch as *Dorilaus* Himself, after some small Skirmishes with *Sylla* at *Tilpboffion*, was the first of All who thought it not advisable to put things to the decision of the Sword, but rather by expence of Time and Treasure to wear out the War. Notwithstanding this Opinion, the Plain of *Orchomenus*, where they lay encamped, inspired *Archelaus* with new Courage; he thought it an advantageous Place for an Army to engage in, who were superior to the Enemy in Horse. For of all the Plains in *Bæotia*, That which begins at *Orchomene* is the largest and most beautiful. It is all an open Champain void of cover, and stretches out as far as to the Fens, into
which

which the River *Melas* discharges itself. Of all the *Grecian* Rivers, This only which ariseth from under the City *Orchomenus*, draws with it a deep and navigable Water from the very Head, increasing about the Summer Solstice like the *Nile*, and producing the same sort of Plants with that River, only they shoot up higher, are barren and unprofitable. It runs not far before the main Stream loseth itself among those blind and woody Marsh-Grounds, only a small Branch thereof minglcth with the *Cephisus*, about that place especially where the Lake is thought to produce the best Flute-reeds.

Now both Armies being posted near each other upon this Plain, *Archelaus* lay still, but *Sylla* fell to casting up Ditches athwart from either side, that if possible, by cutting the Enemies from the firm and open Champaign, he might force them into the Fens. The *Barbarians* on the other hand, resolved to put a stop to that Work, fell upon Those employed in it, and at the same time routed the Forces that had been sent to cover them. When *Sylla* perceived This, he leaped from his Horse, and snatching hold of an Ensign, rushed through the Fugitive Soldiers upon the Enemy: telling them aloud; *For my Part, O ye Romans! I think it glorious to fall here; but as for You, when it shall be demanded of You where You left your General, remember You say at Orchomenus.* His Men rallying again at these words, and two Cohorts coming to his succour from the Right Wing, he gave a fierce Onset, and turned the Day. Then retiring some few Paces back, and refreshing his Men, he came on again to block up the Enemies Camp, but They again sallied out in better Order than before. Here *Diogenes*, Son-in-law to *Archelaus*, having fought on the Right Wing with much Gallantry, made an honourable End. And the Archers being pressed on hard by the *Romans*, for want of Space to make use of their Bows, took their Arrows by handfuls, and using them as Swords, they did great Execution upon the Enemy. At last they were All repulsed and driven back into their Camp, where they had a melancholy

Night of it, by reason of the slain and wounded, of which they had Both in great Numbers.

The next day, as soon as it was light, *Sylla* led his Men again towards the Camp of the Enemy, to continue the Trenches ; and falling upon Those who were drawn out to disturb and drive the *Romans* from the Works, he charged them so hard, that they took to their Heels, and fled. The Run-aways infected Those who remained in the Camp with Fear, so that not a Man of them had the Courage to look the *Romans* in the Face. *Sylla* entered Pell-Mell with Those that fled, and made himself Master of All, with little or no Resistance. In a Moment the Marshes were dyed with Blood, and the Lake filled with dead Bodies ; insomuch that even at this day are often found in it Bows, Helmets, broken Cuirasses, Swords, and other Arms of the *Barbarians* buried deep in the Mud, though it is now near two hundred Years since that Battle. Thus much of the Actions at *Chæronea* and *Orchomenus*.

In the mean time *Cinna* and *Carbo* exercised the greatest Violence and Injustice to Persons of the highest Rank and Eminency in *Rome* ; insomuch that most of them, to avoid that Tyranny, repaired to *Sylla's* Camp, as to a safe Harbour, where in a short space he had about him the Majestick Face of a Senate. *Metella* likewise having with much difficulty conveyed herself and Children away by stealth, brought him word that his House in the City had been burnt down by his Adversaries, and pressed him to hasten to the Relief and Succour of his Friends in *Rome*.

Whilst *Sylla* was in dispute with Himself, and undetermined what Course to take ; for on the one hand he could not suffer his Country to remain in the miserable Condition to which it was reduced, nor could he on the other resolve to leave unfinished so important a Work as was the War against *Mitbridates* ; whilst he was under this Dilemma, a certain Merchant of *Delium*, called *Archelaus*, arrived at the Camp with a secret Commission, and some promising Overtures from
Archelaus,

Archelaus, the King's General. *Sylla* liked the business so well as to desire a speedy Conference with *Archelaus* in Person, and had a Meeting at Sea on that side of *Delium* where the Temple of *Apollo* stands. *Archelaus* began first, and proposed to *Sylla* to quit his Pretensions to *Asia* and *Pontus*, and return without delay and extinguish the Civil War which was breaking out in Rome; offering him upon those Conditions on the King's Part to supply him with Men, Money, and Shipping. *Sylla* interrupting him, proposed to Him to quit *Mithridates's* Service and Interest, to proclaim himself King in his stead, and become a Friend and Ally to the Romans, and lastly to deliver the Fleet up to Him. When *Archelaus* professed his Abhorrence of such a Treason, *Sylla* proceeding said, Dost Thou, *Archelaus*, who art by Birth a *Cappadocian*, in Circumstances a Slave, or if thou pleasest the Favourite of a Barbarian Prince, dost Thou start at a Proposition, shameful indeed in itself; but attended with so many Advantages: and dost thou presume so much as to mention Treason to Me, *Sylla*, to Me who am a General of the Romans! As if thou wert not that *Archelaus* who at *Chæroneæ* ran away with a handful of Men, the wretched Remains of a hundred and twenty thousand; who lay sculking for two days together in the Marshes of *Orchomenus*, and at last left *Ætolia* damm'd up with Heaps of Carcases. This resolute Answer made *Archelaus* alter his Tone, and in a suppliant Manner desire *Sylla* to consent to a Peace with *Mithridates*, to which *Sylla* condescended, and a Peace was concluded upon the following Conditions: That *Mithridates* should quit *Asia* and *Paphlagonia*, restore *Bithynia* to *Nicomedes*, *Cappadocia* to *Ariobarzanes*, and pay the Romans two thousand Talents towards the Charges of the War, and deliver up seventy of his Ships with all their Rigging: That on the other hand *Sylla* should confirm to him all the rest of his Dominions, and declare him a Confederate of the Romans.

These Terms and Conditions being thus regulated and agreed to, *Sylla* retired, marching with his Army through *Thessaly* and *Macedonia*, and so on to the *Helle-*

spont, taking *Archelaus* with him, to whom he shewed a particular Respect; insomuch that *Archelaus* falling dangerously ill at *Larissa*, *Sylla* halted there on his Account, and had as much Care taken of him as if he had had been one of his own Officers, or his Colleague. This gave People a Handle to reflect upon the Battle at *Cbæroneæ*, as if *Archelaus* had fought Booty; and That which seemed to justify their Reflections was *Sylla's* releasing all the Prisoners taken in the War, that were known to be in any degree of Favour with *Mitridates*, and removing *Aristion* only by Poison, because he was under the Displeasure of that Prince; to This, and in Confirmation of it, they added the generous Grant of ten thousand Acres of Land in *Eubæa*, which *Sylla* conferred on that *Cappadician*, honouring him at the same time with the Title of Friend and Ally of the Romans. But *Sylla* in his Memoirs wipes off all these Apersions.

Whilst he lay at *Larissa* there came to him Ambassadors from *Mitridates*, to tell him that their Master had agreed to, and ratified all the other Articles, but that he could not part with *Paphlogonia*; and as for the Ships, they insisted that That Article was not in *Archelaus's* Instructions. *Sylla* nettled at this Prevarication, replied, Say You so? Does Mithridates pretend to keep Paphlogonia, and does he refuse to ratify that Article relating to the Ships? He who I thought would gladly have come and thanked me on his Knees if I spared him that Right Hand of His, which has been the Death of so many Romans. I am sure he will speak in another tone when once I have set my Foot in Asia. In the mean time let him remain in Safety at Pergamus, and from thence issue out his Orders for the Conduct of a War He never saw.

The Ambassadors stunned with this Answer had not a Word to say for themselves; but *Archelaus* interceded with *Sylla*, and seizing on his right Hand, which he washed with his Tears, earnestly conjured him to be pacified. He desired that He might be sent to *Mitridates*, in Confidence that He should be able to bring him to consent to all the Articles; but if he failed of That, he would

would put an end to his Life and Negotiation together. Sylla relied upon his Promise, and dispatched him; and without loss of time fell with his Army into *Media*, where he laid the Country waste, and returned back into *Macedonia*. *Archelaus* returned to him at *Philippi*, and reported that every thing should go as he should have it; only *Mitbridates* most earnestly desired an Interview. *Fimbria* having murdered *Flaccus* the Consul, who was in the contrary Interest, and defeated some of *Mitbridates's* Commanders, was advancing against that Prince himself. This put *Mitbridates* in a sort of Fright, and made him desirous of *Sylla's* Friendship.

Their Interview was at *Dardanus*, in the Country of *Troas*. *Mitbridates* came thither with two hundred Gallies, twenty thousand Foot, six thousand Horse, and a great Number of armed Chariots; whereas *Sylla* was attended only with four Cohorts and two hundred Horse. As *Mitbridates* came up, and offered his Hand to *Sylla*, *Sylla* began first, and asked him if he consented to a Peace upon the Terms and Conditions settled between Him and *Archelaus*? and when the King made no Reply, *Know you not*, said he, *that it is the Business of Suppliants to speak first, and that the Victorious have nothing to do but to be silent and give Audience?* And when *Mitbridates*, entering upon his Plea, began to charge the Cause of the War, partly on the Gods, and partly to blame the Romans themselves, he took him up, saying, *He had heard indeed long since from Others, and now knew it himself for truth, that Mithridates was a powerful Speaker, who to set off such foul and unjust Practices, wanted not for handsom Pretences.* Then charging him with the many Outrages he had committed, he asked him once more if he was willing or no to ratify the Treaty? *Mitbridates* answering in the Affirmative, *Sylla* ran up to him, embraced and kissed him. After which he introduced *Ariobarzanes* and *Nicomedes*, the two Kings, and reconciled them to *Mitbridates*; who when he had delivered up to *Sylla* the seventy Ships, and furnished him with five hundred Archers, set sail for *Pontus*,
Sylla

Sylla soon found that this Peace was in no degree acceptable to the Army ; the Soldiers could not with Patience see *Mitbridates*, who of all the Kings had been the most bitter Enemy to *Rome*, and had caused one hundred and fifty thousand *Romans* to be massacred in one day throughout *Asia* ; they could not with Patience see Him return home loaden with Spoils and Plunder, and sail unmolested out of the Ports of *Asia*, which he had been squeezing and pillaging for four Years together ; but he replied in his own Justification, that he had not agreed to the Peace but in Consideration that he was not in a Condition to have withstood *Fimbria* and *Mitbridates*, if they should have acted in Conjunction against him.

A few days after This *Sylla* set out in his March against *Fimbria*, who lay under the Walls of *Thyatira* in *Lydia* ; and having encamped with his Forces pretty near him, began to intrench himself. Whilst his Men were employed in that Work *Fimbria's* Soldiers came to them out of their Lines, without their Arms, and only in their Cassocks, saluting them in a friendly manner, and laying Their Hand to the Plough with them. *Fimbria* observing this Change and Disposition in his Army, and dreading *Sylla* as his irreconcilable Enemy, laid violent Hands on himself in the Camp.

Sylla laid a Fine of twenty thousand Talents to be levied upon *Asia* in general, besides which he exceedingly oppressed the Inhabitants in particular, giving them up to the Insolence and Rapaciousness of his Soldiers, who were quartered upon them, and lived at discretion as in a conquered Country. He ordained the Master of the House to allow every Soldier quartered upon him four Tetradrachmas a-day, and every Night provide a Supper for Him, and as Many as he should bring with him ; and that a Centurion should be allowed fifty Drachmas a-day, and two Robes, One to be worn in the House, and the Other when he went abroad.

Having thus chastised *Asia*, he set sail from *Ephesus*, and the third day after anchored in the Haven of *Pyreus*.

Here

Here he caused himself to be initiated in the grand Mysteries, and seized to his own Use the Library of *Apellicon* the *Teian*, wherein were most of the Writings of *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus*, which were then known but to a Few. This Library was removed to *Rome*, out of which it is said *Tyrannion* the *Grammarians* made most of his Collections, and that *Andronicus* the *Rhodian* having through his means the Command of diverse Copies, put out those Heads of Treatises which are now common in every Man's Hands, under the Name of *Indexes* or *Tables*. The ancient *Peripateticks* were of Themselves indeed Men of Polite and Universal Learning: but had not then seen Many of the Works of *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus*, and Those Treatises they had seen were neither intire nor correct; because the Estate of *Neleus* of *Scepsis*, to whom *Theophrastus* had bequeathed his Books and Writings, fell into the Hands of idle illiterate People.

During *Sylla's* stay at *Athens*, a painful Nummness fell into his Feet, which *Strabo* calls *the first fluttering of the Gout*. Whereupon he was conveyed by Sea to a Place called *Ædepsus*, famous for its hot Waters, where he bathed, and at the same time diverted himself for whole days together in the Company of Musicians, Dancers, and Stage-Players. As he was one day walking upon the Beach, some Fishermen made him a Present of fine Fish they had just then taken. *Sylla*, taken with the Compliment, inquired of what Country the Fishermen were; and when he was told that they were of the Town of *Alæa*, What, said he, *are any of the Alæans left alive?* For after the Battle at *Orchomenus*, as he was in Pursuit of the Enemy, he had destroyed three Cities in *Bæotia*, *Antbedon*, *Larymna*, and *Alæa*. These Words put the poor Men into a terrible fright; and struck them quite dumb; which when *Sylla* observed he fell a laughing, and told them *They might go away in Peace and Safety, for they had brought with them Mediators whose Intercession was not to be rejected*. From that Moment the *Alæans* were encouraged, and returned with

with great Confidence from their Dispersion home to *Alcæa*.

Sylla having marched through *Thessaly*, and *Macedon*, down to the Sea-coast, prepared with twelve hundred Vessels to cross over from *Dyrrachium* to *Brundisium*. Not far from hence is *Apollonia*, and near it a spot of Ground called *Nymphæum*, which from among flowry Dales and Meads discovers here and there Springs of Fire continually streaming out. Here, they say, was a Satyr, such as Statuaries and Painters represent, found sleeping, and brought before *Sylla*, where he was asked by several Interpreters, who he was, when with much ado he utter'd a harsh inarticulate Sound like the neighing of a Horse, and bleating of a Goat join'd in Consort. *Sylla* frightned at the Figure order'd him to be removed as a Monster offensive to sight.

Just as he was ready to embark he began to be apprehensive that his Soldiers as soon as they were landed would disband, and return every Man to his own Habitation. But they All came, and took a voluntary Oath to stand by him to the last, and if they could help it, commit no Waste or Disorders in *Italy*; and when they found he was in want of a round Sum of Money, they taxed one another in Proportion to their respective Abilities, and brought him the Collection. *Sylla* would not receive their Benevolence, but thanked them for their Goodwill, and when he had exhorted them to behave themselves well, he embarked, and put over, as he tells us Himself, against fifteen Generals of the contrary Faction, and four hundred and fifty Cohorts.

But the Gods by plain sensible Omens assured him of Success; for as he was sacrificing at his first landing in *Tarentum*, the Liver seemed to have imprest upon it the figure of a Crown of Laurel, with two Labels pendant. A little before he embarked at *Dyrrachium* two Goats were seen on the Mountain *Hephaeon* in *Campania* encountering one another in broad day-light, and performing like Men in an Engagement. It is true this was but a Phantom, which ascending by little and little, from the

the Earth, dispersed itself in the Air by degrees, and at last totally disappeared. Not long after This, *Sylla* was attacked in that very Place by young *Marius*, and *Norbanus* the Consul, who had brought two powerful Armies against him; when He without drawing up his Men, or forming any order of Battle, overcame them Both, purely by the common Alacrity and Resolution of his Troops, and constrained the Consul to shut himself up in *Capua*, after the loss of seven thousand of his Soldiers. He tells us it was owing to this lucky beginning that his Men did not disband, nor run home, but stuck close to him, and despised the Enemy, tho' infinitely superior in Number.

At *Silvium* (as he himself relates it) there met him a Servant of one *Pontius*, a Citizen of *Rome*, who with an enthusiastick Air told him he brought to him the power of the Sword and Victory from *Bellona*, the Goddess of War; and that if he did not make haste the Capitol would be burnt; which fell out on the same Day the Man had foretold it, namely on the sixth Day of the Month *Quintilis*, which we now call *July*.

Moreover, at *Fidentia*, *Marcus Lucullus*, one of *Sylla's* Commanders, reposed such confidence in the sprightly forwardness of the Soldiers, as to dare to face fifty Cohorts of the Enemy, with only sixteen of his Own; but because Many of them were unarmed, he delayed the Onset. As he stood thus in a doubt, and considering with Himself, a gentle gale of Wind sprung from the neighbouring Meadows, and bearing along with it a great Quantity of Flowers, dropped them upon the Army, where falling casually they rested upon the Shields and Helmets of the Soldiers, in such a manner as made them shew to their Enemies as if they were crown'd with Garlands. This added to their former Sprightliness and Courage; so that they charged fiercely upon the Enemy, defeated them, killed eighteen thousand upon the Spot, and took their Camp. This *Lucullus* was Brother to the *Lucullus* who not long after conquered *Mithridates* and *Tigranes*.

Sylla

Sylla seeing himself surrounded with so many Armies, and such mighty Powers, had recourse to Art, inviting *Scipio* the other Consul to a Treaty of Peace. The Motion was willingly embraced, and thereupon followed several Meetings and Consultations, in all which *Sylla* interposing still matter of delay and new Pretences, in the mean while debauched *Scipio*'s Men by his Own, who in subtle train and all the Methods of Inveigling, were as well practised as the General Himself. For entering into the Enemy's Quarters, and intermixing, they wrought off Some by present Money, Some by Promises, Others by fair Words and Persuasions; so as in the end, when *Sylla* with twenty Cohorts drew near, they came forth to salute him, leaving *Scipio* behind in his Tent, where he was found all alone, and dismissed. Thus *Sylla* having used twenty Cohorts as Stales, to draw in Forty more of the Enemy, led them all back into the Camp. On this occasion *Carbo* was heard to say, *That having a Fox and a Lion in the Breast of Sylla to deal with, he was plagued most with the Fox.*

Some time after, at *Signium*, *Marius* the younger, with eighty five Cohorts, offered Battle to *Sylla*, who was extremely desirous to have it decided on that very day; for the night before he had seen a Vision, which to his thoughts represented *Marius* the Elder, who had been dead five or six Years; advising his Son *Marius* to beware of the following Day, which might be of fatal consequence to him. For this reason *Sylla*, longing to come to a Battle, sent for *Dolabella*, who had a separate Camp at some Distance from him, to come and join him. The Enemy having posted themselves between the two Camps, and cut off their Communication, *Sylla*'s Soldiers advanced to dislodge them, and open the Passage for their Comrades. They had been pretty well wearied in this Service, when a strong Shower of Rain fell, and still added to their Fatigue. This made the Officers apply to *Sylla*, and beseech him to defer the Battle, desiring him to consider the Condition the Soldiers were in, quite spent, lying here and there on the bare Ground,

or reclining on their Bucklers. With much ado he suffer'd himself to be prevail'd upon, and so gave Orders for an Intrenchment to be cast up before his Camp.

The Soldiers had hardly began to break Ground when *Marius* came up to the very Works at the Head of his Troops, perswaded that now was the time to set upon them, and that he might easily disperse them in their present Disorder. Here Fortune took care to have *Sylla's* Vision fulfilled. For the Soldiers, stirred up with Anger, left the Works, and sticking their Piles on the Bank, with drawn Swords and a courageous Shout came to handy-blows with the Enemy, who took to their Heels, and were most of them cut off in the Flight. *Marius* fled to *Preneſte*, where he found the Gates shut, but fastening himself to a Cord, which had been thrown down to him for that purpose, he was drawn up, and so got into the City.

There are some Authors, of whom *Fenestella* is One, who say *Marius* was so far from being in the Battle, that he was not so much as within the Noise of it, but that being spent with hard Duty he was reposing himself under a Tree when the Signal was given, and fell into so sound a sleep that they could hardly wake him when they were upon the Flight. *Sylla* saith he lost only three and twenty Men upon this Occasion, and that he killed of the Enemy twenty thousand, and took eight thousand Prisoners.

Sylla was no less successful by his Lieutenants *Pompey*, *Crassus*, *Metellus*, and *Servilius*, who with little or no loss cut off great Numbers of the Enemy; insomuch that the Consul *Papirius Carbo*, who was the chief support of the contrary Party, stole from his Army by Night, and sail'd over into *Libya*.

The last of *Sylla's* Engagements was against *Telesinus* the *Samnite*, who entering like a fresh Champion into the Lists to take up the Cudgels against the Conqueror, wanted little of foiling *Sylla* before the very Gates of *Rome*. This Man having drawn together a con-

siderable Body by the Assistance of *Lamponius* a *Lucanian*, marched with the utmost Expedition to relieve *Marius*, who was besieged in *Preneſte*. But perceiving *Sylla* marching against him to attack him in the Front, and *Pompey* ready to fall upon his Rear, and that he could not move backwards nor forwards without running a great Risk, like a wary Soldier, and experienced Officer, he decamped in the Night, and marched directly to *Rome*, which would have been no difficult Matter for him to have entered at once, for it was in no Condition of making a Defence. But when he was got within ten Furlongs of the *Collatine* Gate he thought it sufficient to remain that Night under the Walls, valuing himself much upon the Thoughts of having outwitted two such Generals as were *Sylla* and *Pompey*, and not doubting but the End would be answerable to so glorious a Beginning.

At break of Day all the Youth of the first Rank in *Rome* sallied out upon him; of whom many were slain, particularly *Appius Claudius*, a Person of extraordinary Hopes, and One of the first Quality in the City. By this time *Rome*, as it may easily be imagined, was in the utmost Consternation; a General Fright had seized the Inhabitants, and the Streets were filled with Women shrieking, and lamenting, as if the City was then taken, and They in the Hands of the Enemy. Whilst Affairs were in this Posture *Valerius* arrived at the Head of seven hundred Horse. He had rid hard, and halted only 'till the Horses could be rubbed down, and new bridled, so that he came in the nick of Time to give the Enemy a Diversion. At that Instant *Sylla* himself appeared, and as soon as They who were first advanced had had a little time to refresh themselves he drew up in order of Battle. *Delabella* and *Torquatus* earnestly prest him to a Respite, and not expose his Troops harassed, and spent as they were, to a desperate Push, where All lay at Hazard. They advised him to consider that he had not now a *Marius* or a *Carbo* to deal with, but the *Lucanians* and

Sannites,

Samnites, two of the most warlike Nations in all *Italy*, and profest Enemies to the *Romans*. *Sylla* would not so much as hear them, but commanded the Trumpets to sound the Charge, though it was then late in the day, about four in the Afternoon. In this Engagement, which was the sharpest of any that had happened during the whole Course of the War, the Wing wherein *Crassus* commanded had the Advantage; but the Left was pushed, and hard put to it; whereupon *Sylla* hastened thither mounted on a white Courser full of Mettle, and exceeding fleet. Two of the Enemy, knowing him by his Equipage, levelled their Darts in order to lance them at him. This was unperceived by *Sylla*, but his Equerry observed them, and gave his Horse a Lash which made him bounce forwards, so that the Darts just grazed upon his Tail, and fell into the Ground at some Distance from him. It is said that he had a little golden Image of *Apollo*, which he brought from *Delphi*, and constantly wore it in his Bosom in all Engagements; that in This Action he kissed it with much Devotion, and address himself to it in the Words following: Great *Apollo*, the Pythian, Thou who hast given *Cornelius Sylla* the Victory in so many Engagements, and rais'd him to the highest pitch of Glory, hast thou at last brought him before the Gates of Rome, there to perish ignominiously with his Fellow-Citizens?

Having thus implor'd the Assistance of *Apollo*, Some of his Men he conjured, Others he threatened, to engage them to face about, and look upon the Enemy. But when he found All was to no purpose, and that the right Wing was entirely broken, and put to Flight, He endeavoured among the rest to gain the Camp, after having lost many of his Friends, and Some of the most considerable Officers in the Army. A great many of the Citizens likewise, who were come out to be Spectators of the Fight, were troden under Foot; so that Rome was given for gone, and they concluded that Those who were left behind to besiege *Marius* in *Preneſte*, were

upon the Point of raising the Siege, and shifting for Themselves. For several of the Run-a-way posted thither, and importuned *Lucretius Ofella*, who commanded there, to pack up, and be gone, for *Sylla* was certainly killed, and *Rome* in the Hands of the Enemy. But that very Night when it was late some Messengers arrived in the Camp from *Crassus*, who desired *Sylla* to send Him and his Soldiers something for Supper, for that having defeated the Enemy, and pursued them as far as *Antemna*, whither they had betaken themselves, he was now encamped under the Walls of that City.

Sylla upon this Intelligence, (which was attended with this farther Circumstance, that most of the Enemy fell in the Action, and that the rest were shut up in *Antemna*) marched thither the next Morning as soon as it was light. Upon his Approach three thousand of the Enemy sent their Heralds to demand Quarter. He answered, *they should have all they could ask at his Hands, provided before they surrendered themselves they did some notable Mischief to Those they left behind.* They trusting to his Word fell upon their Comrades, so that Many of them fell by the Hands One of Another. But *Sylla* having assembled All that remained, as well of the three thousand as of the Rest, to the Number of six thousand, confined them in the *Circus*, and summoned the Senate to meet in the Temple of *Bellona*. There he began to make them a formal Speech, when his Soldiers, who had Orders for that purpose, massacred those six thousand Wretches, whom he had impounded in the *Circus*. The Outcries of so many Men butchered in so strait a place must necessarily be exceeding great; it thoroughly alarm'd the Senators, who not knowing what to make of it were in the utmost Confusion, when *Sylla* continuing his Discourse with the same Unconcern, and Composure in his Countenance that he had begun it, bid them attend to what he was saying, and not trouble their Heads with what was doing without Doors; that the Noise they
heard

beard was occasioned only by some naughty People be had ordered to be chastised.

These Words made the most stupid and unthinking of the Romans clearly to see that they were still under the Tyranny, though they had changed the Tyrant; but with this Difference, *Marius* was by Nature of a morose cruel Temper, so that Power did not give him that Disposition, but only aggravated and exasperated it in him. Whereas *Sylla*, who at first used his good Fortune with Moderation and Humanity, and had given Hopes that in Him the Nobility would find a Friend, and the People a Protector; who from his Youth had been inclined to Mirth, and good Humour, and was of so compassionate a Temper that he had been often seen to weep even upon slight Occasions, was now on a sudden become inhumane and cruel. This unexpected Change cast a Blemish upon exalted Honours and Fortunes, as if They would not suffer Persons who had attained them to preserve their native Candour and Benignity, but engendered in their Minds Pride, Arrogance, Insolence, and Inhumanity. But whether This be a real Change of Nature introduced by a Change of Fortune, or rather a Discovery and Avowance of a natural Corruption and Depravity, which lay concealed 'till it had Countenance and Protection from Honours and Authority, is a Subject proper for Disquisitions of another nature.

Sylla being thus entered, and abandoning himself to Blood, *Rome* was gorged with Murders without Number and without End. Many there were, who, though they never had any dealings with him, fell a Sacrifice to private Grudge and Resentment, *Sylla* gratifying his Friends and Domesticks with the Blood of Those they disliked, or hated. Whereupon a young Roman, named *Caius Metellus*, had the Courage to ask him one day in a full Senate, *What End shall we have of our Calamities, and where dost thou intend to stop? We do not intercede for such as thou hast resolved to destroy; we only desire thee to free Those from their Uneasiness, whom thou hast determined to save.* *Sylla* answering, *that he knew not*

Yet whom he should spare ; Why then, said Metellus, name to us Those thou hast determined to destroy. That I will do, replied Sylla very smartly. Some say it was not Sylla who made that Reply, but *Aufidius* one of his Sycophants.

Sylla in the first place proscribed fourscore Citizens without communicating it to Any of the Magistrates, and when he saw That gave Offence he took one day's Respite, and the day after proscribed two hundred and twenty more, and an equal Number in a third Proscription the day following. Soon after This he made a Speech to the People, wherein he told them, *He had proscribed as many as he could think of at present, and as for Those he had forgot They should be proscribed too as soon as he could recal them to his Memory.* If any Man gave shelter to a Person proscribed, Death was the certain Reward for his Humanity, though it had been his Son, his Brother, or his Father. Whereas an Assassin received a Recompence of two Talents, though a Slave had killed his Master, or a Son murder'd his own Father. But what was most unjust of All, he declared the Children and Grand-Children of Those, whom he had proscribed, Infamous, and confiscated their Estates. Nor were these Bills of Proscription posted up in *Rome* only, but in every City and Town throughout *Italy*, where the Effusion of Blood was such, as neither the Temples of the Gods, nor Sanctuaries, nor private Houses, escaped clear ; Men were butchered in the Embraces of their Wives, Children in the Arms of their Mothers. They who fell thus through publick hatred, or private spleen, were nothing in comparison of the numbers of those who suffered for their Riches. The Assassin might safely say, *A fair House killed This Man, a Garden That, a Third his Hot Baths.* *Quintus Aurelius*, a quiet peaceable Man, and One who thought it his Duty to bear a part in the common Calamity, so far as to condole the Misfortunes of Others, coming one day into the *Forum*, and finding Himself among Those who were set up, cried out, *Woe's me, my Alban Manor has inform'd against me.* He had

not

not gone far, before he was dispatched by a Ruffian sent on that Errand.

In the mean time *Marius*, when he saw he was on the point of being taken, killed himself. *Sylla*, at his first coming to *Prænsæ*, proceeded judiciously against each particular Person, and put them to Death with some shew of Justice; 'till at last, finding it a Work of too much time, he cooped them up close together in one place, to the number of twelve thousand Men, and gave a general order for their Execution. He was pleased to except One who was his Host out of the Number, and offered him his Life; but the Man with a Bravery, and Magnanimity never to be extolled enough, told him, *he scorned to owe his Safety to the Butcher of his Country*; and so mixing among the other Victims, he died voluntarily with his Fellow-Citizens. But *Sylla's* Favour to *Catiline* was of a strange and uncommon Nature. That profligate Wretch had killed his own Brother before the Conclusion of the Civil Wars, and now in order to screen himself from the Murder, and take the Benefit of the Proscriptions, he intreated *Sylla* to put his Brother among the Proscribed, to which *Sylla* readily consented, and *Catiline* in return for such a Favour went immediately, and murder'd one *Marcus Marius*, who had been of the contrary Party, and bringing his Head publicly into the *Forum* presented it to *Sylla* as he was on the Tribunal. After which he went and washed his bloody Hands in the Holy Water placed at the Gate belonging to *Apollo's* Temple.

These Assassinations were not the only subjects of Affliction. He named, and declared Himself Dictator, and so revived an Office that had lain buried for a hundred and twenty Years together. He got an Act of Oblivion to be passed in his own Favour, and Another vesting him for the future with the Power of Life and Death, of Confiscations, Transplanting of Colonies, erecting and demolishing of Cities, taking away and conferring of Kingdoms at pleasure. He put up the confiscated Estates to publick Sale, at which he presided Himself

self with the utmost Pride and Insolence. He was seated on a Chair of State, attended by lewd Women, Fiddlers, Mimicks, Slaves made free, and such like Cattle, on whom he squander'd away the Revenues of whole Cities and Provinces, and married some of them to Ladies of Fashion and Reputation, upon whom he forced them against their Inclinations; so that his Gratuities were much more burdenson and oppressive than his Usurpations. Being resolved at any Price to tie *Pompey* to him by the Bands of Alliance, he obliged him to divorce his Wife, and marry *Emilia* the Daughter of *Scaurus* by his own Wife *Metella*; and though she was big with Child, he forced her from her Husband *Marcus Glabrio*; but she died in Child-bed in the House of *Pompey* her second Husband.

When *Lucretius Offella*, the Same who had besieged *Marius* in *Præneste*, put in for the Consulship, and pushed hard to obtain it, he first ordered him to drop his Pretensions. Notwithstanding which when he saw that, depending much upon the Good-will and Inclinations of the People, he still persisted, he commanded One of his Centurions, who were always at hand ready to execute his Orders, to go and kill him, which was done in the Face of the whole World, He in the mean time sitting on his Tribunal in the Temple of *Castor* and *Pollux*, and from thence beholding the Execution. The Citizens immediately seized the Murderer, and hurried him before *Sylla*, demanding Justice against him. *Sylla* commanded them to be silent, and release the Centurion, telling them that what he had done was done by his express Order.

About this time, it being in the beginning of the Year, he triumphed for his Conquests in *Asia*, *Greece*, and *Pontus*. His Triumph, though of itself exceeding stately, and set off with unusual Pomp, and Magnificence of Royal Spoils, was yet further illustrated, and drew after it a goodly Spectacle, *the Exiles*: For in the Rear followed the most eminent and potent of the Citizens, Crowned with Garlands, and calling *Sylla*, Saviour and Father,

Father, by whose means they were restored to their Country, and again enjoyed their Wives and Children. When the Solemnity was over, and the time come to render an Account of his Actions, in a Publick Assembly, he was as punctual in enumerating the lucky hits of War, as any of his own Military Virtues. And from his *Felicity* it was, that he made choice to be Surnamed *Felix*. In his Addresses and Answers to the *Grecians*, he styled himself *Epaphroditus*, or *Beloved of Venus*. His Trophies which are still extant with us, bear this Inscription, *Lucius Cornelius Sylla Epaphroditus*. Moreover when his Wife had brought him forth Twins, he named the Male *Faustus*, and the Female *Fausta*; by which Words the Romans understand *Success* and *Good Omen*. But the strongest Proof of his placing a much greater Confidence in his good *Genius*, or Fortune, than in any of his Exploits, is, that after the Murder of so many thousand Romans, after having introduced so many monstrous Innovations and Changes in the State, he had, notwithstanding All This, the Boldness to lay down his Authority, and settle the Right of Consular Elections once more on the People. So that he not only came abroad, but on the *Forum* exposed his Person publicly to the People, walking up and down as a private Man. In the very first Election after his Resignation, he had the Mortification to see the Votes go contrary to his Inclination, and declare in favour of *Marcus Lepidus*, an enterprising Man, and his mortal Enemy. In short he was declared the first Consul, not by any Merit, or Interest of his Own, but by the Power and Solicitation of *Pompey*, who was extremely gracious with the People. Wherefore when *Pompey* was coming out of the Assembly overjoyed with his Success, *Sylla* took him aside, and told him, *It is bravely done of You, young Man, to get Lepidus named Consul before Catulus, that is the very worst of Men, before the Wisest and Best of all the Romans. But I advise thee to look to thyself, thou wilt soon find when it is too late that thou hast been nourishing a Snake in thy Bosom. What Sylla foretold to Pompey on this Occasion proved true in*
the

the Event. For soon after *Lepidus* carried himself with the greatest Insolence, and broke out into open Defiance against *Pompey*.

Sylla consecrated the Tenth of his whole Substance to *Hercules*, and upon that Occasion regaled the People with most magnificent Entertainments, wherein there was such an Abundance, or rather Profusion of Provisions, that they were every day forced to throw shameful Quantities of the Fragments into the *Tiber*; and the Wine he gave them was forty Years old and upwards. In the midst of this Jollity, which lasted many days, *Metella* died. Now because the Priests had forbidden him to visit the Sick, or suffer his House to be polluted with Mourning during the Solemnity, he sent her a Bill of Divorce, just as she was expiring, and caused her to be removed into another House. In This he was a most punctual and superstitious Observer of the Law; but at the same time he broke through an Ordinance He himself had made for the regulating of funeral Expences, for he spared no Costs on that Occasion. He likewise violated his own Sumptuary Laws, which were designed to retrench the excessive Prodigality of the *Romans* in their Meals, and to restore the antient Simplicity; for he spent his whole time in Drinking and Revelling, as if Luxury and Debauch might administer Comfort to him in his Affliction.

Some few Months after he entertained the People with a Prize-fighting of Gladiators. In those days the Theatre was not divided into distinct Lodges, or Boxes; but Men and Women sat promiscuously together. It happened at that time that a young Lady very beautiful, and of the first Quality, had placed herself near to *Sylla*: she was the Daughter of *Messala*, and Sister to *Hortensius* the Orator; her name was *Valeria*, and she had just then been divorced from her Husband. This Lady came behind *Sylla*, rested her Hand gently upon him, took a little of the Nap from off his Robe, and returned to her Seat. When she found *Sylla* had observed her, and seemed to wonder at such a piece of Familiarity, she said,

said, *It is not, Great Sir, out of any want of Respect that I have done This, but because I was desirous to partake a little of your Fortune.*

Sylla was not in the least displeased with this Answer; on the contrary, he seemed to be touch'd with it; for he sent privately to find out who she was, her Name, Family, Circumstances, and Character; from that Moment they did nothing but Ogle each other, receive and return amorous Glances, and wanton Smiles. In the end, they struck up a Match, and Articles were signed between them. In all which *Valeria* perhaps may be thought to have done nothing unbecoming her; but the same could not be said of *Sylla*; for tho' the Lady was truly chaste and prudent, and of a very illustrious Family, his desire to marry her arose from Motives not over-wise, or honourable. Like a young amorous Coxcomb without Experience or Discretion, he was captivated with a few affected Glances, and coquettish Airs, which usually kindle in the Heart Passions the most ignominious and brutal.

Notwithstanding this Marriage, he still kept company with Actors, Actresses, and Minstrels, drinking with them Night and Day. His chief Favourites were, *Roscus* the Comedian, *Sorex* the Arch-Mimick, and *Metrobius* the Woman Actor, for whom, though past his Prime, he ever retained a profest Kindness. He fell by these Courses into a Disease, which grew so leisurely upon him, as of a long time he perceived not his Bowels to fester, 'till at length the corrupt Flesh broke all out into Lice. Many being employed Day and night in destroying them, the Work so multiplied under their Hands, as not only his Cloaths, Baths, Basons, but his very Meat was polluted with that Flux and Contagion, they came swarming out in such numbers. Wherefore he went often by day into the Waters, to scour and cleanse his Body, but all in vain; the Course returned so quick, and with such numerous Supplies, as overcame all manner of Riddance. It is said that among the Ancients there died of this Disease *Atastus* the Son of *Pelias*,
and

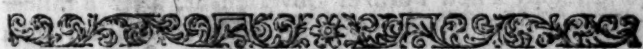
and nearer our own Times *Pberesides* the *Theologian*, *Callisthenes* the *Olynthian* during the time of his Imprisonment, and *Mutius* the Lawyer; and if it be fit to add to These a Fugitive Slave, otherwise hardly worth remembering, called *Eunus*, who was Author of the War in *Sicily* called the *Servile War*, and who being taken, and carried Prisoner to *Rome*, died there of this Creeping Sickness.

Sylla not only forsook his End, but also writ somewhat concerning it; for in the two and twentieth Book of his Memoirs, which he finished about two days before his Death, he writes, That the *Chaldeans* foretold him, That after he had led a Life of Honour, he should conclude the last Act in fulness of Prosperity. He declares moreover, That in a Vision he had seen his Son, who had departed not long before *Metella*, to stand by in mournful Weeds, and beseech his Father *to cast off further care, and come along with him to his Mother Metella, to live at ease and quietness with Her*. However, he could not refrain intermeddling in Publick Affairs; for but ten days before his Decease, he interposed in the Disputes the Inhabitants of *Puteoli* had among themselves, reconciled the contending Parties, and prescribed Laws for their better Government hereafter. Nay, the very day before he died, upon an Information that *Granius* the Questor delayed paying the immense Sums due from Him to the Publick, in hopes to be indemnified by *Sylla's* Death, he sent for him into his Bed-chamber, where he ordered his Servants to strangle him in his Presence; but straining his Voice in the eagerness of his Passion, he broke his Impostume, and voided a great deal of Blood.

This Discharge made him so weak, and faint, that he passed the Night in bitter Agonies, and died the day following, leaving behind him two Children very young, which he had by *Metella*. *Valeria* was afterwards delivered of a Daughter, named *Postuma*; for so the Romans call Those who are born after the Death of the Father.

Many

Many ran tumultuously together, and joined with *Leidus* the Consul, to deprive the Corps of the accustomed Solemnities ; but *Pompey*, though offended at *Sylla*, (for He alone of all his Friends was left out of his Will) having kept off Some by his Interest and Intreaty, Others by Menaces, gave it a secure and honourable Burial. It is said, that the *Roman Ladies* threw on such vast heaps of Spices, that, beside what was contained in one hundred and ten Vessels, there was sufficient to raise a Statue at length for *Sylla*, and Another for his *Listor*, out of the precious Frankincense and Cinnamon. The Day being Cloudy over-head, they deferred carrying forth the Corps 'till about three in the Afternoon, expecting it should rain ; but a strong Wind blowing full against the Funeral Pile, and setting it all on a bright Flame, his Body was consumed in a moment. As the Pile shrunk down, and the Fire was upon expiring, the Clouds showered down, and continued raining 'till Night ; so as his good Fortune was firm even to the last, and did as it were officiate at his Funeral. His Monument stands on *Campus Martius*, with an Epitaph of his own writing, containing in substance, *No Friend of His ever did him so much Good, or Enemy so much Harm, but he returned Both with Usury.*



The Comparison of Lysander with Sylla.

HAVING thus gone through the Life of *Sylla*, let us now draw a Comparison between the *Grecian* and the *Roman*. That which was common to them Both, was, that they were Both Founders of their own Greatness, with this difference, that *Lysander* had the Consent of the Citizens in peaceable and sedate Times, for the Honours he received ; nor forced He any against their good will, or sought to raise himself above the Laws ; whereas In Civil Broils

the Slave himself gets Honour; as then at *Rome*, when the People were distempered, and the Government out of order, so as one or other was still a getting uppermost; no wonder then if *Sylla* reigned, when the *Glauciae* and *Saturnini* drove out the *Metelli*, when the Sons of Consuls were slain in the Assemblies, Soldiers hired, and whole Armies bought and sold with Gold and Silver; and Laws in Defiance of Law established by Sword and Fire.

I do not say This to blame any Man, who in the times of such publick Distraction works himself into Authority, but to shew that in a State where every thing is out of joint, He that is the most Powerful is not always the most Virtuous. But *Lyfander* being employed in the greatest Commands and Affairs of State, by a sober and well-disciplined City, was ever esteemed the best and most virtuous Man, in the best and most virtuous Commonwealth. Wherefore *Lyfander* often returning the Government into the Hands of the Citizens, received it again as often; for the Excellencies of his Virtues ever held the first Place. *Sylla*, on the other hand, when he had once got the Command of the Army, held it for ten years together, being sometimes Consul, sometimes Proconsul, and sometimes Dictator, but always a Tyrant. It is true, *Lyfander*, as we have observed, endeavoured to introduce a new Form of Government, after a milder fashion however, and more agreeable to Justice, than *Sylla*; not by force of Arms, but Persuasion; not by subverting the whole State at once, but by more orderly directing the Succession of the Kings. And by Nature it seems just, that the most deserving should rule, especially in a City which itself got the leading hand of *Greece*, upon the account of Virtue, not Nobility. For as the Hunter does not value his Hound meerly for the sake of his Breed, nor the Jocky his Foal, (for what if the Foal should prove a Mule?) but because they Neither degenerate from their Breed, so that Man would be thought extremely out in his Politicks, who in the choice of a Chief Magistrate should inquire, not what the

the Man is, but how descended. The very *Spartans* themselves have deposed several of their Kings, for want of Kingly Virtues, as degenerated and good for nothing. A depraved Nature, though of an ancient Stock, is dishonourable ; whereas Virtue without Birth is honourable.

Both of them were guilty of many Acts of Violence and Injustice ; but what the One did was for the sake of his Friends ; whereas the Other committed His upon his Friends. It cannot be denied but that *Lyfander* stuck at nothing where his Friends or Creatures were concerned ; and that he often dipped his Hands in Blood purely for their sakes, and to make Them Kings, or rather Tyrants of their Country. Whereas *Sylla* merely out of Spite and Jealousy endeavoured to deprive *Pompey* of his Command in the Army, and remove *Dolabella* from His in the Fleet, though he had Himself conferred them both on the One and the Other ; and because *Lucretius Offella*, who had done him many Services, put up for the Consulate contrary to His Will and Pleasure, he caused him to be massacred before his own Eyes, raising an inexpressible Dread and Horror in the Minds of all Men when they saw him thus cruel and barbarous to his own Friends and Adherents.

Their different Behaviour with respect to Riches and Pleasure, is in the One That of a good and gracious Prince, in the Other of a Tyrant. For *Lyfander* in his full Range of Power and Authority, did nothing that was intemperate or extravagant, but kept aloof as much as ever Man did from that Proverb, which too often meets with an Application,

Lions at home, in Publick Foxes.

So temperate was he, so truly *Spartan* in his Life and Conversation. Whereas nothing could restrain *Sylla*, or keep him within Bounds, neither Poverty in his Youth, nor Gravity in his old Age. Whilst he was prescribing to the *Romans* the best Laws in the World concerning

Contenance and Sobriety, he indulged Himself, as *Salust* writes, in open Lewdness and Debauchery. By these ways he had so impoverished and drained the City of her Treasures, as to be forced to sell her Liberties and Immunities to the associated and well-affected Cities, though at the same time he daily exposed the wealthiest and greatest Families to publick Sale and Out-cry. And yet the vast Sums he wasted in his infamous Pleasures were nothing when compared to what he flung away upon his Buffoons and Flatterers; for what Moderation could there be, what likelihood of Parsimony in his more intimate Conversation, and Endearments over Wine, when in the face of the People, and in open Court, where he had caused one of the best Estates in *Rome* to be put up to Auction, and would have passed it over to a Friend for a Trifle, because Another bid higher, and the Officer made Proclamation of the Advance, he broke out into a Passion, and complained to the Citizens, *that it was a barbarous Case, and cruel Usage in them, not to allow him the Liberty of disposing of his own Booty as he pleased.*

How different was This from *Lysander's* Behaviour, who not only sent to *Sparta* the Money and Spoils he had taken, but even the very Presents that had been made to Himself? I would not however be thought to commend this Action in *Lysander*; for perhaps he did *Sparta* more Harm by his Liberality, than *Sylla* did *Rome* by his Rapine; I only make use of it as an Argument to prove his Contempt of Riches. There was something very singular in each of them with respect to their Country. *Sylla*, who was Himself a most profligate Libertine, however made the *Romans* Sage and Temperate; whereas *Lysander* infected *Sparta* with Vices, to which He was an utter Stranger; so that they were Both to blame, the One for raising himself above his own Laws; the Other for causing his Citizens to fall beneath his own Example, in that he taught *Sparta* to want those things, which Himself had learned not to want. And thus much of their Civil Administration,

As for military Expeditions and Engagements, hazardous Enterprises, and Numbers of Victories, *Sylla* is without doubt beyond all Compare. *Lyfander* indeed obtained the Victory in two Naval Fights, to which may be added the taking of *Athens*; though That was a Work of greater Fame than Difficulty. But then his Conduct in *Beotia*, and under the Walls of *Haliartus*, as it was unfortunate in the Event, so was it the Effect of Indiscretion and Temerity, when out of Ambition and Eagerness to fight, without waiting for the King's Forces which were then almost at hand from *Plataea*; but giving way to the Transports of Anger and Ambition, he unseasonably approached the Walls, and was miserably defeated by a Sally of a handful of Men. He fell in the Action, but not like *Cleombrotus*, who was slain whilst he was gloriously making Head against an impetuous Enemy at *Leuctra*, not like *Cyrus*, nor *Epaminondas*, who received a mortal Wound whilst he was rallying his Men and securing to them the Victory. These great Men died in their Callings, they died the Death of Kings and Commanders. Whereas He, like some Common Soldier, or one of the Forlorn Hope, cast away his Life ingloriously, giving this testimony to the ancient Spartans, that they did well to avoid storming of Walls, in which the stoutest Man may chance to fall by the Hand, not only of an abject Fellow, but by that of a Boy or Woman, as they say *Achilles* was slain in the Gates of *Troy* by the Hands of the effeminate *Paris*. As for *Sylla*, it is somewhat hard to reckon up how many set Battles he won, or how many thousands he slew: He took *Rome* itself twice, and forced the *Pyræan* Haven, not by Famine, as *Lyfander* did, but by several sharp Encounters, driving out *Archelaus* from Land to Sea. If we consider the Enemies they both had to deal with, we shall find the Difference still greater between them. *Lyfander's* naval Victory near *Samos*, wherein he defeated *Antiochus*, who was no better than *Alcibiades's* Pilot, was little more than a Mock fight; nor could his circumventing of *Rhiloetes* the *Athenian* Speech-Maker, *A Man unknown*

but for his bitter Tongue, add much to his Renown ; Either of which, *Antiochus* or *Philocles*, *Mitbridates* would have scorned to compare with the Master of his Horse, or *Marius* with one of his Lictors. Whereas without enumerating all the Kings, Princes, Consuls, Prætors, Captains, and Tribunes whom *Sylla* had to contend with ; who was there ever amongst the Romans so formidable as *Marius* ? What King more powerful than *Mitbridates* ? Who of the Italians sturdier than *Lamponius* and *Telefinus* ? Yet of These, the First he drove into Banishment, the Second he subdued, and slew the Others.

But That which in my Opinion is beyond All that has been hitherto said, and is infinitely more glorious for *Sylla*, is, that *Lyfander* performed none of his Exploits, obtained none of his Victories without the Assistance of his Country ; whereas *Sylla*, banished as he was, persecuted by his Enemies, his Wife thrust out of Doors, his House burnt, and his Friends murdered, fought in the Heart of *Bæotia* against an innumerable Army of Barbarians, exposed his Person to the most imminent Dangers in the Service of his Country, overthrew them, and erected a Trophy.

But This is not all ; in gain did *Mitbridates* court his Friendship and Alliance, and press him to accept of Men and Money to enable him to oppose his Enemies ; he would not so much as give him a kind Word, or Look, or shew him the least Civility, 'till he had it from his own Mouth that he would quit *Asia*, deliver up his Fleet, and surrender *Bitbynia* and *Cappadocia* to their lawful Princes : Than which *Sylla* never performed a braver, or more magnanimous Action ; when preferring the publick Good to his private Interest, he like a generous Mastiff never quitted his Hold, 'till his Enemy had confessed himself conquered, and then he took care to revenge his private Injuries.

We may judge of the Manners of Both from their different Behaviour at *Athens*. *Sylla* having made himself Master of it at a time when the *Athenians* were in

War

War againſt him in favour of *Mithridates*, and for the Increate of his Power and Greatneſs, did nevertheless reſtore her to her Liberty, and the free Exerciſe of her own Laws. *Lyfander* on the contrary, though he found her fallen from the higheſt point of Dignity and Command, was ſo far from pitying her in her Diſtreſs, that he deprived her of her beloved Democracy, and enſlaved her to the moſt cruel, and unjuſt of Tyrants. To conclude, it ſeems to Me that He comes neareſt the Truth, who declares that *Sylla* performed the more Glorious Deeds, but *Lyfander* committed the fewer Faults; and giving to One the Preeminence for Moderation and Abſtinenſe, to the Other for Conduct and Valour.





THE
L I F E
O F
C I M O N.

P*Erioltas* the Diviner, who brought the King *Opeltas* and Those under his Command from *Tbessaly* into *Bæotia*, left behind him a Family which flourished for many Generations. Most of his Descendants inhabited *Chæroneæ*, which was the first City wherein they settled after they had expelled the *Barbarians*. But as they were All of them Men of Courage, and warlike Inclinations, they perish'd in the Wars against the *Medes*, and Encounters with the *Gauls*, behaving themselves on all Occasions with undaunted Courage and Intrepidity.

There was left one Orphan of this House, called *Damon*, surnamed *Peripoltas*, for Beauty and greatness of Spirit surpassing all of his Age; but of Temper fierce and untractable. A *Roman* Captain of a Foot-Company that wintered in *Chæroneæ*, fell in love with this Youth; but since he could not obtain his infamous Desires, either by Gifts or Intreaties, it was much feared that he would
proceed

proceed to Violence. The Suspicion was made more probable by the contemptible condition of *Charonea*, which was then so weak, that it had not power either to prevent the Attempt, or punish the Crime. Of which *Damon* being sensible, and looking upon his Solicitations as Injuries, resolved to be revenged of him: Accordingly He and sixteen of his Companions, conspired against the Captain; but that the Design might be managed without any Danger of being discovered, they All daubed their Faces with Soot. Thus disguised, and inflamed with Wine, they set upon him by break of day, as he was sacrificing; and having killed Him, and not a few of Those that were with him, they fled out of the City; which was extremely alarmed and troubled at the Murder: The Council assembled immediately, and pronounced Sentence of Death against *Damon* and all his Accomplices. This they did to justify the City to the *Romans*. But, that Evening, as the Magistrates were at Supper together, according to Custom, *Damon* and his Confederates breaking into the Room, killed them All, and then again fled out of the Town. About this time, *Lucius Lucullus* passing that way with his Forces upon some Expedition, and this Disaster having but newly happened, he staid to examine the matter. Upon inquiry he found the Citizens were in no wise faulty, but rather that They themselves had been Sufferers; therefore he drew out the Soldiers and carried them away with him. Yet *Damon* continuing to ravage the Country all about, the Citizens by Messages and Decrees, in appearance favourable, enticed him into the City, and upon his return made him *Gymnasiarque*, or Master of the Exercises; but afterwards as he was suppling himself with Oil in the *Bagnio*, they set upon him and killed him. For a long while after Apparitions were seen, and lamentable Groans heard in that place, (as our Fathers have told us,) for which Reason the Gates of the *Bagnio* were ordered to be made up: And even to this Day Those who dwell about that place, affirm that they sometimes see the same Spectres, and hear the same Lamentations.

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The Posterity of that Family (of which Some remain in the Country of *Phocis*, near the City *Stiris*, living after the manner of the *Æolians*) are called *Asbolomenoi*, that is, Men dawbed with Soot. Because *Damon* was besmeared with Soot when he committed that Murder.

But there being a Quarrel betwixt Those of *Chæroneæ* and the *Orchomenians*, who bordered upon them; they hired an Informer, a *Roman*, to accuse the Community of *Chæroneæ*, as if it had been a single Person, of the Murder of the *Romans*, of which only *Damon* and his *Ruffians* were guilty; accordingly the Process was formed, and the Cause pleaded before the Governor of *Macedon*, for as yet the *Romans* had not sent *Prætors* into *Greece*.

The Advocates who defended the Inhabitants, appealed to the Testimony of *Lucullus*, who in answer to a Letter the *Prætor* writ to him, returned a true Account of the matter of Fact. By this means the Town gained their Cause, which otherwise they were in great danger of losing. The Citizens thus preserved, erected a Statue to *Lucullus* in the *Forum*, next to That of the God *Bacchus*.

We also have the same Impressions of Gratitude, and though removed from them by the distance of so many Ages, yet we think ourselves obliged by that Act. And as to draw the Genius and Noble Inclinations of a great Personage, is harder, and so more valuable, than to hit the Lines of his Face; we will put *Lucullus's* Life amongst our Parallels of Illustrious Men. Wherein we will not use one stroke of Flattery, but keep close to the Truth. It is sufficient we shew how we preserve a grateful Remembrance of his generous Kindness: and He himself would not expect, that in recompence of that Service which consisted in speaking the Truth, we should abuse his Memory with a false and counterfeited Narration. For as we would that a Painter who is to draw a beautiful Face, in which there is yet some Imperfection, should neither wholly leave out, nor entirely express

express what is defective, because This would deform it, and That spoil the Resemblance; so since it is very hard, nay almost impossible, to shew the Life of a Man wholly free from Blemish, let us in the same manner follow Truth: But if any Lapses occur, which have been occasioned by the Emotions of a sudden Passion, or the Necessity of the Times, let us look upon them rather as Defects of Virtue, than as Vices; let us carry the Pencil gently over them, out of respect to Human Nature, which never furnished any Man with so many good Inclinations to Virtue, but that there was somewhat still wanting which rendred him Imperfect. Considering with myself to whom I should compare *Lucullus*, I find none so exactly his Parallel as *Cimon*.

They were both valiant in War, and successful against the *Barbarians*, but affable and courteous to their Fellow-Citizens: Both extinguished the Civil Broils at home, and gained signal Victories abroad. In short, no *Greek* before *Cimon*, nor *Roman* before *Lucullus*, ever carried the Scene of War so far from their own Country, unless we except the Exploits of *Bacchus* and *Hercules*, Those of *Perseus* against the *Æthiopians*, *Medes*, and *Armenians*, and the Acts of *Jason*, (if of These any Memorials that deserve Credit are derived down to our days.) Moreover in This they were alike, that they finished not the Enterprises they undertook: They brought their Enemies near their Ruin, but never entirely defeated them. There was yet a greater Conformity in their Nature, for the Civility and generous Reception they shewed to all Strangers, and the splendid Provisions of their Tables. We may perhaps have omitted some other good qualities, in which they were alike, but it will be easy to observe them in the following Relation.

Cimon was the Son of *Miltiades* and *Hegeſipyle*, who was by Birth a *Thracian*, and Daughter to King *Olorus*; This appears from the Poems of *Melanthius* and *Archeſlaus*, which they both writ in praise of *Cimon*. By this means the Historian *Thucydides* was his Kinsman by the Mother's side; for His Father's Name also was *Olorus*,
and

and possessed Mines of Gold in *Thrace*, and was killed in *Scaptabyla*, a District of *Thrace*, so called from its being full of Ditches. His Bones were afterwards brought into *Attica*, and his Monument is shewn amongst Those of the House of *Cimon*, near the Tomb of *Elpinice*, *Cimon's* Sister. But *Tbucydides* was of the Tribe of *Alimus*, and *Miltiades* of that of *Lacia*. *Miltiades* being condemned in a Fine of fifty Talents to the State, and unable to pay it, was cast into Prison, and there died. Thus *Cimon* was left an Orphan very young, with his Sister *Elpinice*, who was also young and unmarried. At first he had no Reputation, being looked upon as Riotous, and One who led a dissolute Life, as in reality he did, therefore they said there was an Agreement of Temper, as well as Appellation, betwixt Him and his Grand-father, whose Name was *Cimon* too; but they Proverbially called him, for his Stupidity, *Coalemos*, (the Idiot). *Stesimbrotus* of *Thassus*, who lived near about the same time with *Cimon*, reports of him, that he had little Docility; that they could never teach him Musick, nor the Rudiments of any other Science, which were so easily learned by the young Gentlemen of *Athens*: That he wanted a Vivacity of Parts requisite for Conversation, was ungenteel in his Carriage; neither had he any Capacity to manage serious Affairs: However, that there appeared in him something that was Great; and that he had such a plain Openness of Humour, that you would have taken him rather for a Native of *Peloponnesus* than *Athens*. He being such an one as *Euripides* describes *Hercules*.

*Accomplishmant of Carriage he did want :
But he was Honest, though not Elegant.*

For this Character may well agree with That which *Stesimbrotus* had given of him. They accused him in his younger Years, that he incestuously caressed his own Sister *Elpinice*, who otherwise had no very great Reputation for Chastity: However, if her Brother was not her Gallant, it was reported that *Polynotus* the Painter

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was. For when he painted the Trojan Dames in the Porch, then called *Plesianaction*, now *Pæcile*, he drew *Laodice* by Her Face. He was not an ordinary Mechanick, to be paid for his Work: But studying always to please the *Athenians*, he bestowed it freely on the Publick. This all the Historians report of him; and the Poet *Melanthius* particularly in these Verses:

*This famous Painter, at his own Expence,
Gave Athens Beauty and Magnificence:
New Life to all the Heroes did impart,
Embellish'd all the Temples with his Art:
The Splendor of the State restor'd again:
And thus at once oblig'd both Gods and Men.*

Some affirm, that *Elpinice* did not dissemble her Familiarities with her Brother, but lived publickly with him, as his Wife: For by reason of her Poverty she cou'd find no other Husband of equal Quality with herself. But afterward, when *Callias*, one of the richest Men of *Athens*, fell in love with her, and proffered to pay the Mulct the Father was condemned in, if he could obtain the Daughter in Marriage; *Cimon* accepted the Condition, and betrothed her to *Callias*. There is no doubt to be made, but that *Cimon* was of an amorous Complexion: For *Melanthius* gives him hints of his tendency that way, when in his Eulogies he facetiously rallies him for his Mistresses: The one was called *Mæstra*, and the other was *Anisteria* of *Salamis*; and These, the Poet saith, he was very fond of. However, this is certain, that he loved his Wife *Isodice* very passionately; she was the Daughter of *Euryptolemus* the Son of *Megacles*. He was inconsolable for her death as appears by those Elegies addressed to him upon his loss of her. The Philosopher *Panætius* is of Opinion, that *Archelaus* was the Author of those Elegies; and indeed the Time seems to favour that Conjecture. But take *Cimon* in all his other Capacities, you shall find nothing in him but what is very good. For as he was as daring

as *Miltiades*, and not at all inferior to *Themistocles* for Judgment, so he was incomparably more just and honest than Either of them. As he was equal to them in Understanding, and in discharging all the Functions of a Commander; so for the Political part of Government, he excelled Them and Every one else: And This too when he was very young, his Years not yet confirmed by any Experience. For when *Themistocles*, upon the *Medes* threatening them with an Invasion, advised the *Athenians* to forsake their Town and the Country about it, and to carry all their Arms on Ship-board, and in the Straits of *Salamis* dispute the Dominion of the Sea with their Enemies; when all the World stood amazed at the Confidence and Rashness of this Advice, *Cimon* only was not at all surpris'd, but chearfully pass'd through the Street of *Ceramicon*, accompanied with other young Men toward the Castle, carrying a Bridle in his Hand to offer to the Goddess *Minerva*; by This intimating, that there was no more need of Horsemen now, but Mariners. Thus after he had paid his Devotions to the Goddess, and offered up the Bridle, he took down the Bucklers that hung upon the Walls of the Temple, and so went down to the Port. By this Example he encouraged the Citizens to follow him, in order to their Embarking. Besides, he was an handsom Person, of a just Stature, his Hair thick and curled. After he had acquitted himself gallantly in this Battle of *Salamis*, he obtained a great Reputation among the *Athenians*; and They not only admired his Actions, but loved his Person. So that they were continually inflaming him with Emulation, to perform Deeds as famous as That of *Marathon*; that entertaining great Conceptions of things, he might act suitably thereunto. The People were very glad when they saw him applying himself to matters of State; for they were disgust'd with *Themistocles*: In opposition to Whom, and because of the Candor and Freeness of *Cimon's* Temper, which was agreeable to every one, they advanced Him to the highest Employments in the Government. The Man
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that contributed most to his Promotions was *Aristides*, who constantly cultivated that honest Genius he saw in him; and purposely raised him, that he might be a Counterpoise to the Craft, and repress the Insolence of *Themistocles*. But when the *Medes* were driven out of Greece, *Cimon* being Admiral, though the *Athenians* had not yet attained the Chief Dominion, but still followed *Pausanias* and the *Lacedæmonians*; he kept his Citizens in Heart, and by the Goodness of their Order and Equipage, but chiefly by their Valour, they were distinguished from the rest. Besides, he perceiving that *Pausanias* managed an Intelligence with the King of *Persia*, to betray Greece to the *Barbarians*, and puffed up with Arrogance and Success, treated his Allies haughtily, and committed Insolences upon them; *Cimon* taking this advantage, robbed him of the Esteem and Command of the *Greeks*, before he was aware. This he did not by open Enmity, but by affable Discourse and the Obligingness of his Conversation. So that the Allies, no longer able to endure the Sourness and Pride of *Pausanias*, revolted All from Him to *Cimon* and *Aristides*: Who, having gained such a Party from him, writ to the *Ephori* of *Sparta*, and sent particular Messengers to complain of him, desiring them to recal a Man who was a dishonour to *Sparta*, and a trouble to Greece. They report of *Pausanias*, that when he was in *Byzantium* he solicited a young Lady of a noble Family in the City, whose name was *Cleonice*, to debauch her: Her Parents dreading the cruel Humour of the Man, were forced to consent, and so abandoned their Daughter to his Embraces. *Cleonice* commanded the Servants to put out all the Lights; so that approaching silently, and in the dark towards his Bed, she stumbled upon the Lamp that was extinguished, which she overturned and spilled: *Pausanias*, who was fallen asleep, awakened, and startled with the Noise, thought an Assassin had taken that dead time of the Night to murder him; so that hastily snatching up his Poniard that lay by him, he wounded his supposed Enemy to Death.

After This he never enjoyed himself, but was disturbed in his Thoughts: For his Dear Mistress haunted his Bed, and would not let him sleep, but interrupted his Repose with these Angry Words:

*Villain, be just at last, and so repent;
Or see the Hand that brings thy Punishment.*

This Tragical Accident gave the last stroke to his Ruin. For after This the Allies joining their Resentments and Forces with *Cimon's*, besieged him in *Byzantium*: But he escaped out of their Hands, and fled to *Heraclea*. Here coming to a Place which might be called the Oracle of the Dead, where they raise up Spirits to know future Events, he solemnly invoked *Gleonic*, and intreated her Ghost to be reconciled: Accordingly she appeared to him, and answered him in these Words: "As soon as thou comest to *Sparta* thou shalt be freed from all the Misfortunes which now afflict thee." Hereby obscurely foretelling (in my Opinion) the certain Death which there attended him. This is the Story that is told of him.

Cimon strengthened with this accession of the Allies, went General into *Thrace*: For he was told that some great Men among the *Persians*, of the King's Kindred, having possessed themselves of *Eione*, a City situated upon the River *Strymon*, infested the *Greeks* which confined upon them: First, he defeated these *Persians*, and shut them up within the Walls of their Town. Then he fell upon the *Thracians* themselves, who were Borderers, because they supplied Those of *Eione* with Victuals; he drove them entirely out of the Country, and took possession of it as Conqueror: By this means he reduced the Besieged to such straits, that *Butes*, who commanded there for the King, in a desperate resolution set fire to the Town, and burned himself, his Goods, and all his Relations, in one common Flame. By this means *Cimon* got the Town, but no great Booty; for these *Barbarians* not only consumed Themselves in
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the Fire, but the richest of their Moveables. However, he gave the Country about it to the Athenians, it being a pleasant and fruitful Soil. For this Action the People permitted him to erect Stone *Mercuries*; upon the First of which was this Inscription:

*What Honours shall we pay, what Trophies raise,
(The Sacred Guardians of the Hero's Praise)
To those brave Warriors, who at Strymon's Flood
In close Array the bardy Mede withstood!
In vain the Vanquish'd from the Victor fled,
Behind Eione's Walls to bide his Head;
Thither new Terrors did the Rout pursue,
And Those the Sword had spar'd, fell Famine flew.*

Upon the Second was this:

*These Monuments of never-dying Fame
From Athens her victorious Heroes claim.
These may her Sons in After-Ages view,
And strive their Great Forefathers to out-do.*

This was the Inscription of the Third:

*Mnestheus from hence led forth his chosen Band,
And wav'd his Banners high in hostile Land.
Mnestheus, as Homer sings, did All excell
In ordering Troops, and ranging Battles well.
From Him his lov'd Athenians learn'd the Art,
To Them his Knowledge did the Prince impart.
They, best of Any, can the Ranks prepare,
And form the Squadrons for the doubtful War.*

Though the Name of Cimon is not mentioned in these Inscriptions, yet his Contemporaries do All assert that they relate to Him, and distinguish him with a peculiar Honour. For *Miltiades* and *Themistocles* could never obtain the like. And when *Miltiades* desired a Crown of Olive, one *Socharis*, who was of the Tribe of *Doe-*

celia, stood up in the midst of the Assembly, and spoke these words, which being agreeable to the Populace, were applauded by them, though unjust, and very ungratefully spoken: *When thou shalt conquer alone, (Miltiades) thou shalt triumph so too.* What then induced them so particularly to honour *Cimon*? It was certainly This, that under other Commanders they stood upon the defensive; but by His Conduct, they not only repulsed their Enemies, but invaded them in their own Country.

Thus they became Masters of *Eione* and *Amphipolis*, where they planted Colonies: and afterwards took the Isle of *Scyros*, which *Cimon* gained after this manner. The *Dolopians* were the Inhabitants of this Isle, a People of a slothful disposition, and who neglected all Husbandry; their only course of Life was Piracy; This they practised to that degree of mischief that they rifled Those that brought Merchandise into their own Ports, and so violated all the Laws of Commerce. Some Merchants of *Thessaly* putting into their Port of *Cresium*, they seized their Goods, and confined their Persons: But They breaking out of Prison, went and demanded Justice of the *Amphyctions*, which is a general Assembly made up of the People of *Greece*. These, maturely weighing the Fact, condemned the Isle in a great Pecuniary Mulct; but the People that were enriched with the Plunder, began to apprehend that it was They particularly that must refund; therefore they writ to *Cimon* to succour them with his Fleet, and they declared themselves ready to deliver the Town into his Hands. *Cimon* by these means got the Town, expelled those *Dolopian* Pirates, and so opened the Traffick of the *Ægean* Sea. After This, understanding that *Theseus* the Son of *Ægeus*, when he fled from *Athens*, and took refuge in this Isle, was here slain by King *Lycomedes* upon certain suspicions; *Cimon* endeavoured to find out where he was buried: For the Oracle had not long before commanded the *Athenians* to bring home his Ashes and to honour him as an *Hero*. *Cimon* could not for a long

time learn where he was interred; for Those of *Scyros* dissembled the knowledge of it, and were not willing he should search. But at length after diligent enquiry he found out the Tomb; and then carried the Relicks into his Admiral Galley, and with great Pomp and Show brought them into *Athens*, four hundred Years after *Theseus* first left that Country. This Act got *Cimon* the Hearts of the People, who received the Discovery with great Joy and abundance of Thanks. To signalize and perpetuate the Memory of this Deed, and their sense of it, they appointed that memorable Decision of Victory betwixt the two *Tragedians*, *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*: For the latter having writ his first Play, being yet very young, the Applause of the Theatre was divided, and the Spectators sided into Parties: To determine this, *Aphepsion*, who was at that time *Archon*, would not cast Lots who should be Judges; but when *Cimon* and the other Commanders with him came into the Theatre, to see the Issue of the Contention, after they had performed the usual Rites to the God of the Festival, the *Archon* came to them, and made them swear (being Ten in all) to speak their Judgments in this Contention, according to Equity and Honour. And so being sworn Judges, he made them All sit down to give a decisive Sentence. The Contention grew warm, and both Sides ambitiously strove who should get the Suffrages of such honourable Judges; but the Victory was at last adjudged to *Sophocles*; which *Æschylus* took so ill, that he left *Athens*, and went to *Sicily*, where he died of discontent, and was buried near the City of *Gela*.

Ion reports, that when he was a young Man, and newly returned from *Gbios* to *Athens*, he chanced to sup with *Cimon* at *Laomedon's* House: After Supper, when they had, according to Custom, poured out Wine to the Honour of the Gods, *Cimon* was desired by the Company to give them a Song: which he did with so good a grace that they were All charmed with his Voice, and extremely pleased with his Humour, declaring that

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he was more complaisant than *Themistocles*, who being intreated upon such an occasion to play upon the Lute, answered, *That he could not touch an Instrument, but give him a small Village, and he would raise it into a strong and wealthy City.* After talking of many indifferent things incident to such Entertainments, they entered into the Particulars of those several Actions for which *Cimon* had been Famous. And when they had run over the most Signal, he told them they had omitted One, upon which he valued himself most for Address and good Contrivance. He gave this Account of it. When the *Athenians* and their Allies had taken a great number of the *Barbarians* Prisoners in *Sestos* and *Byzantium*, giving Him the preference to divide the Booty, he put the naked Prisoners in one Lot, and the Spoils of their rich Attire and Jewels in the Other. This the Allies complained of, as an unequal Division; therefore he gave them their choice to take which Lot they would, and the *Athenians* should be content with That which they refused. One *Herophytus* of *Samos* advised them to take the Ornaments for their Share, and leave the Slaves to the *Athenians*: Upon this *Cimon* was laughed at for his ridiculous Division: For the Allies carried away the Gold Chains and Purple Robes, and the *Athenians* had only the naked Bodies of the Captives, which they could make no advantage of; being unused to Labour. But a little while after, the Parents and Kinsmen of the Prisoners coming from *Lydia* and *Phrygia*, every one redeemed his Relations at a very high Ransom. By this means *Cimon* got so much Treasure, that he maintained his whole Fleet of Gallies with the Money for four Months; and yet there was some left to lay up in the Treasure at *Athens*. Now *Cimon* growing rich, what he gain'd from the *Barbarians* with Honour, he spent hospitably upon the Citizens. For he pull'd down all the Inclosures of his Gardens and Grounds, that all Travellers, but his Citizens especially, might gather of his Fruits freely and without danger. At home he kept a Table that was

not furnished indeed with great Delicacies, but where was a Noble Competency of Provisions, and All very good; here the poor Townsmen had a constant and easy Access, so that their Care was employed in discharging their Publick Duties, from which otherwise they would have been distracted by seeking after a Subsistence. But *Aristotle* reports, That he was partial in this Reception, and that it did not extend to All the *Athenians*, but only to Those of the Tribe of *Lacia*. Besides, he always went attended with a Train of young Gentlemen, who were his Domesticks, and very well clad; and if he met with an elderly Citizen in a poor Habit, he would strip one of his Retinue, and clothe the decayed Citizen: and This was looked upon as very well done. He did enjoin them likewise to carry great Sums of Money about them; and if they met in the Streets any one that they either knew, or who looked as if he were in distress, they had order to relieve him, and convey something privately into his Hand. This *Cratinus* the Poet speaks of, in one of his Comedies called *Archiloba*, after this manner.

*I am Metrobius, who still believed,
Nay justly did expect to be relieved,
By such a Table Cimon once did hold
For Men as poor as I, and Men as old.
Cimon of all the Grecians was the best,
Rich, Valiant, Honest, Noble to his Guest.*

Gorgias the *Leontine* gives him this Character, *That he got Riches that he might use them, and so used them that he got himself Credit by them.* And *Critias* one of the thirty Tyrants of *Athens*,

*Did wish to be, his Fortune to compleat,
As rich as Scopas' Heirs, like Cimon Great;
And if the Gods his Life would farther bless,
He'd have in fight Agefilaus's Success.*

Lichas,

Lichas, we know, became Famous in *Greece*, only because on the days of the Sports, when the young Lads run naked, he used to entertain the Strangers that came to see these Diversions. But *Cimon* surpassed all the ancient *Athenians* for Hospitality and Good-nature: For though those taught the rest of *Greece* to sow Corn, and the use of Fire and Water: Yet *Cimon* by keeping open House, and giving Travellers Liberty to eat all his Fruits, which the several Seasons afforded, seemed to restore to the World that Community of Goods which the Poets fabulously tell us was maintained in the Reign of *Saturn*. Those who object to him, that he did This to be Popular, and gain the Applause of the Vulgar, are confuted by the constant Tenor of the rest of his Actions, which all tended to uphold the Interests of the Nobility against the Populace; of which he gave instances, when He, together with *Aristides*, opposed *Themistocles*, who was for advancing the Authority of the People beyond its just Limits; and downright quarrelled with *Epbialtes*, who, to ingratiate himself with the Multitude, was for abolishing the Jurisdiction of the *Areopagites*. And when All of his time, except *Aristides* and *Epbialtes*, took Presents, he still kept his Hands clean and untainted, and never acted nor counselled any thing but what was Just and Innocent. They report that *Rasaces* a *Persian*, who had traiterously revolted from the King his Master, fled to *Athens*, and there being harassed by Sycophants, who were still accusing him to the People, he applied himself to *Cimon* for redress; to gain his Favour, he brought him two Cups, the One full of a Gold Coin called *Darius*, and the Other of Silver: *Cimon* would not receive them, but asked him smilingly, *whether he would have him to be his Mercenary, or his Friend*; he replied, *his Friend*: If so (said he) take away these pieces, for being your Friend, I presume they are at my Service when I shall have occasion for them, and when I have I'll send to you.

The Allies of the *Athenians* began now to be very weary of the War, and were willing to have some intervals of repose, that they might look after their Husbandry and Traffick. For they saw their Enemies driven out of the Country, and did not fear any new Incurfions: Yet they still paid the Taxes they were assessed at, but would not send Men and Gallies, as they had done before. This the other *Athenian* Generals would constrain them to by rigor of Process, 'till at last by fining them so grievously they rendered the Government uneasy, and even odious to them. But *Cimon* practised a contrary Method, he forced no Man to go that was not willing, but of Those that desired to be excused from Service, he took Money, and their Ships unman'd: And permitted the Men to stay at home and follow what gainful Vocations they liked best, whether of Husbandry or Merchandise. By this means they grew Luxurious, and enervated all their Courage by living at ease. But the *Athenians* he took into his Gallies, and by employing Them in all his Naval Expeditions, inured them to suffer Hardship: So that being severely Disciplined, and continually bearing Arms, the Allies began to dread, and then flatter Them who were grown thus dreadful at their Cost; 'till they fell to that degree of Subjection, as of Allies they almost became Tributaries and Slaves. No Man ever checked the growth of the *Persians* Ambition so much as *Cimon*; for he not only beat them out of *Greece*, but closely pursuing them, would not let them take Breath, nor put their Affairs in any posture; but either took their Towns by open force, or made them revolt, by managing Intelligence within their Walls. So that in all *Asia*, even from *Ionia* to *Pamphylia*, there was not one Soldier that appeared for the King of *Persia*.

When word was brought that some *Persian* Commanders were upon the Coasts of *Pamphylia* with a Land-Army, and a great Fleet of Gallies; *Cimon*, that he might intercept them before they should come into the

the Sea that lies betwixt the *Chelidonian* Isles, set forth from *Triopium* and *Gnidos* with two hundred Gallies, very fleet, and that could easily tack about. They were first contrived and built by *Themistocles*, but *Cimon* enlarged them, that when they came to grapple, there might be a greater number of Combatants to oppose the Enemy. He first steered towards the City of *Phaselis*, which though inhabited by *Greeks*, yet they would not quit the Interests of *Persia*, but denied his Gallies entrance into their Port: Whereupon he wasted the Country, and drew up his Army to their very Walls; but some Soldiers of *Chios*, which were then listed under *Cimon*, being ancient Friends to the *Phaselites*, endeavoured to mitigate the General in their behalf; and in the mean time shot Arrows into the Town, to which were fastened Letters of Intelligence, which gave them an account of the state of Affairs: At length Peace was concluded upon these Conditions, That they should pay down ten Talents, and join their Forces with *Cimon* against the *Barbarians*. *Ephorus* saith, the Admiral of the *Persian* Fleet was *Tithraustes*, and the General of the Land Army, *Pherendates*: But *Calisthenes* is positive, that *Argomandes* the Son of *Gobrias* had the supreme Command of all the Forces. The whole Fleet anchored at the Mouth of the River *Eurymedon*, but with no design to fight, because they expected a reinforcement of *Phœnician* Sail, which were to come from *Cyprus*; but *Cimon*, being resolved to prevent their joining, ranged his Gallies in such a posture, that if they declined fighting he might force them to it. The *Barbarians* seeing This, retired within the mouth of the River, to prevent their being attacked; but when they saw the *Athenians* come upon them, notwithstanding their Retreat, they met them with six hundred Sail, as *Phœnodemus* relates, but according to *Ephorus*, only with three hundred and fifty. Yet notwithstanding this odds of number, they did nothing worthy such mighty Forces; for they presently turned the Prows of their Gallies toward the shore, where Those that came

first

first threw themselves upon Land, and fled to their Army drawn up thereabout, but the rest perished with their Vessels, or were taken: By This you may guess at their number; for though a great many escaped out of the Fight, and a great many others were sunk, yet two hundred Gallies were taken by the *Athenians*. When their Land-Army drew toward the Sea-side, *Cimon* was in suspense whether he should make a Descent: For thereby he should expose his *Greeks*, wearied with Slaughter in the first Engagement, to the Swords of the *Barbarians*, who were all fresh Men, and Superior to them in number: But seeing his Men resolute, and flushed with Victory, he made them land, though they had not yet wiped off the Sweat and Blood of the first Battle. As soon as they touched Ground, they set up a shout, and ran furiously upon the Enemy, who stood firm, and sustained the first shock with great obstinacy; so that the Fight began to be very doubtful; the principal Men of the *Athenians* for Quality and Courage, were slain; at length, tho' with much ado, they routed the *Barbarians*, Some they took Prisoners, and plundered all their Tents and Pavilions, which were full of very rich Spoil. *Cimon* being thus a perfect Conqueror, having in one day gained two Victories, wherein he surpassed That of *Salamis* by Sea, and That of *Platea* by Land, was encouraged to pursue his Success: So that News being brought that the *Phœnician* Succours, in number eighty Sail, were at the Gulf of *Hydrus*, he bended his Course toward them, and encompassed them about. They had not received any certain account of the former Defeat, and now were in great doubt what to think: So that thus surprised, they lost their Vessels, and all the Men were either Slain or Drowned. This success of *Cimon* so daunted the King of *Persia*, that he presently made that memorable Peace, whereby he engaged that his Armies should come no nearer the *Grecian* Sea than the length of a Horse-race: And that none of his Gallies or Vessels of War should appear between the *Cyanean* and *Chelidonian* Isles, *Calisthenes*

says, that he agreed not to any Articles, but that upon the Fear this Victory gave him, he prudently kept off so far from *Greece*, that when *Pericles* with fifty, and *Ephialtes* with thirty Gallies, cruised beyond the *Chelidonian* Isles, they could not discover one *Persian* Sail. But in the Collection which *Craterus* made of the Publick Acts of the People, there is an Original Draught of this Treaty, as following upon that defeat. And it is reported, that at *Athens* they erected the Altar of Peace upon this occasion; and decreed particular Honours to *Callias*, who was employed as Ambassador to manage the Treaty.

The People of *Athens* raised so much Money from the Spoils of this War, which were sold by publick Out-cry, that besides other Expences, and raising the South Wall of the Citadel, they laid the Foundation of those Walls (afterwards finished) which they called *Skele*, i. e. *Long Shanks*, that join the City to the Port; but the Place where they built them being a Moorish Ground, they were forced to sink great Weights of Stone to secure the Foundation; and all this they did out of the Money *Cimon* supplied them with. It was He likewise that adorned *Athens* with those Publick Places of Exercise, which they afterwards so much frequented and delighted in: He set the *Forum* with Palm-trees: The Academy, which was before open, and exposed to the Weather, he fenced with Trees, and beautified with Fountains; he made covered Alleys to walk in, and set out Ground for Foot and Horse-races. Afterward being informed that some *Persians*, who had made themselves Masters of the *Chersonese*, were so peremptory in not quitting it, that they called in the People of the higher *Thrace* to help them against *Cimon*, whom they despised for the Smallness of his Forces; he set upon them with only four Gallies, and took Thirteen of theirs. Then having drove out the *Persians*, and subdued the *Thracians*, he made the whole *Chersonese* subject to the Commonwealth of *Athens*. From hence he went against the People of *Thasos*, who had revolted from

from the *Athenians*; and having defeated them in a Fight at Sea, where he took thirty three of their Vessels, he stormed their Town, seized for the *Athenians* all the Mines of Gold on the other side of it, and all the Country dependent on it. This opened him a fair Passage into *Macedon*, so that he might have conquered the greatest part of it. But because he neglected that Opportunity, he was suspected of Corruption, and that he was bribed off by King *Alexander*: So, by the Combination of his Adversaries, he was accused of being false to his Country. Before the Judges he pleaded, "That
 " he never made an Interest with the Rich *Ionians* nor
 " *Thessalians*, as Others have, from whence they drew
 " both Honour and Profit; but that he always embraced
 " the Friendship of the *Macedonians*; for as he admired,
 " so he wished to imitate the Sedateness of their Temper, their Temperance and Simplicity of Living,
 " which he preferred to any sort of Riches; though he
 " had always been, and still was ambitious to enrich
 " his Country with the Spoils of her Enemies." *Stesimbrotus*, making mention of his Trial, reports, That *Elpinice*, in behalf of her Brother, addressed herself to *Pericles*, one of the most vehement of his Accusers; to whom *Pericles* answered with a Smile, *You are too Old (Madam) to manage Affairs of this nature.* However, after That, he became the mildest of his Prosecutors, and rose up but once all the while to plead against him, which he did but very faintly: And *Cimon* was acquitted. As for his Demeanour at home, he always restrained the Common People, who would have incroached upon the Nobility, and affected the Supreme Power over them. But when he afterward was called out to War, the Multitude broke loose as it were, reversed all the ancient Laws and Customs they had hitherto observed; This they did chiefly at the instigation of *Ephialtes*; they withdrew likewise the Cognisance of almost all Causes from the *Areopagus*; so that all Appeals being made to Them, the Government was reduced to a perfect Democracy; and This by the help of *Pericles*, who declared

in favour of the Common People. But *Cimon*, when he returned, seeing the Authority of this Great Council so eclipsed, was exceedingly troubled, and endeavoured to remedy these Disorders, by bringing things to their former state, and restoring the Nobility to those Degrees of Command they had in the time of *Calisthenes*: This the Others declaimed against, with all the vehemence possible, and began to revive those Stories concerning Him and his Sister, and cried out against him as addicted to the *Lacedæmonians*. Consonant to these Calumnies are the famous Verses of *Eupolis* the Poet upon *Cimon*;

*Ill Nature to him we cannot reproach ;
But he is Lazy, and he will Debauch.
He goes to Sparta, and is so unkind,
He leaves poor Elpinice in Bed behind.*

But if when Slothful and a Drunkard, he could storm so many Towns, and gain so many Victories; certainly if he had been Sober, and minded his Business with the least application, there had been no *Grecian* Commander, either before or after him, that could have surpassed him for Exploits of War. He was indeed a Favourer of the *Lacedæmonians* even from his Youth; and *Stesimbrotus* reports, That of two Sons (Twins) that he had by a Woman of *Clitorium*, he named one *Lacedæmonius*, and the other *Eleus*: Whence *Pericles* often upbraided them with the Race of their Mother. But *Diodorus* the Geographer doth assert, That both These, and another Son of *Cimon*'s, whose Name was *Thessalus*, were born of *Ifodice* the Daughter of *Euryptolemus* the Son of *Megacles*.

However, this is certain, that *Cimon* was countenanced by the *Lacedæmonians* in opposition to *Themistocles*, whom they hated; and while he was yet very young, they endeavoured to raise and increase his Credit in *Athens*: This the *Athenians* perceived, but dissembled their knowledge of it; for the Favour the *Lacedæmonians* shewed

shewed him was at that time advantageous to Them and their Affairs; who were then practising with the Allies to win them over to their side: So they seemed not at all offended with the Honour and Kindness shewed to *Cimon*; for he then bore the greatest sway in the Affairs of *Greece*, was kind to the *Lacedæmonians*, and courteous to the Allies. But afterwards the *Athenians* grown more powerful, when they saw *Cimon* so entirely devoted to the *Lacedæmonians*, they began to be angry, for he would always in his Speeches prefer Them to the *Athenians*; and upon every occasion, when he would reprimand These for a Fault, or incite them to Emulation, he would cry, "The *Lacedæmonians* would not do thus." This raised the Discontent, and got him the Hatred of the Citizens; but That which ministred chiefly to the accusation against him, fell out upon this Occasion.

In the fourth year of the Reign of *Archidamus* the Son of *Zeuxidamus* King of *Sparta*, there happened in the City of *Lacedæmon* the most dreadful Earthquake that ever was known in the Memory of Man; the Earth opened into most frightful Abysses; and the top of the Mountain *Taygetus* was so shaken, that the hanging Rocks and abrupt prominent Parts of it fell down; and except five Houses, all the Town was shattered to pieces. They say, that a little before any Motion was perceived, as some young Men were exercising themselves in the middle *Portico*, an Hare of a sudden started out just by them, which Some of them, though all naked, and daubed with Oil, run after shouting; no sooner were they gone from the place, but the *Gymnasium* fell down upon Them that were left, and killed them All. In memory of this fatal Accident, the Monument where they were afterwards interred is to this day called *Sismatias*, (that is) *The Tomb of those who were killed by the Earthquake*. *Archidamus*, by the present danger, made apprehensive of what might follow, and seeing the Citizens intent upon removing the richest of their Goods, he commanded an Alarm to be sounded, as if their Enemies were coming upon them,

that they should presently with Arms resort to him. It was This alone that saved *Sparta* at that time : For the *Helotes* were got together from the adjacent Country, with design to surprize the *Spartans*, and spoil Those whom the Earthquake had spared : But finding them Armed, and well prepared, they stole away into their Towns, and openly made War with them, having drawn into a Confederacy not a few of their Neighbours ; and together with Them, the *Messenians* fell upon the *Spartans*, who therefore dispatched *Periclidus* to *Athens* to solicit for Succours ; which *Aristophanes* flung in the Teeth of the *Lacedæmonians*, when he said,

*Go to the Altars, and there prostrate lie,
And, clad in Purple Robes, demand Supply.*

This *Epibialtes* opposed, protesting that they ought not to raise up, or assist a City that was Rival to *Athens* ; but that being down, it were best to keep her so, and break the Pride and Arrogance of *Sparta*. But *Cimon* (as *Critias* relates) preferring the Safety of *Lacedæmon* to the Grandeur of his own Country, so persuaded the People, that he soon marched out with a great Army to their Relief. *Ion* reports the Speech he used to move the *Athenians*, That they should not suffer Greece to be maimed by the Loss of so considerable a Member, nor their own City to be deprived of her Companion. In his return from aiding the *Lacedæmonians*, he passed with his Army through the Territory of *Corinth* : Whereupon *Lachartus* reproached him for bringing his Army into the Country, without first asking leave of the People : For he that knocks at another Man's Door, ought not to enter the House without the Master's leave. But you, *Lachartus*, (said *Cimon*) did not knock at the Gates of the *Cleonians* and *Megarians*, but broke them down, and entered by force, thinking that All ought to be open to the Powerful. And having thus rallied the *Corinthian*, he passed on with his Army. Some time after this, the *Lacedæmonians* sent a second time to desire Succours of the

the *Athenians*, against the *Messenians* and *Helotes*, who had seized upon *Ithome*: But when they came, the *Spartans* fearing their Courage and Resolution, of All that came to their Assistance, they sent Them only back, alledging they were turbulent and seditious. The *Athenians* returned home, enraged at this Usage, and vented their Anger upon all Those who were Favourers of the *Lacedæmonians*; therefore upon some slight occasion they banished *Cimon* for ten years, which is the time prescribed to Those that are banished by the *Ostracism*. In the mean time the *Lacedæmonians* intending to free *Delphi* from the *Phoceans*, brought an Army to *Tanagra*, whither the *Athenians* presently marched with design to fight them.

Cimon also came thither armed, and ranged Himself amongst Those of his own Tribe, which was that of *Oeneide*; but the Council of Five hundred being informed of This, and frightened at it, (his Adversaries crying out he would disorder the Army, and bring the *Lacedæmonians* to *Athens*) commanded the Officers not to receive him; wherefore *Cimon* left the Army, conjuring *Euthippus* the *Anaphlystian*, and the rest of his Companions, who were also suspected as favouring the *Lacedæmonians*, to behave themselves bravely against their Enemies, and by their Actions make their Innocence evident to their Countrymen. These Men being an Hundred in Number took *Cimon's* complete Armour, and placing it in the middle of their little Battalion, formed themselves into a close Body, and charged so desperately upon the Enemy, that they were all cut off, leaving to the *Athenians* a deep regret, for the loss of such brave Men, and repentance for having so unjustly suspected them. Whereupon they did not long retain their severity toward *Cimon*, partly upon remembrance of his former services, and partly constrained by the juncture of the Times: For being defeated at *Tanagra* in a great Battle, and fearing the *Peloponnesians* would come upon them, at the opening of the Spring; they recalled *Cimon* by a decree, of which *Pericles* Himself was Author: So reasonable were

were Mens Resentments in those Times, and so moderate their Anger, that it always gave way to the publick good; even Ambition, the most ungovernable of all human Passions, could then yield to the Necessities of the State.

Cimon, as soon as he returned, put an end to the War, and reconciled the two Cities. But seeing the *Athenians* impatient of being Idle, and eager after the Honour and Spoils of War; lest they should set upon the *Grecians* Themselves, or with so many Ships cruising about the *Isles* and *Peloponnesus*, give Occasions to intestine Wars, or Complaints of their Allies against them; He equipped two hundred Galleys, with design to make an attempt once more upon *Ægypt* and *Cyprus*; by This means to use the *Athenians* to fight against the *Barbarians*, and enrich themselves by spoiling Those who are by nature Enemies to *Greece*. But when all things were prepared, and the Army ready to embark, *Cimon* had this Dream: It seemed to him an angry Bitch bark'd at him, and a kind of human Voice, mixed with barking, uttered these Words:

*Go on, for shortly thou shalt be
A Friend to my young Whelps, and me.*

This Dream was hard to interpret; yet *Asthyphylus* of *Posidonium*, a Man skilled in Divinations, and intimate with *Cimon*, told him, that his Death was presaged by this Vision, which he thus explained: A Dog is Enemy to Him he barks at, and one cannot do an Enemy a greater friendship than to die; that mixture of human Voice with Barking, signifies the *Medes*, for the Army of the *Medes* is mixed with the *Greeks* and *Barbarians*. But after this Dream, as he was sacrificing to *Bacchus*, and the Priest cutting up the Victim, a great number of Emmets, taking up the little congealed particles of the Blood, laid them about *Cimon's* great Toe: This was not observed a good while; but as soon as *Cimon* spied it,
the

the Priest came and shewed him the Liver of the Sacrifice imperfect, wanting the Head. But he could not then recede from the Enterprize, so he set sail; sixty of his Ships he sent toward *Ægypt*; with the rest he went and fought the King of *Persia's* Fleet, composed of *Phœnician* and *Cilician* Ships: subdued all the Cities thereabout, and threatened *Ægypt*; designing no less than the intire Ruin of the *Persian* Empire; and the rather for that he was informed *Themistocles* was in great repute among the *Barbarians*, and had promised the King to lead his Army, whenever he should make War upon *Greece*: But they say *Themistocles* losing all hopes of compassing his designs, and despairing to equal the Virtue and good Fortune of *Cimon*, died a voluntary Death. *Cimon* still framing great designs, and keeping his Navy about the Isle of *Cyprus*, sent Messengers to consult the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon* upon some secret matter; for it is not known about what they were sent; the God would give them no Answer, but commanded them to return again, for that *Cimon* was already with him. Hearing This they returned by Sea, and as soon as they came to the *Grecian* Army, which was then about *Ægypt*; they understood that *Cimon* was dead; and computing the time of the Oracle, they found that his Death was meant by it, as being then with the Gods. Some say he died of a Sicknesh at *Citium* in *Cyprus*, and Others of a Wound he received in an Engagement with the *Barbarians*. When he perceived he should die, he commanded Those under his charge to return to their Country, and by no means to spread the news of his Death by the way; This they did with such secrecy, that they all came home safe, and neither their Enemies nor Allies knew what had happened. Thus, as *Phœnodemus* relates, the *Grecian* Army was, as it were, conducted by *Cimon* thirty days after he was dead. But with Him perished all the good fortune of *Greece*; for after his Death there was not a Commander that did any thing considerable, or which might deserve the name of a great action, and instead of uniting against their common

mon Enemies, They who bore Sway in the Principal Cities, animated them against one another to that degree, that none durst or would interpose their good Offices to reconcile them. Thus by mutual discord ruining themselves, the *Persians* had time to recover Breath, and repair all their Losses. It is true indeed *Agefilaus* made some shew of the *Grecian* Forces in *Asia*, but it was a long time after; he seemed to revive some little appearances of a War against the King's Lieutenants in the Provinces, but they all quickly vanished; for before he could perform any thing of moment, he was recalled by Civil Diffensions at home: So that he was forced to leave the *Persian* King's Officers to impose what Tribute they pleased on the *Grecian* Cities in *Asia*, though under the Dominion of the *Lacedæmonians*. Whereas in the time of *Cimon* no Person whatever, not so much as a Letter-Carrier, durst come near the Borders, nor any Man in Arms within four hundred Furlongs of the Sea.


The Monuments called *Gimonian*, to this day in *Athens*, shew That to be the place of his Burial; yet the Inhabitants of the City *Citium* pay particular Honour to a certain Tomb, which they call the Tomb of *Cimon*, according to *Nausicrates* the Rhetorician; who also reports, that in a Famine, when their Necessities were very great, they sent to the Oracle, which commanded them to honour *Cimon* as a God.

Thus have I drawn the Life of this Famous Captain, and leave the Reader to judge of him.





THE
L I F E
O F
L U C U L L U S.

 **UCULLUS** his Grandfather had been Consul, his Uncle by the Mother's side was *Metellus* surnamed *Numidicus*. As for his Parents, his Father was convicted of Extortion; and his Mother *Cæcilia's* Reputation was blasted by her loose Life. As for *Lucullus* himself, whilst he was very young, and before he had put up for any Office, or Dignity in the State, he made himself known in the World by an Action, which caused him to be much respected; for he preferred a Bill against *Servilius* the Augur, who had been his Father's Accuser, and was by Him charged with Corruption in the Execution of his Office. This step was generally applauded, and considered as an Act of singular Virtue; though in the main the *Romans* were better pleased with those Prosecutions which were commenced, and carried on without any personal Pique; they looked on Them as certain Tokens of Courage and Magnanimity, and compared the Authors to generous Hounds, of the right Breed, and keen upon their Prey.

If this Cause was prosecuted with great Vehemence and Animosity, it was defended with no less Heat and Vivacity; and the Contest was carried to such a Pitch that Several were killed, and Many wounded on both sides; however *Servilius* in the Issue was acquitted. *Lucullus* applied himself very early, and with much Diligence, to his Studies, so that he soon became Master of the *Greek*, as well as his Mother Tongue, and could express himself with equal Fluency and Elegance in Both, for which Reason *Sylla* dedicated his Memoirs to Him, as to a Person more able than Himself to digest them into Method, and form a regular History upon them. His Eloquence was not purely That of a mercenary Pleader, who in a publick Audience, or at the Bar, expatiates with much Rhetorick upon the knotty Points of an intricate Question, *Like the Thunny sporting in the vast Abyss; but take them from the Bar, and they are mute,* or, as we say, like a Fish out of Water. In his Youth, for the better polishing and cultivating of his Mind, he addicted himself to Humanity Learning, and what we call *the Liberal Sciences*, because they are the proper Studies of Persons of a free and elevated State. But as he grew in Years, and became as it were worn out in Camps and Battles, he refreshed his Mind with the more comfortable Study of Philosophy, chiefly favouring the Contemplative Part, seasonably abating and deadening the more active and ambitious; especially after the Contest he had with *Pompey*. We have this remarkable Instance of his great Learning, and Erudition. One day after he had made himself merry for some time upon the Subject with *Hortensius* the Lawyer, and *Sisenna* the Historian, he offered in good earnest to write an Account of the *Marfian War* in Verse, or Prose, and That either in the *Greek* or *Roman* Language, as should be determined by Lot. They took him at his Word, and the Lot falling upon the *Greek*, he performed his Promise; and to This we owe the History of that War written in *Greek*, which is at this day extant among us. Among the many Instances of his singular Love and Af-

fection

section to his Brother *Marcus*, That which was First in Date, was esteemed the First in Merit by the *Romans*. Though he was much older than his Brother, yet he declined entring upon any Office, and waited 'till his Brother was qualified by Age to share with him in the Honours and Dignities of the Commonwealth. The People were so charmed with this brotherly Affection, that *Lucullus*, though absent, was chosen *Ædile* with *Marcus*.

Many and early were the Proofs of his Valour and Conduct in the *Marssian War*, being admired by *Sylla* for his Constancy and Mildness, and always employ'd by him in dispatching affairs where Industry and Fidelity were required; especially in the Mint, most of the Money for carrying on the *Mithridatick War* being coined by Him: Which being soon exchanged for Necessaries in the Camp, was for a long time current in the Army, and from Him called *Luculleian Coin*. After This, when *Sylla* had conquered *Athens*, and Necessaries for his Army were cut off by reason the Enemy was Master at Sea; *Lucullus* was the Man whom he sent into *Libya* and *Ægypt*, to procure him shipping. It was then the depth of Winter, when he ventured out with no more than three small *Greek Vessels*, and as many *Rhodian Gallies*, not only into the main Sea, but also among multitudes of the Enemies Shipping, even There where they were absolute Masters. Arriving at *Crete*, he gained it to *Sylla's Party*; and finding the *Cyrenians* harassed by many Tyrannies, and a destructive War, he took care of their publick Affairs, and settled them: Putting their City in mind of that Saying which *Plato* had prophetically uttered of them. For the *Cyrenians* having sent and intreated that Philosopher to prescribe Laws to them, and mould them into some sound form of Government, he made answer, *That it was a hard thing to give Laws to the Cyrenians, abounding with so much Wealth and Plenty*. For nothing renders a Man more intractable than Felicity, nor more gentle than the shock of Fortune. This made the *Cyrenians* so willingly submit to the Laws

which *Lucullus* imposed upon them. Having thus settled Affairs at *Cyrene* he sailed from thence into *Ægypt*, but in his Passage lost the best part of the Ships he had been collecting, which fell into the Hands of Pirates; he Himself escaping with great Difficulty to *Alexandria*, where he was received with much Ceremony; For the whole Royal Navy went in great order out of the Port to meet him, and paid him the same Compliments the King Himself was used to receive upon his return from any Naval Expedition. *Ptolomy*, who was then very young, entertained him with the highest Testimonies of Kindness and Respect, even so far as to appoint him an Apartment and Table in the Palace, an Honour never shewn before to any foreign Officer, or Commander. Besides, his Appointments for the defraying his Expences were four times as much as any that had been settled heretofore on the like Occasions. However *Lucullus* made a right use of that royal Bounty; he accepted of no more than what was absolutely necessary, and refused the Presents that had been offered him, though they were very considerable, and valued at more than fourscore Talents. It is reported that he neither went to see *Memphis*, nor Any of the celebrated Wonders of *Ægypt*: As thinking it fitter for a Man of no Business, and much Curiosity, to see such things, than for Him who had left his Commander in the Trenches, storming the Walls of his Enemies. *Ptolomy* refused to enter into an Alliance with *Sylla*, for fear of drawing the War upon Himself, but at the same time provided *Lucullus* with a sufficient Squadron to convoy him to *Cyprus*; and just as he was ready to embark, the King caressed him with great Tenderness, embraced him, wished him a good Voyage, and presented him with a large beautiful Emerald set in Gold. *Lucullus* at first refused it, but when the King shewed him that his Picture was engraven upon it, and that it was very like him, he was then forced in Prudence to accept of it; for had he shewed any discontent at parting, it might have endangered his Passage.

In his Return he summoned all the Maritime Towns to join him with their Naval Forces, except Such as gave Harbour to the Pirates, or were suspected to be in their Interest, and in this Condition he arrived at *Cyprus*; there he was informed that the Enemy lay in wait for him under the Promontories, whereupon he laid up his Fleet, and sent to the Cities to supply him with Provisions, because he was resolved to winter among them. But by that time this Resolution was fully known abroad, and as soon as the Wind served, he lanchd on a sudden, embarked, and proceeded on his Voyage, lowering his Sails in the day-time, and hoisting them when it was dark; by which Stratagem he got safe without any Accident to *Rhodes*. Being furnished with Ships at *Rhodes*, he soon prevailed upon the Inhabitants of *Cbios* and *Knidos* to quit the Party of *Mitbridates*, and join with Him against the *Samians*. He drove the King's Garrison out of *Cbios*, and set the *Colophonians* at Liberty, having seized *Epigonus* the Tyrant who cruelly oppressed them.

About this time *Mitbridates* left *Pergamus*, and retired to *Pitane*, where being closely besieged by *Fimbria*, and not daring to engage with so bold and victorious a Commander, he contrived his Escape by Sea, and sent for all his Fleet to attend him. Which when *Fimbria* perceived, having no Ships of his Own, he sent to *Lucullus*, intreating him to assist him with His, in subduing the most dangerous and determined Enemy of *Rome*, lest the opportunity of humbling *Mitbridates*, an Enterprize which had cost the *Romans* so much Blood and Trouble, should now at last be lost, when he was within reach, and so easily to be taken; who being caught, no one would be more highly commended than He, who cut off his passage, and seized him in his Flight. He being drove from the Land by the One, and stopt at Sea by the Other, would be abundant Matter of Renown and Glory to them Both, and eclipse the Fame of *Sylla's* Actions at *Cheronea* and *Orchomenus*.

This was no unreasonable proposition, it being obvious to all Men, that if *Lucullus* had hearkened to *Fimbria*, and with his Navy, which was then near at hand, had blocked up the Haven, the War had soon been brought to an end, and infinite Numbers of Mischiefs prevented thereby. But He, either preferring the Interest and Authority of *Sylla*, whose Lieutenant he was, to all other Considerations, whether of a publick or private Nature, or else looking on *Fimbria* with an Eye of Detestation for having lately imbrued his Hands in the Blood of his Friend, who was at the same time his General, or lastly being led to it by an especial Providence, which inspired him to spare *Mitbridates* for the present, and preserve him as an Enemy in due time worthy his own Arms; whatever it was, he gave no Ear to the Proposal, but suffered *Mitbridates* to escape, and laugh at *Fimbria* and all his Preparations. After which He alone had the Honour of defeating the King's Fleet in two Engagements. The First was at *Lectus*, a Promontory of *Troas*; soon after which hearing that *Neoptolemus*, the King's Lieutenant, was riding at Anchor in the Bay of *Tenedos*, where he waited for him with a Fleet more numerous and stronger than the Former, he sailed towards him, and to provoke him to an Engagement, he advanced before his Squadron on board a Galley of *Rhodes* commanded by *Demagoras*, an expert Seaman, and a great Friend to the Romans. *Neoptolemus* upon Sight of him made up furiously at him, and commanded the Master with all imaginable Force to bear up to him; but *Demagoras* fearing the bulk and massy Stem of the Admiral Galley, thought it dangerous to meet him a-head, wherefore tacking about he received him a-stern, in which place, though violently bore upon, he suffered no great Damage, because the Shock fell on the lower Parts of the Ship, which are constantly under Water. Immediately upon This the rest of the Fleet came up, and *Lucullus* ordering the Master of the Galley to tack again, fell vigorously upon the Enemy, and behaving himself with extraordinary Courage and Resolution, he

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constrained them to fly, and had *Neoptolemus* in chace for a good while together, After This he proceeded and joined *Sylla* in *Chersonesus*, as he was passing the Straits, and brought timely Assistance for the Transportation of the Army.

As soon as the Peace concluded betwixt *Mitbridates* and the Romans, the King sailed back to *Pontus*, and *Sylla* laid a Fine of twenty thousand Talents upon *Asia*. *Lucullus* was ordered to levy the Fine, and new-coin the Money; and his Behaviour in that Employment proved some sort of Ease and Consolation to those distressed Cities, after the Hardships and Severities they had received from *Sylla*. For he proceeded not only like a Man of Uprightness and Integrity, but shewed as much Moderation and Tenderness as could be expected from the Nature of his Office and Employment.

The *Mitylenians* having revolted, and declared for *Marius*, he earnestly wished they might be sensible of their Error, and so come off with an easy Punishment. But when he found they were led by their evil Genius to persist in their Rebellion, he came upon them with his Fleet, overthrew them in a warm Engagement, shut them up in their City, and besieged them. Some time after This he had recourse to the following Stratagem: He embarked at noon-day in open View of the City, and pretended to set sail for *Elea*; but as soon as it was dark he tacked about, returned privately without any Noise, and lay in Ambush near the City.

The *Mitylenians* early the next Morning sallied out in a disorderly manner, and ran to pillage the Camp, which they expected to find defenceless and forsaken. But *Lucullus* rising from his Ambuscade fell upon them on a sudden, made many of them Prisoners, slew five thousand, who stood upon their Defence, took from them six thousand Slaves, and a very rich Booty.

He had no Hand in the many infinite Calamities, in which all *Italy* was involved by the Means of *Marius* and *Sylla*. He was preserved from that Misfortune by the particular Care of divine Providence, which kept

him exercised in *Asia*. And yet though absent, he was as much in *Sylla's* Favour as any of his other Friends, among whom he was distinguished by that General. For, as we observed before, he dedicated his Memoirs to Him as to his particular Friend, and at his Death left Him Guardian to his Son, in preference even to *Pompey* himself. It is very likely that this Preference was the Principal Cause of the Contention and Jealousy that afterwards broke out between them; Both Young, and equally contending for Honour and Authority.

A little after *Sylla's* Death he was declared Consul with *Marcus Aurelius Cotta*, about the one hundred seventy sixth Olympiad. At that time Some were for renewing the War with *Mitbridates*, and the Matter was debated in Senate, where *Cotta* the Consul declared, that it was not dead, but laid asleep only for the present. Wherefore when the Provinces came to be determined by Lot, and the *Cisalpine Gaul* fell to *Lucullus*, he was exceedingly troubled at it, because he considered it as a Province where there was no room for any great Exploits, and where consequently no Glory was to be acquired. Besides, he was nettled to the quick at *Pompey's* Success in *Spain*, where he had acquired great Reputation, and he foresaw that as soon as That War was ended, He was the most likely of any Man to be declared General against *Mitbridates*. Wherefore when *Pompey* had demanded large Sums of Money, and declared in plain terms, that unless it was sent him he would relinquish *Spain* to *Sertorius*, and return with his Army into *Italy*, *Lucullus* seconded his Demand with great Zeal, and made use of all his Interest and Authority to have the Money sent him, that he might have no Pretence of coming Home during his Consulate. For it was not to be doubted but he would be Master in *Rome*, where he might govern as he pleased whilst he was at the Head of so great an Army. Besides, *Cethegus* the Tribune, who had the greatest Influence and Authority of any Man in the City, because he neither said, nor did any thing there but what he knew would be agreeable to the

the People, was a secret, but bitter Enemy to *Lucullus*, who abominated him for his Lewdness and Infamy, and had on that Account declared open War against him.

At the same time when *Lucius Quintus* the other Tribune was for abrogating *Sylla's* Acts and Constitutions, which could not be done without changing the whole Face of Affairs, and throwing Rome into new Troubles and Convulsions, instead of the Peace and Tranquillity which she at that time enjoyed; *Lucullus* by his private Exhortations and publick Admonitions, so effectually calmed and reclaimed him, that he hindered his Design, and suppressed his Ambition, wisely and safely encountering so great an Evil in the very Bud.

About this time News was brought to Rome that *Octavius* the Governor of *Cilicia* was dead, upon which many Candidates appeared for that Government, and All of them made their Court to *Cethegus*, as the Man whose Credit could enable him to turn the Balance in Favour of Him he was pleased to countenance. *Lucullus* did not look on that Province as any thing considerable in itself, only he conceived that if he could obtain it, no Man besides Himself would be employed in the War against *Mitridates*, by reason of its nearness to *Cappadocia*. This made him use all his Interest for the obtaining of that Province, and put him upon a Project, not so Honest and Commendable, as Expedient for compassing his Design, submitting to Necessity against his own Inclination. There was at that time in Rome a Woman called *Præcia*, One of Those who were particularly noted for their Wit and Vivacity of Parts as well as Beauty, though She was in other respects no better than a profest Harlot. This Woman knew how to make a right use of the Credit and Favour she was in with Those who visited her, and apply it to the Service of her Friends, who often carried their Points by her sole Interest and Assistance; so that besides the Reputation of being the most beautiful Woman in her Person, and most agree-
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able in her Conversation, she had likewise That of being the most zealous Friend, and the best able to carry on an Affair with Prudence and Success, which made her much courted, and gave her an universal Reputation. But the Moment *Cetbegus* became captivated, and He fell into the Snare, who was the Man of greatest Authority in all *Rome*, she from that time became absolute, and had, as we call it, the World in a String; for nothing was transacted in Publick but by the Advice and Approbation of *Cetbegus*, and *Cetbegus* did nothing without the Good-will and Pleasure of *Præcia*.

This Woman did *Lucullus* labour to gain by Flattery and Presents. *Lucullus* did not disdain to list himself in the Number of *Præcia*'s Admirers, and pay her Homage; which was no small Matter of Triumph to a Woman of her Pride and Ambition, so that in Return *Cetbegus* became a professed Stickler for *Lucullus*. He was full of his Commendations in all their Assemblies, and the First to appoint Him to the Government of *Cilicia*; which when he had once obtained, he was no longer under a Necessity of Courting the assistance either of *Præcia*, or *Cetbegus*. The Conduct of the War against *Mitbridates* was unanimously voted to *Lucullus*, as the only Person fit to cope with that Prince, and command the Roman Armies with Reputation and Success. For *Pompey* was still employed in *Spain* against *Sertorius*, and *Metellus* was superannuated; and They Two were the only Officers who could dispute that Command with *Lucullus*. However *Cotta* his Collegue, with much Difficulty obtained an Order of Senate, by which he was also sent with a Fleet to guard the *Propontis*, and defend *Bithynia*.

Lucullus having raised a Legion, passed with great Expedition over into *Asia*. There he found other Forces of which his Army was to be composed; All corrupted and disabled by a long-Course of Luxury, the Pleasures of the Country, and an insatiable Avarice. Besides These Vices which were common to them All, the *Fimbrians*, as they were called, who were a Part of those

those Forces, who had for a long time been without any Chief, were become Headstrong and Ungovernable. These were the Men who had slain *Flaccus* the Consul, and General under *Fimbria*, and afterwards betrayed *Fimbria* to *Sylla*; a bold and barbarous People, warlike, expert, and hardy in the Field. *Lucullus* in a short time got the better of their mutinous Spirit and reduced to perfect discipline Those, who then first knew what it was to be under a good Captain, and real Commander; for before That they had been constantly humoured and cajoled by their Officers, and knew no Obedience but That to their own Will.

As for the State of the Enemy's Affairs, it stood thus: *Mithridates* like a true Sophister in War set out at first with more State, Pomp, and Noise than Substance and Solidity. His Army indeed was very splendid and magnificent in Appearance, but vain and unserviceable in Effect. Accordingly he met with a signal Disgrace, and was most shamefully routed. This taught him to be wiser for the future, so that when the War came to be renewed, he reduced his Forces into a just and well martialled Army, formed not so much for Shew as Service. He retrenched that confused Multitude of so many People and Nations, and all those Menaces and Bravadoes vented by *Barbarians* in an infinite Number of Tongues and Languages, and laid aside all the Armour burnished with Gold, and enriched with precious Stones, which he looked on rather as the Wealth of the Conqueror, than a Defence and Security to the Bearers. He provided his Soldiers with Swords formed like Those of the *Romans*, and with Shields solid and substantial. He took care to have his Horses strong and well trained, rather than magnificently harnessed; mustered a hundred and twenty thousand Foot, armed and disciplined after the manner of the *Roman* Infantry, and sixteen thousand Horse well appointed for the Service, besides a hundred Chariots armed with long Scythes, and drawn each by four Horses. To This Preparation for the Land Service he added a fleet not cambered, as before, with Golden Cabins, lascivious Baths, and effeminate Furniture, but

but stored with all sorts of Weapons, both offensive and defensive, and provided with Money to pay the Soldiers.

With this formidable Preparation he fell into *Bitbynia*, where the Cities opened their Gates, and received him joyfully; and not only Those in *Bitbynia*, but almost all the Cities throughout *Asia*, relapsed into their former Distempers, being cruelly oppressed by the Roman Publicans, and Usurers. *Lucullus* did in the End rid the Country of those Harpies, who fed upon the very Vitals of the Inhabitants; but for the present he thought it sufficient to admonish them to be more compassionate and reasonable, by reminding them of their Duty. This composed the Minds of the People, and prevented a Sedition which was in a manner ripe and ready to break out in every Corner.

Whilst *Lucullus* was thus busied in applying a Remedy to these Distempers, *Cotta* fancied that now was his time, and that he ought to do something extraordinary in the Absence of his Colleague. Whereupon he prepares to encounter *Mitbridates*; and the more he is told that *Lucullus* is at hand, and that he is already advanced as far as *Pbrygia*, and was just ready to join him, the more forward is he to engage, thinking the Victory already in his Hands, and desirous to deprive his Colleague of his Share in the Honour of it. But notwithstanding all his Confidence he was routed both by Sea and Land. In the naval Engagement he lost sixty of his Ships with all their Equipage, and by Land they slew four thousand of the best Men in all his Troops, and forced him to fly to *Chalcedon*, from whence he could not escape unless *Lucullus* came to relieve him. The greatest Part of the Army pressed *Lucullus* to leave *Cotta* behind, and enter without delay into the Territories of *Mitbridates*, assuring him that he would find his Capital in a weak defenceless Condition. This was the Language in general of all the Soldiers, who highly resented that *Cotta* should not only ruin Himself by his Folly and Temerity, and lose the Flower of his Army, but prevent Them from obtaining

obtaining an honourable Victory, which was to be purchased without any Danger, by obliging them to march to His Assistance, and make good the False Steps He had been taking. But *Lucullus* in a solemn Speech to the Army on that Occasion, declared, that *he chose rather to save one Roman than be Master of all the Wealth and Power of the Enemy*. When *Archelaus*, who in quality of the King's Lieutenant, had fought his Battles in the Plains of *Bæotia*, but had afterwards quitted his Service, and declared for the *Romans*, demonstrated to *Lucullus* that he need only shew himself in *Pontus* to have all the Country declare for him, he replied, *It did not become Him to be more ungenerous or fearful than the Huntsman, who never left the Chace of the wild Beasts to seek after Sport in their deserted Lodges*. Having so said, he marched against *Mitbridates* with thirty thousand Foot, and two thousand five hundred Horse.

As soon as he arrived within Sight of the Enemy, and had an Opportunity of discerning the dreadful Number of their Forces, he stopped short, and resolved to avoid fighting, if possible, and spin out the War. But in spite of this Resolution, *Marius*, a Roman Officer, who had been sent by *Sertorius* out of *Spain* with some Troops to the assistance of *Mitbridates*, advancing towards him, and provoking him to fight, he could no longer forbear, but drew up his Army in order of Battle. Both sides were just ready to engage, and waited only for the Signal, when on a sudden, without any previous visible Alteration of the Weather, the Sky opened, and a great Body of Light fell down in the Midst between the two Armies, in shape like a Tun, or Hoghead, but in Colour like molten Silver. Both Sides were so astonished at that Prodigy, that they immediately separated without coming to Blows. We are told that this Prodigy happened near a Place called *Otryæ* in *Pbrygia*.

Lucullus very wisely began to consider with himself that no Wealth, no Provisions were sufficient to sustain for any considerable time such an innumerable Multitude

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as *Mitbridates* had in his Army, especially in the Face of the Enemy; wherefore ordering one of the Prisoners to be brought before him, he asked him in the first Place *how many Comrades he had quartered with him?* and secondly, *how much Provision he had left behind him in his Tent?* When the Prisoner had given him an Answer to those Questions, he ordered him to be removed; then proposing the Same to a Second, and after That to a Third, he compared from Their Answers the Quantity of Provisions with the Number of Men *Mitbridates* had in his Army, and computed that the Enemy could not have above three or four days Subsistence at the most. This confirmed him in his former Resolution of spinning out the time without running any Hazard. Wherefore he ordered his Camp to be plentifully supplied with abundant Stores, so that he might be at leisure to watch the Enemy, and make his Advantage of their Necessities.

In the mean time *Mitbridates* endeavoured to surprize *Cyzicus*, which had extremely suffered in the late Engagement near *Chalcedon*, where She lost three thousand Men, and ten of her Vessels. The better to conceal his Design from *Lucullus*, he began his March after Supper in a dark rainy Night, and used so much Expedition, that the next Morning by day-break he arrived before the Place, and encamped on Mount *Adraffia*.

Lucullus being informed of this Motion, immediately followed him close upon the Heels, and without stumbling unluckily upon the Enemy in the Obscurity of the Night, as he might well have done, he sat down with his Troops near a Place called *Tbraccia*, a convenient Post which gave him the Command of the whole Country, and all the Passes, through which the Enemy's Provisions were of necessity to be conducted. Whereupon foreseeing what would unavoidably be the Event, he did not conceal it from his Soldiers, but as soon as they had entrenched themselves, and secured their Camp, he called them together, and in a cheerful Speech assured them that in a few days he would secure to them the Victory without the Loss of one Drop of Blood.

Mitbridates

Mitbridates divided his Forces into ten Camps, with which he invested *Cyzicus* by Land, and with his Ships by Sea blocked up the Strait which separates the City from the Continent. The Inhabitants were fully resolved to make a vigorous Defence, and to endure the utmost Extremity rather than forsake the *Romans*. That which troubled them most was, that they knew not where *Lucullus* was, and heard nothing of him, though at that time his Army was within Sight of their Walls; but they were imposed upon by the *Mitbridatians*, who shewing them the *Romans* encamped on the Hills, *Do you see those Troops?* said they; *Those are the Auxiliary Medes and Armenians which Tigranes has sent to the Assistance of Mithridates.* These Words put them out of all hopes of Succour; for they saw themselves hemmed in on every Side, and all the Country about them covered with the Enemy, so that they could not flatter themselves with the Thoughts of any possibility of Relief, though *Lucullus* Himself should come to their Assistance.

Whilst they were under these Anxieties *Demonax*, who had been sent by *Archelaus*, got into the Place, and assured them that *Lucullus* lay within View. At first they could not believe him, but thought he came with forged News to keep them in heart, and comfort them. In that Instant a Youth who had been taken by the Enemy, and made his Escape, returned into the City, and was brought before them. They immediately questioned Him, and asked him *where it was reported Lucullus lay with his Army?* This set the Youth a laughing, for he thought they had a mind to make themselves merry with him; but when he saw they were in earnest he pointed with his Finger, and shewed them the Camp of the *Romans*. This revived their Hopes, and animated them with fresh Courage and Resolution.

There is near the City of *Cyzicus* a Lake called *Dasyclitis*, on which are Boats of a midling Burden. *Lucullus* made choice of one of the largest, and caused it to be hauled ashore, and to be carried on a Waggon to the

Sea-shore ; there he clapped on board as many Soldiers as it would hold, and sent it to *Cyzicus*. This Boat passed along unseen in the dead of Night, and landed the Soldiers safe in the City. This Reinforcement, small as it was, kept the Besieged in Heart ; and the Gods themselves, as if pleased with their Courage and Constancy, seemed to support and fortify them with many Signs and Tokens of their Benevolence, and among Others, with This that follows : The Feast of *Proserpine* fell out during the Siege, wherein they were to make an Offering of a black Heifer ; for want of which the Besieged prepared one in Paste, and carried it to the Altar. That which had been consecrated to the Goddess, and was destined for the Sacrifice, was at that time feeding with the rest of the Herd belonging to the *Cyziceni*ans, on the other side of the Strait in the adjacent Continent. The very day of the Festival this Heifer quitted her Companions, took to the Water, swam cross that Arm of the Sea, entered the City, and presented herself at the Altar. The Night following the Goddess appeared in a Dream to *Aristagoras* the publick School-Master, and said, *Behold I have brought the Libyan Piper against the Trumpeter of Pontus : Go therefore, and bid thy Fellow-Citizens be of good Heart.* Whilst the *Cyziceni*ans were at a loss what Interpretation to put upon this Oracle ; early in the Morning a high blustering Wind blew hard at Sea, and wrought a Tempest. Immediately the King's battering Engines, the wonderful Contrivance of *Niconides* the *Thessalian*, gave a terrible Crack, and made such a Noise as plainly foretold what was to follow. This was succeeded by a strong South Wind, which with an incredible Violence destroyed all those Works, and in a Moment's Space levelled with the Ground a wooden Tower which had been raised even with the Walls, being a hundred Cubits high. It is said that *Minerva* appeared that Night in a dream to several of the Inhabitants in *Ilium*, and that the Goddess all in a sweat told them, *She was just come from relieving the Cyziceni*ans. And there was heretofore shewn at

Ilium

Num a Pillar with an Inscription, in Memory of that Miracle.

Mitbridates had been so imposed upon by his Officers, that he was kept hitherto ignorant of the State and Condition of his Army, and the Necessities to which his Soldiers were reduced, so that he was exceedingly provoked at the *Cyziceni*ans for their obstinate Defence; but when he came to understand that his Men were ready to perish for want of Food, and that they were forced to feed on human Flesh, then his Ambition sunk on a sudden, and he abated much of his usual Pride and Arrogance. He found *Lucullus* did not make a mock War of it, but pushed on in earnest, and fixed the Seat of it in the very Bellies of his Soldiers; for he had so effectually secured all the Avenues, that it was impossible for him to receive any of his Convoys. Wherefore he watched his Opportunity, whilst *Lucullus* was besieging a Fort which incommoded his Camp, and detached almost all his Horse with the Sumpters, and such of the Foot as could best be spared in that Conjuncture, to fetch Provisions out of *Bitbynia*. As soon as *Lucullus* was informed of this Motion he returned to the Camp, and early the next Morning in a very tempestuous Season pursued them with ten Cohorts, and some of his Cavalry. The Snow fell in such Abundance, and the Weather was so excessive Cold, that several of the Men being unable to bear up against it, were left behind. He continued his March with the rest, and met the Enemy as they were returning with their Convoy near the River *Rindacus*, where he attacked, and defeated them. So great was the Overthrow, that the Women of *Apollonia* came out to seize the Baggage, and strip the Slain.

Besides Those who fell in the Action, amounting to a very great Number, the *Romans* took fifteen thousand Prisoners, six thousand Horses, and Beasts of Burden without Number, with all which Booty *Lucullus* returned to his Camp, passing by the Retrenchment of the Enemy. And here I cannot but wonder at *Salust*, who says, that This was the first time Camels had ever been

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seen by the Romans ; how can it be thought that These who formerly fought under *Scipio* against *Antiochus*, or Those who lately overthrew *Archelaus* at *Orchomenus* and *Chæronia*, had not seen any Camels in those Engagements?

Mithridates, quite dispirited by this last Disaster, resolved to fly without any farther delay ; and in order to give *Lucullus* a Diversion, he thought it advisable to send *Aristonicus*, who had the Command of his Fleet, into the Grecian Seas. But just as *Aristonicus* was ready to embark, Some of his own People betrayed him, and delivered him into the Hands of *Lucullus*, together with ten thousand Pieces of Gold, which he was to carry with him to corrupt Some in the Roman Army. Immediately upon This *Mithridates* fled by Sea, whilst his Generals marched off with the Armies by Land. *Lucullus* followed them close upon the Heels, and coming up with them near the River *Granicus*, he slew twenty thousand of them upon the Spot, and made an infinite Number Prisoners. It is said that there fell in this War near three hundred thousand Men, as well Soldiers as Servants, and Others who followed the Army.

Immediately after This *Lucullus* made his Entry into *Cyzicus*, where he was received with the highest Demonstrations of Joy and Respect. Thence he sailed into the *Hellespont*, with a design to draw his Ships together, and form a Navy. As he was coasting along he landed in *Troas*, and was lodged in the Temple of *Venus*. Here whilst he was asleep the Goddess appeared to him in a Dream, and asked him, *Why sleepest thou, Generous Lion, whilst the Fawns are nigh ?* At which Words he awakened, rose immediately, and sending for his Friends he related to them his Vision. He had hardly finished, before some Persons, who came from *Ilium*, informed him that thirteen of *Mithridates's* Gallies were seen off the Grecian Port, bound for *Lemnos*. Immediately he sailed towards them, took them All, and killed *Isidorus* their Admiral. When this was done he proceeded in Pursuit of some other Ships that were a-head, but before he could come up, they were got into Harbour, and rode

rode at Anchor. As soon as the Officers saw him approach, they hauled ashore, and from their Decks very much incommoded the *Romans*, who could not surround them, nor could their Gallies, which were kept by the Waves in continual Motion, make any Impression upon Those of the Enemy that were fixed in the Sand, and remained unshaken. At last having discovered one landing Place, he with great Difficulty put Some of the choicest of his Men ashore, and They falling upon the Enemy's Rear, killed Many of them, and forced the rest to cut their Cables, and stand out to Sea; but crowding All out at once in great Hurry and Confusion, they either fell foul on one another, or were driven upon the Beaks of the Gallies of *Lucullus*. A great Number of the Enemy were slain in this Action, and more taken Prisoners. Among These was *Marius*, the same Officer that had been sent by *Sertorius* to *Mitbridates*. This Man had but one Eye, and *Lucullus* had given strict Charge to his Men before the Engagement not to kill any one-eyed Man, with whom they should happen to encounter. For he was desirous to reserve *Marius* for another sort of Punishment, and put him to a shameful ignominious Death, such as He deserved.

When this Action was over he hastened in Pursuit of *Mitbridates*, and was in hopes to find him still in *Bitthymia* blocked up by *Boconius*, whom he had detached with some Ships to *Nicomedia*, in order to stop him in his Flight. But *Boconius* loitering in *Samothracia*, where he would needs be initiated in the Mysteries of the *Cabiri*, and spend his time in Feasting, gave *Mitbridates* an Opportunity to make his Escape. For that Prince made all possible haste to reach *Pontus* before *Lucullus* could come up to him.

In his Retreat he was caught in a Storm which dispersed his Fleet, and sunk many of his Ships, insomuch that for several days together the Coast was covered with dead Bodies and Wrecks, which by the Violence of the Storm had been driven ashore. The King Himself was on board a Hulk, which drew too much Water to make

to Land, and was too unwieldy to live at Sea in that Strefs of Weather, so that he was constrained to truft to the Mercy of a Piratical Crew, and fling himself into a Brigantine, which beyond his Hopes landed him safe at *Heraclea*, a Town in *Pontus*.

There happened at this time to be a generous Emulation between *Lucullus* and the Senate, which was crowned with the Success it deserved. The Senate having decreed him three thousand Talents for the fitting out of a Fleet, and to enable him to put an End to the War, He himself opposed it, and wrote in very strong and confident terms, that he should be able without that Supply to answer the Service, with the Ships only of the Allies. What he had with so much Confidence asserted was as happily executed by the divine Assistance. For it was assured that the late Storm by which the Royal Navy was destroyed, had been raised by *Diana*, to punish the Sacrilege committed by *Mitridates* upon her Temple in the City of *Priapus*, which he pillaged and robbed of her Statue.

There were Many in the Army who persuaded *Lucullus* to abate a little, and give some Respit to his Forces; but He, instead of listning to such timorous Advice, urged on, and passing through *Bitbynia* and *Galatia*, penetrated into *Pontus*. In this Expedition he suffered so much at first from the Scarcity of Provisions, that he was under a Necessity of forcing thirty thousand *Galatians* to follow the Army, every Man carrying a Bushel of Wheat upon his Shoulders. But as he advanced on, subduing whole Towns and Provinces in his March, he at last met with such Plenty that an Ox was sold in the Camp for one Drachma, and a Slave for four. As for the other Booty it was so little valued, that the Soldiers would not be at the Trouble to collect it, or at least they wasted it in Mirth and Wantonness; for no Purchasers were to be found, where every Man had more than was sufficient. So that in their Incurfions as far as *Themiscyre*, and the Plains which are watered by the River *Thermodon*,

Thermodon, they did nothing but lay the Country waste, and render it an uninhabitable Desert. And This it was that raised the Clamour of the Army against him. Their only Complaint was that he took all the Towns and Cities by Capitulation, and None by Storm, which would give the Soldiers a Title to the Plunder. Even now, said They, *he leaves Amysus behind him, a rich and opulent City, unable to sustain a regular Siege; yet even Amysus is to be left untouched, and we are to be led into the Deserts of the Chaldeans and Taberenians, in quest of Mithridates.* Lucullus gave no heed to those Reflections at that time, little thinking they would prove of so dangerous a Tendency, or that the Soldiers could ever break out into such a Degree of Mutiny and Rebellion, as they did some time after. He listened more earnestly to Those who reproached him for his being Dilatory, and wasting so much time in taking in a parcel of Places that were not worth their while, and in the mean time allowing *Mitbridates* time to Recruit and fortify himself.

“ That is what I design, said he, and am contriving by
 “ my delay, that he may grow great again, and gather
 “ so considerable an Army as may induce him to stand,
 “ and not fly before us; for do ye not see the vast and
 “ boundless Wilderness behind? *Caucasus* is within his
 “ reach, with many steep and craggy Mountains, sufficient to conceal not only *Mitbridates*, but an infinite
 “ Number of Kings, if they have a mind to hide themselves, and would decline Fighting. It is a Journey
 “ of but a few days from the Country of the *Cabiri* to
 “ the Kingdom of *Armenia*. There *Tigranes* holds his
 “ Royal Seat, that King of Kings, who by his Power
 “ has dissolved the *Partbian* Empire in *Asia*, brought
 “ several Greek Towns under the Median Yoke, conquer’d *Syria* and *Palæstine*, extinguished the Royal
 “ Line of *Seleucus*, and carried away their Wives and
 “ Daughters into Captivity. This powerful Prince is
 “ not only in Alliance with, but Son-in-law to *Mitbridates*. Is it to be supposed that if once we force him
 “ to fly for Refuge in his Court, and implore his Assistance,

" tance, he will refuse to aid him, and not rather de-
 " clare War against us in his Behalf? So that by being
 " too keen in the Pursuit of *Mitbridates* we shall draw
 " upon us the Arms of *Tigranes*, who has long wanted
 " a Pretence for a Quarrel, and can never meet with one
 " more specious, honourable, and justifiable than That
 " of protecting his Father-in-law, a Prince seduced by
 " Us to the last Extremities. Where therefore is the
 " Necessity of serving *Mitbridates* against ourselves?
 " why must We instruct him in That whereof he is ig-
 " norant? why must We point out to him the Mea-
 " sures he is to take, and whilst he looks on it as a step
 " beneath his Dignity and Courage, why must we force
 " him into the Arms of *Tigranes*? Is it not much bet-
 " ter for us to give him Time and Opportunity to re-
 " cruit his broken Army with his own Subjects, and so
 " have to do only with the Troops of *Colkos*, with the
 " *Tibarenians* and *Cappadocians*, whom we have so often
 " conquered, than to stir up new Enemies against us,
 " and be forced to contend with the *Medes* and *Arme-
 " nians*?" Upon these Motives *Lucullus* sat down be-
 " fore *Amisus*, which he rather blocked up than besieged
 in Form; and when the Winter was far spent, he left
Murena in charge there, and went himself against *Mitb-
ridates*, who was then Rendezvousing in the Plains of
the *Cabiri*, where he resolved to wait for the *Romans* at
the Head of an Army of forty thousand Foot, and four
thousand Horse, wherein he placed his chiefest Confi-
dence. With this Army he passed the River *Lycus*, and
offered Battle to the *Romans*.

The first Encounter was between the Cavalry, in
 which That of *Lucullus* was worsted, and among the
 Prisoners taken by the *Barbarians* on that Occasion was
 a *Roman* Officer of Reputation, called *Pomponius*. This
 Man being dangerously wounded, was brought before
Mitbridates, who seeing him in that Condition, said, If
 I take care of thee, and get thee cured, wilt thou be my
 Friend for the future? to which *Pomponius* replied with-
 out Hesitation, Yes, if you will be at Amity with the
 Romans,

Romans, *otherwise I must be your irreconcilable Enemy.* *Mitbridates* admired his Virtue, and forbore to use him hardly.

Lucullus thought the Plain an unsafe Situation for his Army, because the Enemy out-numbered him in Horse, and at the same time durst not venture to remove up into the High Lands, to which the March was long and difficult. Whilst he was under these Perplexities, some *Greeks*, who had hid themselves in a Cave, where some *Roman* Soldiers happened to find them, were brought before him. The Eldest of These, called *Artemidorus*, undertook to *Lucullus* to conduct and place his Army in a safe advantageous Post, where there was a Fort that commanded the Plains of *Cabiri*. *Lucullus* trusted to him, and as soon as it grew dark, marched with his Army, having first kindled a great many Fires in his Camp, and got through the narrow Passes without any Danger or Difficulty. The next Morning the Enemy saw him commodiously encamped in such a manner, that they could not force him to fight if he declined it, and if he thought fit to engage, he had the Advantage of the Ground on his side.

When neither *Lucullus* nor *Mitbridates* were as yet determined to fight, it is said that some of *Mitbridates's* Soldiers by chance unharbour'd a Stag, and hunted him, and being observed by the *Romans* they went and crossed them upon the Chace. This ended in an obstinate Engagement, wherein both sides were supported by Fresh Forces occasionally detached from the two Armies, till at last *Mitbridates's* Party prevailed.

When the *Romans* beheld from their Intrenchments the Flight of their Companions they were seized with Shame and Indignation, and ran to *Lucullus*, earnestly pressing him to give the Signal. But He chose rather to make them sensible of what Importance the Presence of a General was, even in the most sudden and desperate Cases. Wherefore he strictly commanded them not to stir, but keep within the Camp, whilst he descended in Person down to the Plain, where he seized on the first

Runaways

Runaways that he met, commanded them to stand, and turn back with him. These obeying, the Rest follow'd their Example, so that rallying All together they drove back the Enemy, and pursued them up to their very Camp. When *Lucullus* was returned to his Post, he ordered those Troops to undergo that ignominious Punishment which the Roman Discipline has provided for Those that fly in an Engagement. He commanded them to dig a Trench twelve Foot deep in their loose Tunics, whilst the rest of the Army stood by, and looked on.

There was at that time in *Mitbridates's* Camp, a Person of great Power and Quality among the *Dardarians*, a Barbarous People living near the Lake *Maeotis*, called *Olbatus*, a Man remarkable for Strength and Courage in Fight, Wise in Council, and Pleasant and Free in Conversation. He, out of Emulation and Glory contending with the rest of the Lords of his Country who should be most in the King's Favour, undertook a Piece of Service, which was no less than the Murder of *Lucullus*. *Mitbridates* highly commended his Zeal, and as it had been agreed between them, provoked him by many Outrages and Indignities, to resent the Usage, and quit his Service.

Olbatus in appearance breathing nothing but Revenge, deserted to *Lucullus*, who received him very kindly, and with all the Marks of Esteem and Respect, for he knew him to be a Person of great Credit in the Army. After some short trial of his Sagacity and Wisdom, he found way to *Lucullus's* Board and Council. When the *Dardarian* thought he had a fair opportunity for putting his Design in Execution, he commanded his Servants to lead his Horse out of the Camp, while He himself, as the Soldiers were refreshing and easing themselves in the Shade, it being then High-noon, went to the General's Tent, not at all suspecting that Entrance would be denied Him, who was so familiar with the General, and came under pretence of extraordinary Business with him. He had certainly been admitted, had not Sleep, which

had destroyed many Captains, saved *Lucullus*. For so it was, that *Menedemus*, one of the Bed-chamber, was standing at the Door, who told *Oltacus*, that it was altogether unfit to see him at that Season, since after long Watching and hard Labour, he was just then laid down to compose him. *Oltacus* would admit of no Denial, but still persisted, saying, that he must go in to discourse him upon some Affairs of the highest Importance; whereupon *Menedemus* grew angry, and replied, That nothing was more important than the Safety of *Lucullus*, and so forced him away with both Hands. This Usage made *Oltacus* imagine he was suspected, wherefore he straightway left the Camp, took Horse, and returned to *Mithridates*, without being able to put his detestable Design in Execution. Thus Chance as well in the Incidents of Life as in Physick, often gives the turn which occasions their saving or destroying.

Some time after This *Lucullus* detached an Officer called *Sernatius* with ten Cohorts to cover a Convoy; upon which *Mithridates* ordered out *Menander* one of his Generals with a stronger Party to oppose him. *Sernatius* encountered him, killed a great Number of his Men upon the Spot, and put the rest to Flight. A few days after *Lucullus* being in some concern for another Convoy, which was to supply the Army in great Abundance, ordered *Adrianus* to take with him a competent Force, and conduct it to his Camp. *Mithridates* was not wanting upon this Occasion, but sent after him *Memmaebus* and *Myra* with a great Force both of Horse and Foot, to intercept him. But of all These it is said that only Two returned to the Camp, the rest being cut off by the Romans. *Mithridates* concealed the Loss, giving it out, that it was nothing near so great as was reported, and that it was occasioned chiefly by the Unskilfulness of the Leaders. But *Adrianus* in great Pomp passed by his Camp, having many Waggons full of Corn, and other Booty; the Sight of which flung *Mithridates* into Despair, and put the Army into a horrible

Runaways that he met, commanded them to stand, and turn back with him. These obeying, the Rest follow'd their Example, so that rallying All together they drove back the Enemy, and pursued them up to their very Camp. When *Lucullus* was returned to his Post, he ordered those Troops to undergo that ignominious Punishment which the Roman Discipline has provided for Those that fly in an Engagement. He commanded them to dig a Trench twelve Foot deep in their loose Tunics, whilst the rest of the Army stood by, and looked on.

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rible Consternation. From that Moment it was resolved to remain there no longer.

The chief Officers of the Court were the first who commanded their Servants to pack up the choicest of their Goods, and convey them off, and that they might do it with less Difficulty, they would not suffer the Soldiers to stir; but They, when they found themselves jostled and injuriously treated at the Gates, fell a plundering of the Baggage, killing Those that had the Charge of it, without sparing even their Masters. Among These *Dorilaus*, one of the King's Lieutenants, was slain purely for the sake of his Purple Robe, and *Hermes* the Priest was troden to death in the Gate. *Mitbridates* Himself fled out in the Crowd, without so much as a Horse, a Servant or Equerry to attend him; 'till at last one of his Eunuchs called *Ptolemy* seeing him hurried along as it were in the general Torrent, dismounted, and gave his Horse to the King. The Romans were by this time come up so near that he was just upon the Point of being taken, and it was not for want of Diligence that he slipped out of their Hands. Avarice only caused them to miss the Prey they had been so long hunting after, at the Expence of so much Labour, so many Dangers, and such obstinate Engagements, and deprived *Lucullus* of the sole End of all his Victories. They were just within reach of the Horse on which the King was mounted, and in a Moment's time he had been taken; but one of the Mules laden with the King's Treasure stepping into the Road between Him, and Them, whether by Accident, or that the King had so ordered it on purpose, the Soldiers in an instant quitted the Pursuit, and fell to Plunder, quarrelling among themselves about it, whilst the greatest Prize of all slipped out of their Hands. Nor was this the only Damage *Lucullus* received from their Covetousness; he suffered in Another that was very considerable. *Callistratus* the King's principal Secretary was taken, and ordered by *Lucullus* to be conducted to the Camp,

and

and there kept in safe Custody; but They who were charged with him being informed that he had five hundred Pieces of Gold quilted in his Girdle, slew him for the sake of it, in spite of *Lucullus's* Command to the contrary; notwithstanding which he gave up the King's Camp to be plundered by those Harpies.

After this shameful Rout, and Dispersion of the Enemy, *Lucullus* reduced the City of *Cabiri*, and several other Towns and Fortresses, wherein he found great Treasures. He likewise found all the Prisons belonging to them crowded with *Grecian* Captives, and many Princes nearly related to *Mitbridates* who by his Order had been confined in them. As those poor Wretches had for a long time considered themselves no better than dead Men, they esteemed the Liberty to which they were now restored by the Grace and Favour of *Lucullus* not so much a Deliverance and Safety, as a Resurrection, and new Life. There was likewise taken in one of these Castles a Sister of the King's, called *Nyssa*; and this proved to her a blessed Captivity. For the Wives, and other Sisters of that Prince, who had been removed farther from Danger, and thought themselves in a place of Safety near the City of *Pharnacia*; died miserably, *Mitbridates* having in his flight sent *Bacchidas* the Eunuch thither with orders to dispatch them.

There were among These unfortunate Women two of the Kings Virgin Sisters about forty Years old, called *Roxana* and *Statira*, and two of his Wives Both of *Ionia*, One of *Chio* called *Berenice*, and the Other of *Miletus* named *Monima*. The Last of These was celebrated throughout all *Greece*, where she was in high Reputation, when it was known that the King being deeply in Love with her had omitted nothing that could be thought of to engage her, for he offered her a Present at one time of fifteen thousand Pieces of Gold, notwithstanding which she held out to the last, and rejected all his Offerings, 'till he had consented to Marry her, had sent her a Diadem, and declared her Queen. From that time to the very Moment of which we are

now speaking did that unfortunate Princess pass her days in the Bitterness of Sorrow and Affliction, bewailing that fatal Beauty which instead of an affectionate Husband had procured her an imperious Master, and instead of a cheerful Family, and conjugal Society, had confined her in a close Prison under the Guard of surly Barbarians, where far removed from Greece, she had only enjoyed in a Dream the Happiness she expected, and had actually lost those real and essential Pleasures which she indeed enjoyed in her own beloved Country.

As soon as *Bacchidas* was arrived he signified to those Princesses the Orders he had received from *Mitridates*, kindly allowing each of them to choose what sort of Death she liked best, as the most easy and expeditious. *Monima* took the Diadem from her Head, tied it about her Neck, and endeavoured to hang herself with it; but as it proved too weak for the Purpose, and broke, *Accursed Fillet*, said she, *thou art unprofitable to Me even in this melancholy Office!* then flinging it from her, and spitting upon it, she held out her Neck to *Bacchidas*. *Berenice* had prepared a Potion for herself, but at her Mother's intreaty, who stood by, she gave Her part of it: Each had her share of the Poison, which prevailed over the weaker Body; but *Berenice's* Dose being not sufficient for One of her Years and Constitution, she struggled a long time in extreme Torture, 'till *Bacchidas* complained of the Delay, and then she was strangled. It is said that one of the unmarried Sisters drank the Poison with the bitterest Curses and Execrations upon *Mitridates*, but *Stratira* uttered nothing reproachful or unbecoming her Dignity. On the contrary she commended her Brother, who in that time of his own Danger was not unmindful of them, but carefully provided that without shame or disgrace they might go out of the World.

Lucullus, being a tender and good-natured Man, was concern'd at these things; but however going on, he came to *Talauri*, from whence he was informed *Mitridates* had removed four days before his Arrival, and had

had betaken himself to *Tigranes* in *Armenia*. Upon This he returned back, and when he had subdued the *Chaldeans*, *Tibarenians*, the Lesser *Armenia*, and the several Towns and Fortresses that had been garrisoned by *Mithridates*, he sent *Appius* to *Tigranes*, requiring him to deliver up *Mithridates*. In the mean time he went Himself to *Amisus*, which still held out against him. The long Defence which this City made against the Arms of the *Romans* was intirely owing to *Callimachus* the Governor. For as he was a consummate Engineer, capable of inventing and forming all sorts of Warlike Engines, and had a Head full of such Stratagems and Contrivances as are of use in a Siege, he gave the *Romans* a great deal of Trouble, for which however he paid dearly in the End. He was at this time circumvented by a Stratagem of *Lucullus*, who gave Orders for a vigorous Attack at that time of the day when it was customary for the Soldiers to quit the Works, and refresh themselves. This unexpected Assault succeeded to his Wish, and made him Master of one part of the Wall. When *Callimachus* saw the Place was no longer tenable he left it, but first set it on Fire, either because he envied the *Romans* the Booty, or to secure his Flight. For no one took any Notice of Those, who flung themselves into Boats in order to escape, but the Moment the Flames began to spread the *Romans* fell a plundering. *Lucullus* was grieved to behold so famous a City on the Brink of Destruction, and endeavoured all he could to assist it from without, commanding his Men to do their utmost to extinguish the Flames. But there was not a Man would obey his Orders, instead of which with a general Voice they all demanded the Plunder, and that in so high a Tone that *Lucullus* was forced to give way, and abandon the City to them; besides, he thought it might be one means of preserving it from the Fire; but the Event proved contrary to his Expectations; for as the Soldiers were rummaging every where with Torches in their Hands to discover what might be concealed in the most obscure Parts, that no-

thing might escape their ravenous Clutches, they Themselves set Fire to most of the Houses.

When *Lucullus* made his Entry into the City the day following, and beheld that terrible Desolation, he burst into Tears, and complained to his Friends that attended him, saying, *I ever looked on Sylla as the happiest of Mankind, but I never admired his good Fortune so much as I do at present. He had a Mind to save Athens, and was able to do it; but my Infelicity is such, that while I endeavour to imitate Him, I become like Mummus.* Nevertheless he endeavoured to save as much of the City as was possible; and at the same time also, by a lucky Providence, the Rain concurred to extinguish the Fire. He himself before his Departure repaired the Ruins as much as he could, receiving the Inhabitants who had fled, and were willing to return, and settling as many *Greeks* as had a mind to live there, appropriating a hundred and twenty Furlongs for the Territories of the City.

This City was an ancient Colony of the *Athenians*, who built it in the time of their greatest Prosperity, and whilst they were Masters at Sea. For which Reason They who chose to quit *Athens* on Account of *Aristo's* Tyranny settled here, and were made free; but had the ill luck to fly from Evils at home, into greater abroad. As many of These as survived, *Lucullus* furnished with Clothes, and two hundred Drachmas apiece, and sent them home into their own Country.

Tyrannio the Grammarian being taken Prisoner among the rest, *Murena* begged him of *Lucullus*, and having obtained his Request he made him free, which was an unpolite and rude abuse of *Lucullus* his Favour; for *Lucullus* would not allow that a Person of *Tyrannio's* great Learning ought at first to be made a Slave in order to be enfranchised afterwards, for he could not impart to him that legal Liberty 'till he had robbed him of his natural Freedom, to which he was entitled by Birth. But *Murena* did not make it appear in this Instance only that he came far behind his General in Politeness and Generosity.

When

When *Lucullus* left *Amisus* he went to visit the Towns in *Asia*; for being then at some Leisure from the Affairs of War he thought he could not employ his time better, than in examining into the Civil Administration. And indeed it was high time for him so to do, in a Province where Disorders and Calamities infinite and inexpressible had taken deep root, from a long and total neglect of Law and Justice. It had been cruelly harassed and exhausted by the grievous Exortions of Publicans and Usurers: Insomuch that the miserable Inhabitants were forced privately to sell their hopeful Sons, and Virgin Daughters, and publicly expose to Sale by Auction the holy Offerings of their Temples, the consecrated Images, and Pictures of their Deities. And when the Amount of all This was not sufficient to pay the Impositions exacted from them, and clear their Debts, They themselves were without Mercy delivered up as Slaves into the Hands of their usurious Creditors; and even That seemed to be a State of Relief from the former Condition, which was much more cruel and insupportable, when they were thrown into Prisons, put to the Torture, made to ride the wooden Horse, exposed naked to the scorching Beams of the Sun in Summer, and plunged deep in Mire or Snow in the Winter. Such was their State of Freedom, which rendered even Bondage itself a sort of Redemption, and made Slavery appear a more eligible Condition.

Lucullus soon administered a Remedy to all these Mischiefs. He first reduced Interest to the Rate of One per Cent per Month. In the second place he cancelled all those Debts where the Interest ran higher than the Principal. The Third, and most considerable Provision was, that the Creditor should receive a fourth part of the Debtor's Income, and that He who had exacted Interest upon Interest should lose both Principal and Interest. By this Regulation all their Debts were cleared in four Years, and the Effects that had been mortgaged return'd to the Owners.

These immense Debts. throughout the Province were originally occasioned through the Fine of twenty thousand Talents imposed by *Sylla*, and the Province had paid it more than twice over; but those insatiable Usurers, by creating Interest upon Interest, had raised it up to a hundred and twenty thousand Talents, so that there remained twice as much to be paid as they had already exacted.

These Farmers, and Usurers, who had been thus deprived by *Lucullus* of their enormous Profit, complained loudly against him as One that had done them the greatest Injury and Injustice. They carried their Complaints to *Rome*, where they found mercenary Lawyers enough, who for the sake of great Fees were ready to plead for them. Besides This, Many of the Leading Men in the State had borrowed Money of them, so that their Interest was very powerful. But *Lucullus* had not only the Good-will of all such as had been benefited by him, but was the Desire of other Provinces, who envied the Lot of Those, whose good Fortune it was to fall under his Government.

But to resume the Thread of our History. *Appius Clodius*, who had been sent Ambassador to *Tigranes*, and was Brother to the Wife of *Lucullus*, at first trusted to the Guides provided for him by the Country, who being All the King's Subjects dealt perfidiously with him, and instead of conducting him the ready way, led him round about, over the higher and more remote Provinces, so that after several days travelling he was farther from his Journey's End than at his first setting out. At last, being made sensible of their Treachery by One of his Frèemen, a Syrian by Nation, he dismiss his Barbarian Guides, and striking out of that long and deceitful Road, he in a few days after passed the *Euphrates*, and arrived at *Antiochia* of *Daphne*.

He was ordered to wait there for *Tigranes*, who was at that time absent upon an Expedition into *Phœnicia*, where he was reducing as many of the Towns in that Country as had not then submitted to him. *Clodius*

lost

lost no time in this Interval, but gained over to the Roman Interest many Princes, and Men of Quality in those Parts, who had been forced to pay the King of *Armenia* an unwilling Obedience; among whom was *Zarbienus* King of *Gordiena*: And when several Cities in the new Conquests sent their Deputies privately to him, he assured them of *Lucullus's* Assistance, and Protection, but advised them to lie still for the present. For the *Armenian* Power and Dominion was become insupportable to the *Greeks*; but That which was the most grievous, and gave them the greatest Trouble, was the excessive Pride of the King, who maintained that whatever the World esteemed valuable, or to be desired, was not only in his Power, but designed for his Use and Enjoyment. That which had instilled into him this unaccountable Arrogance, was the long Series of his Prosperities. For from a small and inconsiderable Beginning he had subdued many Nations, broke the Power of the *Partians* more than any Man before him, and filled *Mesopotamia* with *Greeks*, whom he had transplanted thither out of *Cilicia* and *Cappadocia*. He had likewise drawn out of their own Country the *Arabs*, called *Scenites* from their Manner of dwelling in Tents; and forcing them to depart from their ancient Customs, obliged them to settle nearer Him for the Improvement of Trade. He had many Kings in his Court, who served him in the Nature of Slaves; of whom Four particularly were constantly about his Person in the Quality of a Body Guard, running before him on Foot in a single Vest when he went on Horseback; and when he sat on his Throne, and gave Audience, they stood near him with folded Hands, which among those People passed for the most humble Posture, and strongest Confession of Servitude and Subjection, by which they declared that they had renounced all manner of Claim to a State of Liberty and Independence, and delivered their Bodies up to their Master, prepared to suffer All from him, and enterprise Nothing against him.

Appius was not in the least terrified or dismayed at this tragical Appearance, when he received his first Audience from *Tigranes*, but told him with an open steady Countenance *that he was come to demand Mithridates, due to the Triumphs of Lucullus, and in case of Refusal to declare War against Tigranes.* Tho' the King did all he could to keep his Countenance, and seemed to hear what was said with a smiling Air, it was visible to Those who were near him that his Colour changed at such a Liberty of Speech in that young Roman, who was the First that had presumed to speak his Mind freely to him for the space of twenty five Years, for he had reigned so long, or rather so long had he tyrannised. His Answer to *Appius* was *that he would not deliver up Mithridates, and that if the Romans began the War he was in a Condition to defend Himself, and make Them that were the Aggressors repent it.* He was highly offended at *Lucullus*, who in his Letters gave him the Title of King only, and did not stile him *King of Kings*, wherefore in his Answer he would not give Him the Title of *Emperor*. However he sent many valuable Presents to *Appius*, and when he refused them he sent him Others of still a greater Value. *Appius* would not have it thought he rejected his Presents out of any particular Prejudice, or because he looked on him already as an Enemy, wherefore he accepted of a Goblet, and returned with great Expedition to his General.

Tigranes had not as yet condescended so much as to see *Mithridates*, or to speak to him, tho' he was his Father-in-law, and a Prince fallen from a mighty Empire, but treated him with the utmost Pride and Contempt, keeping him at a Distance from him, guarded like a Prisoner of State in a moorish unhealthy Residence. But upon this Embassy of *Appius* he immediately sent for him to Court, with the highest Demonstrations of Honour, and Tokens of Friendship. There in a private Conference they healed their mutual Jealousies, to the Ruin of their Favourites, who bore all the

the Blame. In the Number of these unfortunate Courtiers was *Metrodorus* of *Scepsis*, a Person of great Eloquence and Learning, and most agreeable Conversation. He was moreover in such great Credit and Intimacy with *Mithridates* that he was called *the King's Father*.

Mithridates had sent this Man Ambassador to *Tigranes*, to desire his Assistance against the Romans. When *Metrodorus* had explained to *Tigranes* the Subject he was come about, the King asked him, *And You Metrodorus what would you advise Me to do in this Case?* In answer to which *Metrodorus* either as a real Friend to *Tigranes*, or because he did not wish to see *Mithridates* restored, replied, *As Mithridates's Ambassador I must press You to it, but as Your Counsellor I must advise You against it.* *Tigranes* discovered This to *Mithridates*, in an Expectation that no Harm would come of it to *Metrodorus*, who however was killed immediately; and *Tigranes*, when it was too late, repented of what he had done, though he was not absolutely the Cause of his Death, and only added to the Indignation *Mithridates* had conceived against him before, in which one grain turned the Balance, and made his Destruction sure. For the King had for a long time before been disgusted at him, as appeared from several Papers taken afterwards in his Cabinet, among which there was One wherein the Death of *Metrodorus* had been resolved upon, and ordered. *Tigranes* ordered him to be buried with great Magnificence and Solemnity, sparing no Costs to honour the Funerals of the Dead, whom he had betrayed whilst Alive.

There died likewise in the Court of *Tigranes* an Orator called *Amphicrates*, if we may be allowed to mention him purely in respect to *Athens*, of which he was a Native. It is said that being banished from his Country he retired to *Seleucia* upon the *Tigris*, where the Inhabitants being charmed with his Eloquence desired him to open a School for Rhetorick, and that he replied with the Arrogance of a Sophister, *The Disc was not large enough for the Dolphin*: that from thence
he

he betook himself to *Cleopatra*, *Mithridates's* Daughter, and the Wife of *Tigranes*, where he soon became suspected by the Ministry, who forbidding him to hold any Correspondence with his Countrymen, his proud Spirit resented it so hainously that he starved himself to Death. *Cleopatra* ordered him a magnificent Interment, and his Sepulchre is near a Fortress called *Sappa*.

Lucullus, when he had established wholesome Laws, and a lasting Peace in *Asia*, did not altogether banish Pleasure and Mirth; but during his Residence at *Ephesus*, gratified the Country with Sports, Festival Triumphs, Wrestling Games, and Prizes. And They, in requital, instituted others, called *Lucullian Games*, in Honour to Him, thereby manifesting their real Love, which was of more value to Him, than all the Honour in the World. But when *Appian* came to him, and told him he must prepare for War, he went again into *Pontus*, and gathering together his Army, besieged *Synope*, or rather the *Cilicians*, who had seized it for the King, and upon the Approach of *Lucullus* put most of the Inhabitants to the Sword, after which as many as could made their Escape by the Favour of the Night, having first set fire to the City. *Lucullus* being advertised of it entered the Place with his Troops, put to death eight thousand of the *Cilicians*, who had been left behind, restored to the Natives all their Effects that could be recovered, and did his utmost to save the City, to which he was particularly prompted by the following Vision. A Person appeared to him in his Sleep, and said, *Go on a little farther, Lucullus, for Autolycus is coming to confer with thee.* When he awoke he was at a loss how to interpret it; but that very day he took the City, and as he was pursuing the *Cilicians*, who were endeavouring to escape by Sea, he perceived a Statue lying on the Shore, which the Enemy had not time to put on board, and which proved afterwards to be one of the most celebrated Performances of the Sculptor *Sthenis*. He was immediately told that it was the Statue of *Autolycus*, Founder of *Sinope*.

Sinope. This *Antolycus* was said to be the Son of *Demachus*, and One of Those Heroes who accompanied *Hercules* out of *Thessaly* in his Expedition against the *Amazons*. In his Return from thence with *Demolion* and *Phlogius* he lost his Ship, which split on a Rock in the *Cerberonefus* called *Pedalion*. He himself was preserved, with his Arms and Companions, and arriving at *Sinope* drove out the *Syrians* who had possess themselves of it. They were descended from a certain Hero called *Syrus* the Son of *Apollo*, and the Nymph *Sinope* the Daughter of *Asopus*. This piece of History made *Lucullus* reflect on a Passage in *Sylla's* Memoirs, wherein he positively asserts, that Nothing is so certain, nothing so much to be depended upon, as what is revealed in Dreams.

As soon as it was told him that *Mitbridates* and *Tigranes* were just ready to transport their Forces into *Lycaonia* and *Cilicia*, that they might be beforehand with him, and seize on *Asia*, he much admired the Conduct of the *Armenian*, who having for a long time before determined within Himself to declare against the *Romans*, had not joined with *Mitbridates* his Father-in-law at a time when his Forces were entire, and his Strength formidable; but first suffered Him to be routed, and his Army broken in Pieces, and then associate himself with a Prince, whom it was impossible for him to raise, and with whom he must therefore necessarily share in the common Ruin.

During these Transactions *Maebares* the Son of *Mitbridates*, who governed in the *Bosphorus*, sent *Lucullus* a Crown of Gold valued at a thousand Pieces, and desired he might be declared a Friend and Ally of the *Romans*. From hence he concluded that the First War was at an end, and left *Sernatius* his Deputy, with six thousand Soldiers to take care of the Province. He himself with twelve thousand Foot, and little less than three thousand Horse, advanced to the Second War. This was condemned by all the World as a very rash and inconsiderate Undertaking, directly contrary to the
Maxims

Maxims of sound Judgment and Wisdom, to march with so small a Force, and fling himself into the very Heart of so many Warlike Nations, so many Thousands of Horse, such extended Plains, abounding with deep and large Rivers, encompassed on every side with high Mountains eternally covered with Snow. This made the Soldiers, who at the best were not the most orderly, to follow with unwilling Minds just ripe for Mutiny. At the same time the Tribunes of the People inveigh'd bitterly against him at *Rome*, complaining that he tack'd War upon War; not so much for the Interest of the State, as to keep his Commission subsisting, and enrich Himself at the Expence of the Republick. These Complainants in the long Run gained their End, which was the Revocation of *Lucullus*.

In the mean time He continued his Expedition, and by long uninterrupted Marches soon reached the Banks of the *Euphrates*, which he found extremely swoln by the Winter Rains, and melting of the Snow, which had rendered the Stream rapid, and impetuous. This made him very uneasy, for he knew it would require much time to procure Boats, and provide a Bridge for the Passage of his Forces. But towards the Evening the Flood began to abate, and sunk so considerably that Night, that the next Morning he found the River not only confined within its own ordinary Channel, but more shallow than usual. Insomuch that the People of the Country, when they discovered several Heads of Land like little Islets rising above the Water, which seemed to stagnate round them, they considered *Lucullus* as some Deity, who had wrought a Miracle, and forced the River to submit, and yield him a safe expeditious Passage.

He embraced the Opportunity without delay, and immediately passing over his Forces was welcomed on the other side with a very favourable Prefage. On that side of the *Euphrates* they feed Heifers consecrated to *Diana Persica*, for whom the Barbarians in those Parts have a singular Veneration. These Heifers are never
used

used but in their Sacrifices to the Goddess; at other times they range at full Liberty in the Pastures, bearing the Mark of the Goddess imprinted on their Foreheads, which is a *lighted Flambeau*. They are used to so much Liberty that when there is occasion for them they are not taken without much Difficulty.

When the Army had passed the *Euphrates*, One of these Heifers walked up to a Rock consecrated to *Diana*, where she stopt, and sinking her Head like Those whom the Priests force down with the Cords when they are to be sacrificed, presented herself to *Lucullus* as prepared for that Office, and he offered her accordingly. At the same time he sacrificed a Bull to the *Euphrates*, in Gratitude for his safe Passage. That day he encamped on the Banks of that River; on the next, and Those that followed, he continued his March through the Province of *Sopbene*, using no manner of Violence to Those who came in to him, and allowed Quarters for his Army. In his March his Soldiers were for storming a Castle, which lay in their way, and where it was said there was great store of Riches; but *Lucullus* prevented it, saying, *There is the Castle we must storm*, pointing to Mount *Taurus*, which was at some Distance, *as for the Riches which are in This here, They will belong to the Conqueror*. Wherefore hastening his March he passed the *Tigris*, and entered into *Armenia*.

The First who brought *Tigranes* the News of the Approach of *Lucullus* was ill rewarded for his Intelligence, for he immediately ordered him to be beheaded. Others were so far intimidated by this Example, that no one after That was hardy enough to give him any Information; so that the Enemy were suffered to waste and burn the Country all round, whilst He remained in profound Security listening to his flattering Courtiers, who asserted that *Lucullus* must be a Man of Courage and Resolution indeed, if he so much as waited his Coming even at *Ephesus*, and did not rather run away, and quit *Asia* on a sudden, the Moment he should be told that an Army consisting of so many Millions of

Combatants was upon the March against him. So true it is, that as all Constitutions cannot bear a Load of Wine, so neither are all Tempers capable of supporting a Glut of Felicity without being intoxicated. The first of all his Friends, who had the Courage to tell him the Truth, was *Mitrobarzanes*, who in reward for that Liberty was instantly detached with three thousand Horse, and a numerous Body of Foot, with a peremptory Command to bring *Lucullus* alive to the King, and put every Man else to the Sword without Mercy, or Quarter.

Lucullus had not yet formed his Army: Part of it was encamped, and the rest were marching to join them. When his Scouts had given him Notice that the *Barbarians* were approaching, he was in fear lest he should be attacked before all his Men were come up, and his Army in a condition to receive them. This made him think it more advisable to continue in his Camp, and fortify it, and send *Sextilius* his Lieutenant with sixteen hundred Horse, and a greater Number of Foot, as well light as heavy-armed, with orders to halt as soon as he was got within some Distance of the Enemy, and make it his Business only to amuse them, and keep them in Play 'till he had received Advice that all the Troops were arrived, and encamped. *Sextilius* designed to have kept this Order: But *Mitrobarzanes* coming furiously upon him, he could not avoid an Engagement. *Mitrobarzanes* himself was slain fighting with much Courage and Resolution, and all his Men, except a few who ran away, were cut to Pieces.

Immediately upon This *Tigranes* quitted his Capital *Tigranocerta*, which he had built himself, and retired to Mount *Taurus*, where he summoned his Forces from all Quarters to come, and join him. But *Lucullus* giving him no time to Rendezvous, sent out *Murena* on one side, to hinder and cut off Those who were marching to *Tigranes*, and *Sextilius* on the Other, to disperse a great Company of *Arabians* then going to the King. *Sextilius* fell upon the *Arabians* as they were forming their

their Camp, and destroyed most of them; at the same time *Murena* following *Tigranes* close upon the Heels, took his opportunity as he was passing a long Vale narrow and incommodious, especially for a numerous Army, and fell upon him. *Tigranes* fled immediately, leaving his heavy Baggage behind him. Great Numbers of the *Armenians* were killed in the Action, and more taken Prisoners. After this Success *Lucullus* went to *Tigranocerta*, and sitting down before the City, besieged it. There were many *Greeks* in the Place, who had been removed thither out of *Cilicia*, and a great many *Barbarians* in the same Circumstances with the *Greeks*, *Adiabeniens*, *Affyrians*, *Gordienians*, and *Capadocians*, whose Towns had been destroyed by *Tigranes*, who transported them thither, and compelled them to settle in his new City. Besides This it was of itself exceeding rich, and beautiful; for all the Inhabitants as well the Commons as Nobility, strove to out-do one another, in Compliment to the King, and contributed all they cou'd to the enriching and adorning of it. This made *Lucullus* more vigorously assault it, being persuaded that *Tigranes* would by no means suffer it to be taken, but contrary to his first Intention would come down in great Fury, and offer him Battle, in order to make him raise the Siege. He was not out in his Conjecture, tho' *Mitbridates* earnestly dissuaded him from it, and pressed him in his Letters not to run the Hazard of an Engagement, but only with his Horse cut off *Lucullus's* Convoys. *Taxiles* the Ambassador of *Mitbridates* stuck close by him in his Camp, and was daily pressing him to keep as far off as he could from the Arms of the *Romans*, and not engage, if he could help it, with an Enemy that was invincible.

At first he gave Ear to this Advice. But when the *Armenians* and *Gordienians* had joined him, when the Kings of the *Medes* and *Adiabeniens* were come up with all their Forces, when a strong Body of *Arabians* were arrived from the Banks of the *Babylonian* Sea, and a Multitude of *Albanians* from the *Caspian*, to whom

were joined their Neighbours the *Iberians*; when from the Banks of the *Araxes* came pouring in an infinite Number of those *Barbarians* who are free and independent, having no King to govern them; when all These were come to his Assistance, Some out of Love to his Person, and Others for Hire; then not only their Feasts and Banquets, but even the Council-board rung with empty Menaces, vain Hopes, and insolent Bravadoes. *Taxiles* was in danger of his Life, for having presumed to give his Opinion contrary to Those who were for fighting, and *Mithridates* himself was openly taxed for opposing it out of Envy to his Son-in-law, whom he would deprive of the Honour of so glorious an Enterprize.

In this Confidence, *Tigranes* was resolved not to wait for his Arrival, for fear He should share with him in the Glory of the Day, but immediately marched at the Head of his Forces, and said, as it is reported, to a Friend near him, that only one thing troubled him, which was *that he had to do with Lucullus only, and not with all the Roman Generals together*. It must be confessed that this Bravado was not ill-grounded, or unreasonable, if we consider by how many Kings and Nations he was followed, so many Battalions compleatly armed, so many Thousands of Horse of which his Army was composed. For he had twenty thousand Archers and Slingers, of whom seventeen thousand were armed *Cap-a-pe*, as *Lucullus* Himself wrote to the Senate; a hundred and fifty thousand Foot formed into Companies and Battalions; Labourers to open the Roads, build Bridges, scour and divert the course of Rivers, hew Wood, and perform other Services necessary in Armies, to the Number of five and thirty thousand. These marching in a Body behind the rest, made the Army appear more numerous, and formidable.

When he had marched over Mount *Taurus*, and his Forces appeared on the Plain, from whence he could discover the Camp of *Lucullus*, Those within the Place, upon the sight of such a stupendous Body marching to
their

their Relief, saluted them with loud Shouts and Acclamations, and threatening the *Romans* from the Walls, pointed to the *Armenians*.

Lucullus called a Council of War, where Some were for raising the Siege, and marching against *Tigranes*; Others were not for raising the Siege, nor suffering such a numerous Army of Enemies behind them. *Lucullus* said that neither the One or the Other judged rightly, but that Both together gave such Advice as he would follow. Accordingly he divided his Army, leaving *Murena* with six thousand Foot before the Place, whilst He with the rest of the Infantry, consisting of twenty four Cohorts, which altogether did not amount to more than ten thousand Men, all the Horse, and about a thousand Slingers and Archers, marched against *Tigranes*, and encamped in a Plain, with a large River before him.

When the *Barbarians* beheld this Handful of Men, they insolently despised them, and *Tigranes's* Flatterers made themselves very merry upon the Subject. Some laught at them outright, and Others in a jesting manner cast Lots for the Spoil, and there was not One of all *Tigranes's* Generals, or of the Kings that followed him, but what came to him, desiring that He only might have the charge of the Engagement, whilst the King sat still as a Spectator of the Combat. *Tigranes* Himself had a mind to shew his Wit on the Occasion, and made use of that celebrated Saying, *If they come as Ambassadors they are too Many, if as Enemies too Few*. Thus the first day was spent in Jest, and Rallery.

The next Morning as soon as it was light *Lucullus* drew his Army out of their Entrenchments. That of the *Barbarians* stood on the other side of the River to the East. The Course of the River was such that all on a sudden it turned towards the West, at a Point where it was fordable. Thither *Lucullus* marched with so much haste, that *Tigranes* thought he was flying, and calling *Taxiles* to him, he said in Derision, *Dost thou see, Taxiles, those invincible Romans? see how they fly*.

Taxiles replied, I wish, Sir, with all my Heart that your good Fortune may this day work some Miracle in your Favour. But it is not customary for Travellers to put on their best Cloaths upon a Journey, nor for those Legions to strike the Eye with their polish'd Shields, and cover their Heads with their naked Casques drawn out of their Leathern Cases, upon a simple March; This looks more like Men prepared to fight, and marching against the Enemy.

Whilst *Taxiles* was speaking, the Eagle of the first Legion appeared on a sudden wheeling to the Right, and all the Bands, according to their Divisions and Companies, were preparing to pass the River. Upon which *Tigranes*, recovering as it were out of a fit of Drunkenness, cried out twice or thrice, *Are those Men coming to Us?* and then drew up in haste, not without a great deal of Disorder and Confusion. He had the Command of the main Body Himself. The Left Wing was given in Charge to the King of the *Adiabeniens*, and the Right to the *Mede*, in the Front of which were placed most of the armed Cavalry.

As *Lucullus* was preparing to pass the River, some of his Officers advised him to lie still that day, which was one of the unfortunate days called *Black* by the Romans, for on that very day the Army under *Cepio* was defeated by the *Cimbri*. *Lucullus* thereupon returned them this memorable Answer, *I will make This a happy day to the Romans.* It was the sixth of *October*: When he had so said, and exhorted them to be of good Courage, he passed the River, and marched at their Head against the Enemy. He was armed in a Coat of Mail with shining scales of a wonderful Brightness, over which he wore a fringed Mantle. He drew his Sword, and brandished it in the Air, to signify to his Troops that their Business was to close at first with an Enemy, who had been accustomed to fight only at a Distance, and by marching speedily up to them render their Archers unserviceable for want of Space. When he perceived that the armed Cavalry, in which the Enemy

my had placed their greatest Confidence, were drawn up under a Hill, on the Top of which was a broad even Plain, about four Furlongs high, and the Ascent not troublesome or difficult, he commanded his *Thracian* and *Galatian* Horse to take them in Flank, and beat down, or put by the Lances with their Swords. For the main, if not only Service of those armed Horsemen consists in their Lance, without the Use of which they can neither annoy the Enemy or defend Themselves, by reason of the weight and stubbornness of their Armour, in which they are in a manner immured.

Whilst the Cavalry were marching to execute these Orders, he placed Himself at the Head of two Cohorts, and made to the Top of the Mountain. They followed him with great Intrepidity, being animated by the Example of their General, when they saw him in Arms marching in the Front, and climbing first up the Ascent. As soon as he had reached the Summit, he stood on a conspicuous Place, where he could best be seen, and heard, and cried out with a loud Voice, *The Victory is Ours, O my Fellow-Soldiers, the Victory is Ours!* At the same time he fell with those two Cohorts upon the armed Horse of the Enemy, commanding his Men to lay by their Piles, to attack them Sword in Hand, and aim at their Shins and Thighs, which were the only Parts unguarded. This Caution proved useless, for the Enemy would not stand the Charge, but fled shamefully with great Noise and Clamour, without striking a Stroke; and falling with their heavy unwieldy Horses upon the Infantry, broke their Ranks before the Fight began, insomuch that that innumerable Multitude of *Barbarians* were overthrown, without a Wound given, or the loss of one drop of Blood. The Slaughter did not begin 'till they fled, or rather endeavoured to fly, being obstructed by their own Battalions, whose Ranks were so close and deep, that they could not easily open them. *Tigranes* fled One of the first, with a few of his Attendants; and observing his Son in the same Misfortune and Distress, he took the Crown from

from his Head, and with Tears in his Eyes presented it to him, conjuring him to direct his Flight some other way, if any other remained for his Escape.

The young Prince would not venture to wear the Crown, but committed it to the care of one of his most trusty Servants, who had the ill luck to be taken soon after and conducted to *Lucullus*, so that the Royal Crown of *Tigranes* was also amongst the Prisoners: It is reported, that above a hundred thousand Foot were lost, and few of the Horse escap'd. Of the *Romans*, a hundred were wounded, and five killed. *Antiochus* the Philosopher making mention of this Fight, in his Treatise of the Gods, says, That the Sun never saw the like. *Strabo*, another Philosopher, in his Historical Collection, says, That the *Romans* could not but blush and deride themselves, for putting on Armour against such pitiful Slaves. *Livy* also says, That the *Romans* never engaged an Enemy with so unequal Force; for the Victors did not make a twentieth Part of the Vanquished.

The most understanding of the *Roman* Captains, and most experienced in War, have chiefly commended *Lucullus*, for having conquered two of the most potent and formidable of all the Kings, by two very different Expedients, by Celerity, and Delay. For he broke the flourishing Power of *Mitridates* by, spinning out the Time, and That of *Tigranes* by pushing on, without allowing him Leisure to look about him. So that of all the Captains that had ever been, He best knew how to make use of Delay for Advantage, and Speed for Security. It was for this Reason that *Mitridates* was not in haste to come up, imagining *Lucullus* would, as he had done before, use Caution and Delay, which made him march the slower to *Tigranes*: but as he met some straggling *Armenians* in the way, running in great fear and consternation, he suspected the worst; and when greater numbers of naked and wounded Men assured him of the Defeat, he went in search of *Tigranes*. At last he found him abandoned and forsaken, in a very deplorable Condition;

Condition ; but instead of treating him, as He had been treated, and insulting over him as He had been insulted by him in his Calamities, he lighted from his Horse, condoled with him upon their common Misfortunes, caused his own Guard to attend him, did all he could to revive his Spirits, and encourage him with Hopes of better times. Upon which they Both gave out the necessary Orders for raising fresh Troops, and forming another Army.

In the mean time there arose a terrible Sedition in *Tigranocerta*, where the *Greeks* fell out with the *Barbarians*, and were for surrendering to *Lucullus*. In the Heat of this Sedition *Lucullus* arrived, laid hold of the Opportunity, stormed the City, and took it. He seized to Himself the royal Treasury, and abandoned every thing else to the Pillage of the Soldiers, who among other Riches of immense value found in the City eight thousand Talents of Silver ready coined. Besides which *Lucullus* gave every Soldier a Donative of eight hundred Drachmas out of the Spoils he had taken. When he understood that many Players and Musicians were taken in the City, who had been invited by *Tigranes* out of all Parts for opening the Theatre which he had lately built, he made use of them for celebrating his Triumphal Games and Spectacles. He sent the *Greeks* home, allowing them Money for their Journey : He did the same by as many of the *Barbarians* as had been forced by *Tigranes* to quit their own Habitations and settle in *Tigranocerta* ; insomuch that this one City being dissolved, Many were re peopled by the Restitution of their former Inhabitants. By all which *Lucullus* was honoured and beloved, not only as a Benefactor but Founder. In every thing else he met with that glorious Success, which is the Reward of Virtue ; for he put a greater Value upon those Commendations that flow from the Practice of Justice and Clemency, than such as arise from Achievements in War ; for the Soldiers partake in These, and the largest share is claimed by Fortune : whereas the First are personal, and are certain Demonstrations

frations of a great and generous Spirit, and by These alone *Lucullus*, without the help of Arms, gained the Hearts of the *Barbarians*. Accordingly the Kings of the *Arabians* came and submitted to him, making him Master of their Persons, and Fortunes. The whole Nation of the *Sopbenians* followed their Example; and he had gained so much upon the *Gordienians*, that they offered to quit their Habitations, and follow him with their Wives and Children. For *Zarbienus* the King of that Nation being no longer able to support *Tigranes's* Tyranny, did, as we have before mentioned, enter secretly into a Treaty of Alliance by the Negotiation of *Appius Clodius*; which being discovered by the Tyrant, he put Him, together with his Wife and Children, to Death, before the *Romans* had entered *Armenia*. *Lucullus* was not unmindful of this Ally but immediately upon his Arrival in that Country caused a magnificent Funeral to be solemnized in Honour of the Dead, raised a stately Pile, adorned it with Gold and Silver Tissue, and other rich Spoils belonging to *Tigranes*, set fire to it with his own Hands, poured upon it the usual Libations, in Conjunction with the Friends and Relations of the Deceased, calling him his Companion, and styling him the Friend and Ally of the *Romans*. When all This was done, he ordered vast Sums of Money to be expended in a Monument erected to his Memory; for they found an immense Wealth in the Palaces belonging to *Zarbienus*, and no less than three hundred thousand Measures of Corn in his Granaries, which proved of great Service to the Troops; insomuch that *Lucullus* was highly commended for making the War furnish its own Expences, without any Demands upon the publick Treasury.

During these Transactions arrived an Embassy from the King of *Parthia*, desiring to be received into Friendship and Alliance with the *Romans*. *Lucullus* embraced the Proposition, and sent Ambassadors on his Part to the *Parthian* Court, where when they were arrived they soon discovered that the King was playing a double Game, and that whilst he was treating with the *Romans* he was under-

underhand offering to assist *Tigranes*, upon Condition he might have *Mesopotamia* delivered up to him. As soon as *Lucullus* was informed of this double Dealing, he was resolved to give over the Chace of *Mitridates* and *Tigranes*, as of Enemies in a manner run down, and try the Power of *Parthia*, by making a Descent into that Kingdom; for he thought it would redound much to his Honour to have subdued successively, and in one single Expedition, three of the Eastern Monarchs, and like a generous Wrestler without quitting the Ring soil three such potent Adversaries, and with Sword in Hand always victorious, always invincible, conquer the Provinces of three of the most potent Princes in the Universe.

He therefore sent his Orders to *Sorhatius*, and the other Officers in *Pontus*, to join him with their Forces, in his Expedition against the *Parthians*; but those Officers who had before experienced the stubborn and mutinous temper of the Soldiers on other Occasions, did now plainly discover the evil Disposition they were in, and their incorrigible Rebellion. For neither could they by Remonstrances, or Menaces, by fair means, or foul, oblige them to march. On the contrary they protested and declared, One and All, that they would stay no longer in *Pontus*, but return every Man to his own Habitation.

When this Account was brought to *Lucullus*, it served only to infect his own Soldiers with the same Dis temper. Wealth and Plenty had made them weary of the War, and disposed them altogether to Sloth and Idleness. Upon hearing of the Insolent Behaviour of Those in *Pontus* they commended them for it, and proposed it as a Pattern for their Imitation, insisting that they had served long enough, and had a right to be discharged.

These, and Words of a worse Tendency being reported to *Lucullus*, he gave over all Thoughts of invading *Parthia*, and marched against *Tigranes*. It was now in the midst of Summer, so that he was astonished when from the Top of Mount *Taurus* he beheld all the Corn
green

green in the Fields before him ; so backward are the Seasons, by reason of the excessive Cold in those Parts. However he marched down into the Valleys, and after having defeated the *Armenians*, who disputed his Passage, in two or three Encounters, he foraged up and down the Country, intercepted a Convoy of Provisions designed for *Tigranes*, and so reduced the Enemy to that scarcity of which he had himself been apprehensive.

In the mean time he did all he could to draw them to a Battle ; sometimes shutting them up in their Camp by drawing Intrinchments round it, with a design to starve them ; at other times he endeavoured to provoke them, by burning and destroying their Country under their very Noses ; but all to no Purpose ; they had been so often worsted that they durst not look the *Romans* in the Face, but kept within the Ramparts. When *Lucullus* perceived This he marched towards *Artaxata*, the Capital of the Kingdom, wherein *Tigranes* had left his Wife and Children, which made him conceive that he would sooner hazard a Battle than tamely suffer a Place to be lost, so wealthy, and of such Importance, wherein he had lodged every thing that was dear and precious to him.

We are told that *Hannibal* the *Cartbaginian* retired to *Artaxes* King of *Armenia*, after *Antiochus* had been defeated by the *Romans*, and gave him several necessary and useful Instructions. Among Others, being taken with the delightful Situation of the Country, notwithstanding which it lay neglected and uncultivated, he drew a Model of a City, and bringing *Artaxes* thither shewed it him, and advised him to build a City according to that Plan. The King, highly pleased with it, immediately set about it, and desired *Hannibal* to direct and over-look the Workmen. In a short time a stately City was erected, and finished, called after the King's Name, and made the Metropolis of *Armenia*.

Lucullus being thus on his March in order to besiege it, *Tigranes* could by no means suffer it, but drawing all his Forces together in four days time came within sight
of

of the *Romans*, from whom he was separated only by the River *Arsanias*, which *Lucullus* must necessarily pass in his march to *Artaxata*. After *Lucullus* had offered a Sacrifice of Thanksgiving to the Gods, as if he was sure of the Victory, he passed the River in Battle-Array, having twelve Cohorts in Front, and the rest in the Rear to sustain them, and hinder them from being inclosed by the Enemy. For they beheld a numerous Cavalry before them, covered with flying Squadrons of *Mardian* Archers, and *Iberian* Lances, in Whom of all the Foreigners *Tigranes* placed the greatest Confidence, Notwithstanding which they did nothing extraordinary, or answerable to the high Opinion conceived of them. For tho' they skirmished a little at first with the Roman Horse, they could not stand the Legions, but being broken, and flying to the Right and Left, the Roman Cavalry divided, and pursued them. When *Tigranes* beheld This he commanded his Horse to advance, and *Lucullus* observing their Numbers, and their Order, began to be doubtful of the Event. Wherefore he recalled his Horse from the Pursuit, and instantly advanced against the *Satrapenians*, who with the choicest of their Troops were coming to charge him. But before they could come up nigh enough to begin the Charge, and fight Hand to Hand, he so intimidated them with the undaunted Fierceness of his Appearance, that they took to their Heels, and fled. Of three Kings that were then in the Front of the Battle, *Mitbridates* most shamefully fled the First, being not so much as able to endure the Shouts of the *Romans*. The Pursuit continued the whole Night, till the *Romans* glutted with Slaughter, tired with taking Prisoners, and loaden with Treasure, and other rich Booty, gave over the Chace. *Livy* saith that greater Numbers fell in the first Battle, but Those of better Note in the Second.

Lucullus being flushed by this Victory, and animated with Success, determined to march into the upper Provinces, and there complete his Conquests over the *Barbarians*. But tho' the Autumnal Equinox was not yet

passed, all on a sudden, and contrary to Expectation, the Weather grew as severe as in the midst of Winter. The whole Country was covered with Snow, and in the clearest days they were pinched with Frost, and Ice. Insomuch that all the Rivers were frozen; so that the Horses could not drink by reason the Water was so excessive cold, nor pass over without great Hazard, because the Ice breaking under their Feet, cut their Sinews, and lamed them. The Country being exceeding Woody, and abounding with Forests, where the Paths were very narrow, the Soldiers could not March in the day-time without being wet with the Snow which fell from the Trees; and what was worse, at Night they were forced to encamp on Places full of Mud, and melted Snow. For these Reasons they did not follow *Lucullus* many days after the Battle, before they began to Mutiny.

At first they had Recourse to Prayers, and sent their Officers to lay their Complaints before the General; but at last they assembled in a tumultuous manner, and made a Noise all Night long in their Tents, which is the certain Token of an Army ripe for Sedition. *Lucullus* earnestly pressed, and intreated them to arm themselves with Courage and Patience, 'till they had taken the *Armenian Cartbage*, and destroyed the Work of their greatest Enemy, meaning *Hannibal*: But all his Prayers were ineffectual, they were resolute, and inflexible. This constrained him to lead them back, and having marched over Mount *Taurus* he descended into the Province of *Mygdonia*, a fertile temperate Country, wherein was a large populous City, called *Nisibis* by the *Barbarians*, and by the *Greeks* *Antioch* of *Mygdonia*. *Gouras* the Brother of *Tigranes* had the Title of Governor in respect to his Quality, but He who actually commanded was *Callimachus*, by reason of his great Experience in War, and his Capacity as an Engineer: The Same who had before found out so much Work for *Lucullus* during the Siege of *Amisus*.

Lucullus besieged it in form, and carried his Works on with so much Skill and Celerity that in a short time he took

took it by Storm. He treated *Gaurus*, who came and surrendered himself to him, with great Humanity; but for *Callimachus*, he would not so much as hear Him, tho' he offered to make a Discovery of immense Treasures that lay concealed, but commanded him to be kept in Chains, in order to be punished as he deserved for firing the City of *Amisus*, and thereby depriving him of the Means as well as the Honour of giving the *Greeks* evident Proofs of his great Bounty and Generosity.

Hitherto Fortune seems to have taken Pleasure in following *Lucullus*, and fighting for him. But now the Tide turned all on a sudden, from this Moment he did nothing but by Force, and against the Grain, with infinite Trouble and Difficulty. It must be allowed that he always exerted himself with the Virtue, Force, Courage and Patience of a brave Commander; but his Actions were not, as heretofore, attended with that Lustre and Reputation; even the Glory he had acquired had like to have been lost, and swallowed up in the Calamities wherein he was involved, and the Disputes he drew upon himself without any manner of Occasion. In the first place he could not persuade himself to shew any Indulgence to the Soldiers, maintaining that all Favours granted by the General to Those under his Command tended to the lessening of his Authority, and often ended in Disobedience. But what was still worse, he could not live well with Those who were his Equals in Birth and Dignity, but looked on them with an Eye of Contempt, as if unworthy to stand in Competition with him. These are the Defects which are said to have sullied all the Virtues and Perfections of his Body, as well as Mind; for he was handsom and well-shaped in his Person, very eloquent, and of a consummate Prudence not only in the Administration of civil Affairs, but in Those relating to War. *Salust* says, the Soldiers were ill affected to him from the beginning, for being forced to keep the Field two Winters together, One at *Cyzicus*, and the Other at *Amisus*.

The following Winters were no less disagreeable, for they were spent either in actual War, or in their Tents; for *Lucullus*, during the whole time of his Expeditions, would not suffer his Troops to quarter in any City of the Greeks that was an Ally, or Confederate.

This ill Disposition in the Army was aggravated by the leading Speech-Makers in the City, who invidiously accused him of prolonging the War, purely to gratify his Avarice and Ambition; for he held under his Government and Authority all *Cilicia*, *Asia*, *Bitynia*, *Paphlagonia*, *Armenia*, and the rest of the Provinces as far as the River *Phasis*; besides which he had pillaged the Royal Palaces of *Tigranes*, as if he had been sent to plunder the Kings, and not subdue them. For These, we are told, were the very Words of One of the Officers called *Lucius Quintius*, at whose Instance the People decreed that another should be sent to succeed *Lucullus* in the Province, and that the greatest part of his Army should be disbanded.

To all These Misfortunes Another was added, of a nearer and more dangerous Consequence, by *Publius Clodius*, a Person of the greatest Insolence and Presumption. This Man was Brother to *Lucullus's* Wife, a Lady of such notorious Incontinence that she was shrewdly suspected of Incest with her own Brother. *Clodius* was then in the Army, but not in that Rank and Authority he thought he deserved. He would fain have been One of the First, but his Character was such that Others were preferred before him. This Indignity provoked him, so that he tampered with those Soldiers in the Army that had served under *Fimbria*, and stirred them up against *Lucullus*, wheedling them with fair Words, and flattering Speeches, to which they listened very greedily, having of old been accustomed to such Treatment. These were the Men who at *Fimbria's* Instigations murdered the Consul *Placcus*, and chose Him for their General in his room. The same Disposition made them run after *Clodius*, and call him the Soldiers Friend, because he seemed to compassionate their Condition, and sympathize with them in their Miseries. *Will there be*

no end of these Wars, and painful Expeditions? Must their Lives be spent in fighting with all Nations, and wandering over the Universe, without reaping any other Fruit of all their Labours, any other Reward for their Services, than eternally to convoy the Carriages and Camels of Lucullus, laden with golden Goblets set with Diamonds? Pompey's Soldiers are become Citizens, returned long since to their Wives and Children, in Possession of comfortable Establishments, which they have received not as a Reward for having, like Them, hunted Mithridates and Tigranes through inaccessible Desarts, or for razing and destroying the Royal Towns and Palaces of Asia, but for having reduced Exiles in Spain, and Fugitives in Italy. But if it be our Fate to be in War eternally, ought we not rather to reserve the miserable Remains of our battered Bodies, and our Arms for such a General, who thinks the Wealth of his Army his greatest Glory?

These Murmurs and Complaints against Lucullus corrupted and debauched his Army to such a Degree, that they refused to follow him against Tigranes, and even against Mithridates, who had quitted Armenia, and flung himself into Pontus, where he had already recovered a good part of his Country. Under a pretence that the Winter Season was advanced they refused to March, and sat idle in Gordyene, expecting every Minute that Pompey, or some other General, would arrive to succeed Lucullus. But when News came that Mithridates had defeated Fabius, and that he was upon full March against Sornacius and Triarius, then they were seized with Shame and Confusion, and desired Lucullus to lead them where-ever he pleased. Triarius, informed that Lucullus was approaching, had the foolish Ambition to prevent his Arrival, and deny him the Glory of a Victory, which he thought he had infallibly in his own Hands, but he was most shamefully beaten; for it is said there fell above seven thousand of the Romans, among whom were a hundred and fifty Centurions, four and twenty Tribunes, and that the Camp itself was taken. Lucullus came up soon after, very luckily for Triarius, for he secreted him

from the Resentment of the Soldiers, who would have discharged their Anger upon him.

Mithridates industriously avoided coming to an Engagement with *Lucullus* till the Arrival of *Tigranes*, who was then on his March with a powerful Army; but *Lucullus*, in order to prevent their joining, thought it best to meet *Tigranes*, and fight him. In his March the mutinous *Fimbrians* deserted their Colours, declaring that they were disbanded by a Decree of the Senate, and that the Command of the Army did not belong to *Lucullus*, who was no longer Governor of the Provinces. There was nothing beneath the Dignity of *Lucullus*, which he was not forced to bear, intreating them, one by one, from Tent to Tent, going up and down dejected and sorrowful, and submitting to shake some of them by the Hands. But they rejected all his Caresses, and flinging their empty Knapsacks at his Feet, they bid him go and fight the Enemy alone, since He alone was to be the Gainer. At length, by the intreaty of the other Soldiers, the *Fimbrians* were prevailed upon, and consented to tarry that Summer under him, upon Condition that if during that time no Enemy offered to encounter them they might be discharged. *Lucullus* of necessity was forced to comply with This, or else to leave the deserted Province to the *Barbarians*. He kept them indeed with him, but without any Power over them: Nor did he lead them out to Battle, being contented to have them stay with him, tho' he then saw *Cappadocia* wasted by *Tigranes*, and *Mithridates* resuming his former Pride, whom not long before he had reported to the Senate to be wholly subdued, and in no Condition to undertake any thing against the *Romans* for the future. Upon this Advice the Senate sent their Deputies into *Pontus*, to regulate Affairs there as of a conquered Kingdom. But these Deputies at their Arrival found *Lucullus* so far from being Master of *Pontus*, that he was not so much as Master of Himself, but that the Soldiers treated him with the utmost Derision and Contempt. Their Insolence was arrived to such a pitch, that towards the End of the Summer

Summer they put on their Armour, drew their Swords, defied their Enemies, who were then out of reach, and with loud Shouts and mock Skirmishes marched out of the Camp, declaring that the time they had promised to remain with *Lucullus* was expired.

Pompey also wrote to Others in the Army, requiring them to join Him, for he had been declared General in the War against *Tigranes* and *Mitridates* by the factious Cabals of the Tribunes, and Favour of the People. At the same time it appeared to the Senate, and all unprejudiced Persons, that they were doing *Lucullus* a manifest Injustice, for they were not sending him Successors to finish the War, but rob Him of his Triumph; and did not so much force him to give up the Command of the Armies to Others, as resign to them the Honour and Reputation he had so justly merited.

This Injustice still appeared more barefaced to Those who were upon the Spot; for *Lucullus* remained no longer Master of Rewards or Punishments. *Pompey* would not suffer any Applications to be made to Him, nor Notice to be taken of any Orders, or Regulations, he should make in Conjunction with the ten Deputies that had been sent to him by the Senate. He prohibited it by publick Edicts, and was sure to be obeyed, being at the Head of so formidable an Army.

However their Friends on both Sides endeavoured to bring them to a Meeting, and they accordingly had an Interview at an obscure Village in *Galatia*. At first they accosted each other with great Civility and Address, and mutually congratulated each other upon their great and glorious Achievements. *Lucullus* was first in Years, but *Pompey* in Dignity, for he had commanded oftner, and received the Honour of two Triumphs. Both had their Rods adorned with Laurel carried before them, in token of their Victories. But *Pompey* having in his March passed through several dry and desert Countries, the Laurels round his Rods were grown faint and withered, which when *Lucullus's* Lictors observed they gave them Some of Theirs which were fresh and blooming, which

which the Friends of *Pompey* looked upon as a favourable Omen. And in truth the glorious Actions of *Lucullus* gave a great Lustre to this Expedition of *Pompey*. Their Conversation did not conclude with the same Friendship it had opened. They could agree upon nothing, so that instead of being better Friends they parted more dissatisfied than ever.

Pompey repealed all the Ordinances of *Lucullus*, and commanded his Army from him, leaving him no more than sixteen hundred Men to attend his Triumph, and even They followed him with an unwilling Mind. So unqualified was *Lucullus*, or so unhappy in the Want of That which is reckoned the chief and most essential Talent in a General, the Knack of rendering himself amiable to the Soldiers; a Talent so considerable, that could he have joined it to his other excellent Qualities, his Courage, Vigilance, Wisdom, and Justice, instead of the *Euphrates*, the *Hyrceanian Sea*, or rather the utmost Limits of the Earth, had been the Boundaries of the Roman Empire. For all other Nations had been already subdued by *Tigranes*; and the Power of the *Parthians* was neither so great in *Lucullus's* time, as it proved afterwards in That of *Crassus*, nor so well united; but on the contrary so divided by Dissensions at home, and so broken in the Wars with their Neighbours, that they were not able to make Head against the *Armenians*, who daily insulted them. For this Reason *Lucullus* seems to Me to have done more Harm to his Country by Others, than Good to it by Himself. For the Trophies planted by Him in *Armenia*, so near the *Parthians*, the Conquest of *Tigranocerta* and *Nisibis*, the immense Riches of these two famous Cities, which were conveyed to *Rome*, and the Crown of *Tigranes* exposed as a Captive in the Triumph, so strongly excited *Crassus's* Covetousness, and made him so blindly fond of an eastern Expedition, as if the *Barbarians* were made up of Gold, and were a Prey ready for the first Comer. But falling Himself soon after a Prey to the *Parthian* Arrows, he made it appear by his Defeat that the Advantages gained by *Lucullus* in that

that War, were intirely owing to his great Courage and Prudence, and by no means to the Ignorance, Cowardise, and Effeminacy of the *Barbarians*. But of This we shall have Occasion to say more in another Place.

Lucullus, upon his return to *Rome*, found his Brother *Marcus* accused by *C. Memmius*, for what he did when Treasurer, by the Command of *Sylla*; but He being acquitted, *Memmius* changed the Scene, and animated the People against *Lucullus* Himself, and perswaded them to deny him a Triumph, upon a Pretence that he had diverted to his own private Use much of the Treasure that belonged to the Publick, and had prolonged the War out of selfish Views to his own Interest.

By this means *Lucullus* was in danger of losing his Triumph; but the chief and most powerful Men in the City mixing themselves among the Tribes, gained so much upon the People, partly by their Prayers and Intreaties, and partly by Bustle and Opposition, that at last it was with much Difficulty accorded.

This Triumph was not, as some Others had been, pompous and tiresome by a long March and vast Train of Spoils carried in it, but was noted chiefly for a great Quantity of all sorts of Armour, and a Number of warlike Machines, which made a very agreeable Shew from the Singularity of it, and were placed in the *Flaminian Circus*. Some Horse compleatly armed marched in the Cavalcade, and ten Chariots armed with Scythes. These were followed by sixty of the King's Friends and Officers; and after Them were drawn a hundred and ten Gallies, having their Beaks of Brass. Then followed a Statue of *Mitbridates* six Foot high, All of massy Gold, with a Head-piece covered with precious Stones. Next appeared twenty Pageants covered with Silver Vessels, and two and thirty Others covered in like Manner with Vessels of Gold, Armour of the same Metal, and golden Coin. These Pageants were carried by Men who bore them on their Shoulders. In the Rear came eight Mules loaden with Beds of Gold, and fifty six with Sil-

ver Bullion. Then followed a hundred and seven more with all the Silver Coin, amounting to no less than two Millions seven hundred thousand Drachmas. The Whole was closed with Register Tables, wherein was contained an Account of the Sums furnished by *Lucullus* to *Pompey* in the War against the Pirates. Those he had returned to the Treasurers to be lodged in the publick Treasury, and what his Donative to the Army amounted to, at nine hundred and fifty Drachmas to each Soldier. The Triumph concluded with a magnificent Feast, wherein he entertained the whole City, and the Inhabitants of the adjacent Villages.

Having divorced *Clodia* for her Incontinency, and other Vices, he espoused *Servilia* the Sister of *Cato*; but this Marriage proved no better than the Former; for of all *Clodia's* Vices, *Servilia* was a Stranger but to One, which was her incestuous Commerce with her Brothers. In all things else she was as debauched and profligate as *Clodia*. He for some time bore with her out of Respect to *Cato*, but was forced at last to dismiss her.

The Senate had built their Hopes on *Lucullus* as on a Person who would be a Counterpoise against *Pompey's* Tyranny, and be a Support to the Nobility, the rather because he had acquired much Glory, Credit, and Authority by his great Employments and Services. But he deceived their Expectations, for he retired from Business, and refused to have any share in the Government, either because he found it in a languishing, and almost irrecoverable Condition, or, as Others say, for that he was grown weary of Action and Labours, which had not succeeded under him; and having had his fill of Honour and Glory, he had a mind to spend the Remainder of his Days in Repose and Tranquillity. Herein they highly commend him, and looked on this Step as a Token of great Prudence, in that he did not follow the Example of *Marius*, who after his Victories over the *Cimbri*, and so many prosperous Achievements, was not satisfied to enjoy the Honour attending them, and be held in Admi-
ration

ration by his Citizens, but thro' an insatiable Thirst of Dominion and Power, entered the Lists in his Age against Those who had Youth on their side, contended with them for Preeminency, and so drew on Himself a Necessity of committing many great Crimes, and of enduring still Greater. *Better had it been, say They, for Cicero, if after he had preserved Rome from the Conspiracy of Catiline, he had known when to give over, and retired. And Scipio would not have ended his days so unhappily, if when he had added the Conquest of Numantia to That of Carthage, he had known how to be contented. For, add they, there is a time in Life when Men ought to retire from the Stage of publick Affairs, and like antiquated Wrestlers resign the Ring to the more Robust and Vigorous.*

Notwithstanding This, *Crassus* and *Pompey* laughed at *Lucullus* when they saw him thus unbend himself, and sink into Wantonness and Luxury, as if that sort of Life was more unbecoming a Man of his Years, than the Administration of the Government, and the Command of Armies. It is true, in *Lucullus's* Life, as in the old Comedy, we meet with Policy and Action in the beginning; and good Eating and Drinking in the end: And indeed scarce any thing but Feastings, and Revellings, and Sports, Among which I count his Stately Buildings, Porticos, and Baths; but above all, his *Pictures and Carvings*, with those other Master-pieces which he collected at a prodigious Expence, profusely squandering away upon such trifling Curiosities the immense Treasures he had been so long acquiring in his more active and laborious Occupations. Even in these days, when Luxury is thought to be in its Meridian, the Gardens of *Lucullus* are esteemed equal in Beauty and Expence with Those of the most potent Princes. Wherefore *Tubero* the Stoick, when he beheld his Buildings near *Naples*, where he bored Hills thorough, and suspended them upon Arches, brought in the Sea for Moats and Fish-ponds round his House, and built Pleasure-houses in the Waters, called him *Xerxes in a Gown*. Besides These, he had

had Houses of Pleasure built near *Tusculum* adorned with capacious Galleries, Salons open on every side for the Benefit of the Prospect, commodious Apartments, and airy Walks. When *Pompey* went one day thither to pay him a Visit, he blamed him for being at such Pains to make his House so delicious in the Summer, and at the same time uninhabitable in the Winter; to which *Lucullus* replied, *Do You think I am less provident than the Cranes and Storks, and that I do not know, as well as They, how to change my Habitation with the Season?*

When one of the Prætors, who was at great Cost and Pains to exhibit some magnificent Entertainment to the People, desired to borrow of him some Purple Hangings for the Stage, *Lucullus* told him he would inquire at home, and if he had Any they should be at his Service. The next day he asked him how many he had Occasion for, and when he said a hundred would be sufficient; *Very well*, said he, *you may send for two hundred if you want them.* This made the Poet *Horace* lay it down as a certain Maxim, *That the House is a poor one which has not more things in it of which the Master knows nothing, and which might be lost without his missing them, than Goods in real Use or Account.*

There was likewise an insolent Ostentation of Wealth in his daily Repasts, at which his Beds were not only spread with the richest Purple Carpets, his Side-Boards set out with Plate, adorned with precious Stones, his Tables served in Gold, and Interludes and Musick attending to entertain him whilst he was eating; but the Provisions likewise were all of the most exquisite Kinds, which could not but raise the Admiration of Those who are weak enough to judge of a Man's Happiness by such vain Superfluities. Upon this Occasion an Answer *Pompey* made to his Physician in a fit of Sickness, was highly applauded. The Physician had prescribed a Thrush for his Dinner, and when the Servants said, *that it was a Bird to be had no where in the Summer but out of Lucullus's Penns, where they were fattened for the Service of*

his

his Table in every Season throughout the Year; Pompey would not suffer them to fetch one from thence, but said to his Physician, Must Pompey owe his Life to the lickcrish Palate of Lucullus? At the same time he ordered something else, easier to be come at, to be got ready for him.

Though Cato was his Friend and Brother-in-law, yet he was so offended at his Expence and Luxury, that when a young Man had one day been making a long impertinent Speech in the Senate in Commendation of Frugality and Temperance, Cato, no longer being able to bear him stood up, and said, *Wilt thou never leave off preaching, Thou who art as rich as Crassus, livest like Lucullus, and yet must be speaking like Cato?* Some Authors ascribe This to Another, and not to Cato. It is plain from the many Sayings Lucullus has left behind him, that he not only took a Pleasure, but gloried in that way of living. For he feasted some Greeks upon their first Arrival at Rome, for several days together; and when They, who had been accustomed to the Temperance and Simplicity of their own Country, and were unwilling to press too much upon so generous a Landlord, refused to come any more by reason of the prodigious Expence they put him to; Lucullus told them with a Smile, *It is true, my Friends, of all this vast Expence a small part is for Your Sakes, but the greatest for the sake of Lucullus.*

Once, when he supped alone, there being only one Table, and that but moderately furnished, he called his Steward and reproved him for it; and when the Steward said in his own Justification, that since no Company was invited, he thought there had been no Occasion for a great Entertainment: *What, said he, did you not know that Lucullus was this Night to sup with Lucullus.*

He grew so notorious for his Luxury and Expence, that he became the Town-Talk; wherefore Cicero and Pompey seeing him one day santering up and down in the Forum, went and joined him. Cicero was One of his most intimate Friends; and though Pompey and He had

been at Variance about the Command in the Army, yet They lived well enough together, so as to converse and see one another. *Cicero*, after he had saluted him, asked him, *If he would let them sup with him?* With all my Heart, replied *Lucullus*, and pressed them to name the day. *This very day*, said *Cicero*, *we will go home with you, provided you give us no more than your own Supper.* *Lucullus* at first would have evaded it, telling them that they would be forcibly entertained, and desiring them to put it off 'till to-morrow, which they refused. They would not so much as let him speak to any of his Servants, for fear he should give Orders to have Something added. With much ado they allowed him to tell one of them in their Hearing *that he would sup in the Apollo*, which was the Name of One of the best Rooms in his House, and by that means he was too cunning for them. For every Room had its stated Expence, its own Bill of Fare, and particular Furniture; so that when the Servants were once told in what Room he would sup, they immediately knew what the Supper was to cost, and how and in what manner every thing was to be prepared and regulated. His Suppers in the *Apollo* were stated at fifty thousand Drachmas, and That was the Sum laid out in that day's Entertainment, insomuch that *Pompey* was surprised not only at the Expence, but the shortness of time wherein it was prepared. Thus *Lucullus* used his Riches, as Riches truly captive and barbarous.

It is true he was at another Expence more reasonable, and highly worthy of him. For he bought up, and made a Collection of a great Number of the best and most valuable Books then in being, of which he composed an excellent Library; and the use he made of it was still more laudable and worthy, than the Purchase; for this Library was open to All that came, and every one had Access to the Walks, Galleries, and Cabinets belonging to it. The *Greeks* that were then at *Rome*, neglecting all other Affairs, resorted to it as to the Residence of the *Muses*, and spent whole days together in learned Discourses and Disputations. *Lucullus* Himself would

would often walk and confer with those learned Men in his Galleries. He would likewise advise and assist them in the Management of their Affairs, when they desired it of him ; so that his House might be truly called the Sanctuary and *Prytaneum* of Greece, whither all the Greeks, that were at Rome, resorted.

He had a great Value and Esteem for Philosophy in general, being an Enemy to none of the Sects into which it was divided ; but his particular Attachment was to the Academy, not to That which was called the New Academy, though the Writings of *Carneades*, as they were explained by *Philo*, had brought it much in Vogue, but the old One then taught, and maintained in the School of *Antiochus* the *Ascalonite*. *Lucullus* had courted the Friendship of that learned Man with great Zeal and Assiduity ; he entertained him in his own House, and set him up in Opposition to *Philo's* Auditors, among Whom was *Cicero*, who had written a very fine Treatise against the Old Academy, wherein he made *Lucullus* maintain the Opinion of that Sect ; which asserts, that there are Things of which Man may arrive at a certain Knowledge, and he Himself maintained the contrary Opinion which was that of the New Academy, who held that Man could at the best but doubt. This Book is called *Lucullus* ; for there was, as I observed before, a great Intimacy and Friendship between them, Both thinking the same way in respect to the Government. For *Lucullus* had not absolutely retired from publick Affairs, but had only resigned to *Crassus* and *Cato* that Dispute and Contest between them, which should be the greatest Man, and bear the greatest Sway, as an Ambition not only dangerous in itself, but what would first or last lay a Man under a Necessity of acting or suffering much Insolence and Indignity. When *Lucullus* had refused to place himself at the Head of the Senate, They who grew jealous of *Pompey's* Power, joined themselves with *Crassus* and *Cato*. In the mean time *Lucullus* continued to go to the Assemblies of the People, when he could serve any of his Friends by it, and to the Senate

when he could be of use in defeating any of *Pompey's* pernicious Projects, and curbing his Ambition. He caused all the Edicts he had published after he had reduced the two Kings to be revoked, and joined with *Cato* in preventing a Law he had proposed for the Division of Lands to the Soldiers.

Pompey thinking himself ill used, joined in Friendship, or rather in a Conspiracy, with *Crassus* and *Cæsar*; by their Means and Assistance he filled the City with armed Men, and got his Decrees established by Force, having first driven *Lucullus* and *Cato* out of the Assembly.

When *Pompey's* Party found these Proceedings highly resented by the Nobility, they suborned one *Vestius*, pretending they apprehended him in a Design against *Pompey's* Life. *Vestius* being examined in the Senate, without any mention of *Lucullus*, named Others, but in an Assembly of the People accused *Lucullus* by Name, as the Person who had suborned him to murder *Pompey*. There was not a Man in *Rome* gave Credit to this Deposition, but it was visible to all the World that the Fellow was an abandoned Wretch, and that he had been hired for an Evidence. In This they were thoroughly confirmed a few days after, when the Corps of this Infamous was found lying at the Prison Door. It was given out indeed that he had laid violent Hands on Himself; but the Marks of the Cord with which they had strangled him, and of the Blows they gave him, plainly demonstrated that the very Persons by whom he was first employed were his Murderers. This tragical Adventure alienated *Lucullus* more than ever from publick Affairs; but when they had banished *Cicero*, and, as it were, confined *Cato* to *Cyprus*, then he retired for good and all. It is said that some time before his death he grew morose and stupid, Age having by degrees impaired his Intellects. But *Cornelius Nepos* denies that his Mind was weakened either by Age, or Sickness, but by a Dose given him by one of his Freemen, called *Callisthenes*, who gave it him not with an ill Intention, but in a Belief that it was of such a Quality as to make his Master
more

more dotingly fond of him ; but it had a quite contrary effect, for it so intoxicated and disabled him, that for some Years before he died his Brother had the ordering of his Affairs. Notwithstanding which, when he came to die, the People were as much afflicted at his Death, as if he had fallen in the full Tide of his Prosperities, and in the Height of all his Glory. They flocked in Crowds to his Funeral, and as some young Gentlemen of the first Quality in *Rome* were bearing the Corps into the *Fo-rum*, they were by all means for having him interred in the *Campus Martius*, where they had buried *Sylla* ; but as That was a Thing that had been never thought on, and no Provision was made for such Obsequies, his Brother so prevailed upon them with his Prayers and Intreaties, that they at last consented to have him buried at his Country-Seat at *Tusculum*, where every Thing was provided, and a Tomb prepared for him. He did not long survive him ; but as he had followed him close in the Course of Age, and the Attainment of Honours ; so likewise did he in the last Article of Life, soon following him to his Grave, and leaving behind him the Character of a most affectionate Brother.



The Comparison of Lucullus with Cimon.

THE good Fortune of *Lucullus* appears in nothing more conspicuous than in the time wherein he died. He closed his Eyes before they had been Witnesses to those great Revolutions with which Fate was then big, and which the Civil Wars produced soon after. He died in his City, languishing indeed, and shaken with Seditions, but still free and independent. And in This more than any thing else does he resemble *Cimon*. For he died likewise whilst the *Greeks* were in a composed State, at Unity among themselves, and in a

flourishing Condition. But there is this Difference between them : *Cimon* died in his Camp, and in the full Authority of General. He had not been deprived of his Charge, nor was he for that Reason grown out of humour, or weary of the War, proposing no other End or Reward for all his Toils, Expeditions, and Achievements, than Debauch and Luxury, like the Poet *Orpheus*, whom *Plato* ridicules for maintaining that the Reward prepared below for Those who led a virtuous Life in this World was a perpetual Drunkenness. It must be confessed that Tranquillity and Repose, Study, and the reading of good Books, which joins Pleasure with Contemplation and Instruction, are for an old Man, who has been by Age obliged to quit the Field, and retire from the civil Administration, not only a delightful Amusement, but a proper and suitable Consolation. But to make Pleasure the sole and ultimate Point of all his brave Exploits, and after so many victorious Expeditions, and the Command of such invincible Armies, for a Man to spend his time in celebrating the Festivals of *Venus*, and wallow in Wantonness and Sensuality, This is so far beneath the Dignity of the Academy, so unbecoming One who sets up for a Follower of *Xenocrates*, that it is fit only for such as have devoted themselves to the Principles of *Epicurus*. But That which is the most extraordinary is, that the One in his Youth was loose and intemperate, the Other studious and reserved. Now He is chiefly to be commended who changes for the better, and That is certainly the best Disposition where Vice grows weak and infirm by degrees, and Virtue gathers Strength and flourisheth.

They were Both equally rich, but did not make a like Use of their Riches ; for we are not to compare *Lucullus's* Buildings at *Naples*, his fine Galleries and Prospects, all which were erected out of the Spoils taken from the Barbarians, with the Wall *Cimon* caused to be built at his own Expence on the South side of the Citadel. Nor are we to compare the Table of *Lucullus* with That of *Cimon* ; One was the Table of Cost and Magnificence,

sistence, the Other of Charity and Hospitality. That of *Cimon* daily fed all needy Comers with a frugal Plenty; That of *Lucullus* regaled only a select Company of wealthy *Epicures* with an ostentatious Prodigality. It may indeed be said that the different Circumstances of the Times only might create this Difference between them. For who can tell but that *Cimon* if he had lived to be old, and Age had disqualified him for all Employments, civil and military, might, after all his great Actions and Services, have taken the same turn, and plunged himself in Wantonness and Luxury; especially considering he was naturally addicted to good Fellowship, and was known to be of an amorous Constitution. For it is certain that great and glorious Actions inspire the Mind with Pleasures of a more exalted Kind, and stifle the Sense of all vulgar groveling Appetites in the Souls of Those who are naturally ambitious, and engage in the Management of publick Affairs. So that had *Lucullus* died in the midst of Action, and whilst his Laurels were fresh upon him, I do not think the most malicious Detracter would have found a Handle to charge him with the least Irregularity or Indecency. Thus much for their Manners and Behaviour.

As for their Military Capacities, it is certain they were Both excellent Commanders by Sea as well as at Land. But as among Champions, Those who have in one and the same day carried the Prize in the wrestling Ring, and all the other Points of Exercise, are by a peculiar custom proclaimed not under the simple Title of Conquerors, but under That of *wonderful* and *extraordinary*, thus *Cimon* who in one day obtained two Crowns for *Greece*, the One in a Battle gained by Land, and the Other in a naval Engagement, seems to Me to claim some Distinction and Preference before all other Commanders.

Lucullus owed his Authority to his Country, whereas *Athens* owed Hers to *Cimon*. *Lucullus* found *Rome* dominating it over her Allies, and made use of their Forces to extend her Conquests; whereas *Cimon* found *Athens* in a subaltern State and dependent Condition; notwithstanding

ftanding which he in time put it in her Power to give the Law to her Allies, and made her triumph over her Enemies, by driving the *Persians* out of the Sea, and perfuading the *Spartans* voluntarily to quit the Command to the *Atbenians*.

If it be the higheft Excellence in a General fo to work upon the Soldiers as to render their Obedience chearful and voluntary, *Lucullus* was defpifed, and *Cimon* on the other hand always beloved not only by his own Soldiers, but by Thofe of the Confederates. *Lucullus* was deserted by his Own, and *Cimon* courted even by Strangers; *Lucullus* fet out at the Head of a fine Army, of which he had the Command, and returned alone, being forfaken by that very Army; *Cimon* marched with Troops, who like Him were fubject to the Command of Others, and returned gloriously with the fame Troops, who now commanded Thofe to whom they were before in Subjection, having firft procured to his Country three Things the moft difficult and moft confiderable, Peace with her Enemies, the Command over her Allies, and a good Underftanding with the *Lacedæmonians*.

Both of them undertook the Overthrow of mighty Empires, and Both mifcarried in the Attempt. One purely through the Malignity of Fortune, for Death cut him off at the Head of his Army in the full Tide of Succels; whereas *Lucullus* is not entirely free from Reproach, for having been the fole Caufe of his own Difasters, either for that he knew not, or did not take care to apply a Remedy to the Murmurs and Complaints of the Army, which at laft broke out into a general Hatred and Animofity againft him.

It is true, it may be faid that This he had in common with *Cimon*, whofe fellow Citizens raifed a Procefs againft him, indicted him, and in the End banifhed him by the Decree of *Oftacifm*, to the End, as *Plato* faith, they might not hear him fpeak for ten Years together. For Such as are naturally inclined to *Ariſtocracy* are never in any Degree of Favour with the People; and as they commonly make ufe of Force and Violence, they hurt Thofe
they

they would cure, like a Surgeon's Bandage, which indeed is intended to confine and restore a dislocated Part, and yet is at the same time very painful to the Patient. Wherefore it may be unjust to tax either of them on that Account.

Lucullus carried his Arms much farther than *Cimon*, He was the First of all the *Romans* who marched an Army over Mount *Taurus*, and passed the *Tigris*. He took and burned the royal Cities in *Asia*, *Tigranocerta*, *Cabiri*, *Sinope*, and *Nisibis*, under the very Noses of their Princes. He penetrated as far as the River *Phasis* to the North, as far as *Media* to the East, and by the Assistance of the Kings of the *Arabians* as far as the *Red Sea* to the Southward, subduing all to the *Roman Empire*, and breaking the Power of those Monarchies. There was nothing wanting to render his Conquests and Glory compleat, but the taking the Kings themselves Prisoners; but They like wild Beasts fled into inaccessible Desarts, and Forests impenetrable. The Advantage *Lucullus* has over *Cimon* in this Particular is evident from This, that the *Persians*, as if the Advantages obtained over them by *Cimon* had been of little Moment, soon recovered themselves, nosed the *Grecians*, and defeated their Army in *Egypt*; whereas *Tigranes* and *Mitridates* were able to make no Figure, or perform any thing considerable after the Victories obtained over them by *Lucullus*. Instead of which, *Mitridates*, exhausted and disabled by the preceding Engagements, had not the Heart so much as once to look *Pompey* in the Face; but placing his Safety in his Flight, he made with all the Speed he could to the *Bosphorus*, where he died; and *Tigranes*, naked and unarmed, in a suppliant manner embraced *Pompey's* Knees, and taking his Crown from his Head, laid it at his Feet, complimenting that General with Ornaments which were no longer his Own, for they belonged to the Triumph of *Lucullus*; and when *Pompey* returned it to him, he received it with great Tokens of Satisfaction, confessing by this Behaviour, that he had before been deprived of it. He therefore like a
Wrestler,

Wrestler, is esteemed the greatest Captain who leaves his Adversary weaken'd, and in a manner ready conquered to his Successor's Hands. Now *Cimon* at his Arrival found the King's Power extremely enfeebled, and the Haughtiness of the *Persians* abated by the many Losses they had sustained, and the Flights to which they had been forced by *Themistocles*, *Pausanias*, and *Leotychidas*; so that he met with an easy Conquest over the Bodies of Those whose Minds were broken and dispirited to his Hands. Whereas *Lucullus* had to deal with a Prince, who had never met with any Check or Repulse, but had come off victorious in many important Actions, and whose Mind consequently was elevated, and his Courage augmented by a long train of Prosperities.

As to the Number of the Enemies, there is no Comparison between Those who were armed against *Lucullus*, and Those subdued by *Cimon*. So that upon the Whole it is no easy Matter to determine between them, and declare which of these two Men was the Greatest; for the Gods themselves were equally favourable to them Both, in directing the One what he was to do, and warning the Other what he was to avoid. Wherefore it may be said that They have given in their Testimony in Favour of Both, declaring them Both to be good Men, and that their Nature did partake of the Heavenly and Divine,

The End of the Fourth Volume.



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